

MODERN SCREEN

NOVEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



MARLENE
DIETRICH

"SEVEN SINNERS" STARRING MARLENE DIETRICH • IN COMPLETE STORY FOR

Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr.

of the "Carrolls of Carrollton" and a direct descendant of Francis Scott Key

**"The thing I like best about Camels is their taste
—so mild, yet so full of flavor."**



A TRUE AMERICAN, young Mrs. Carroll has a great pride in family heritage and a warm love of gracious living. She is the great-great-granddaughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" and she is married to a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

A cup and saucer that once belonged to that illustrious Carroll ancestor appear in the portrait. Mrs. Carroll, as usual, is smiling as she smokes. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. Camels never tire my taste."

At "Homewood," the small family estate near Baltimore, Maryland, Mrs. Carroll raises dogs, tries her hand at farming, entertains with outdoor suppers. She says:

"When I entertain, I always have Camels handy. They're the favorite cigarette of so many of my friends. As for me—well, Camels suit me down to the ground. A really fine cigarette—milder, cooler, and with much more flavor!"

"Those Camel 'extras' mean a lot to the pleasure of smoking," says Mrs. Carroll. Among the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York* • Miss Eleanor Frothingham, *Boston* • Miss Polly Peabody, *New York* • Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati* • Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels

Lady Esther says "Why not Show the World your
'NEW-BORN-SKIN'

—It can make you look **YOUNGER and LOVELIER!**"



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



Is it TRUE? Is some of your skin dying away—today?
Is a lovely New-Born Skin really crowding forth to
take its place? A thousand times... yes! And you
can make your New-Born Skin bring you new love-
liness... with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

IT'S NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish never to be fulfilled—but a *fact!* Underneath your older, your worn-out skin... you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin, a skin just-about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with *you*. With you, yes, and with your *face cream!*

If you remove those drab and lifeless flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—if you promptly banish them with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the *right* complexion care—why dull your loveliness? Smooth away that veil of old and worn-out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See how the drab, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as well... because it whisks away impurities, dirt, old bits of skin from pore openings.

It leaves your skin so soft... so delightfully smooth—that face powder clings as you never thought it *could*. My cream helps you look lovelier... yes, gives you the effect of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't leave your skin lovelier... smoother looking—if it doesn't show your New-Born Skin!

★ **PROVE AT MY EXPENSE** ★

LADY ESTHER,
 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (61)
 Please send me your generous sample tube of
 Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
 Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

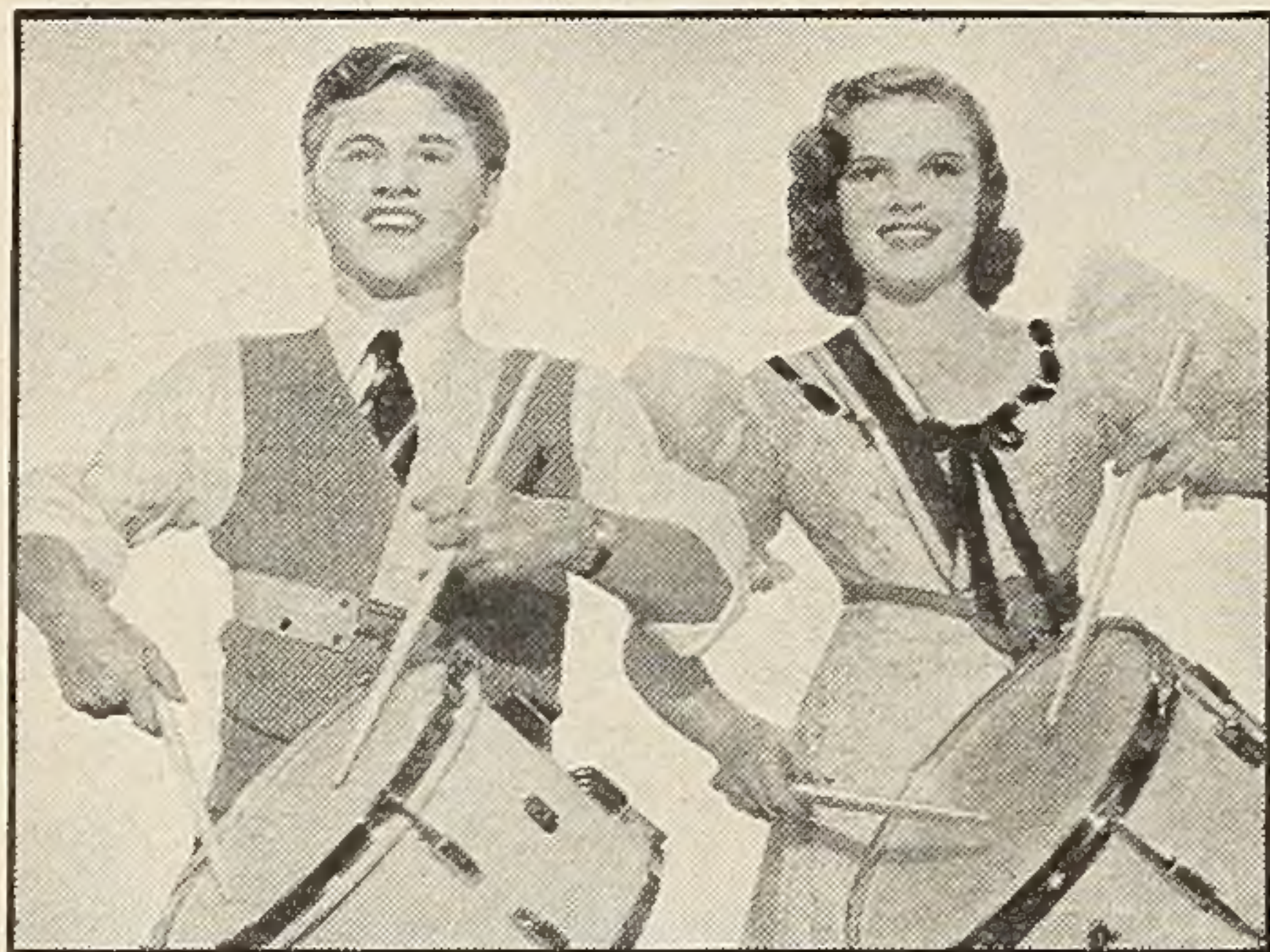
Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

No wonder we're singing — *Leo*



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Modern Screen



Cover Girl: Marlene Dietrich, natural color photograph by Ed Estabrook

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PEARL H. FINLEY
Editor

ALTHEA RICKERT
Fashion Editor

OTTO STORCH
Art Editor



*The exciting, romantic
novel is even more
exciting on the screen!*

ESCAPE

starring

**NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR**

with

**CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA
FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE**

A MERVYN LeROY Production
Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts
Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance
Directed by MERVYN LeROY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



AN EYE-OPENER FOR
YOU FANS WHO HAD AN
IDEA THAT MARIA OUS-
PENSKAYA WAS A DOD-
DERING DOWAGER!



Meet the Madame

Even when Madame tries to look solemn (above left) there's a twinkle in her eye! (Right) Off for a riotous evening with Heavy Suitor Eddie Albert, she wears one of her little collegiate numbers (size 10) and snappy open-toe shoes (size 2).

By John Franchey

DON'T YOU go shedding any foolish tears over that ancient, fragile little woman you've met in "Love Affair," "The Rains Came," "The Mortal Storm" and a half-dozen other productions. She's very happy, thank you, and can take care of herself in a fashion calculated to astound you!

Her name is Maria Ouspenskaya, one of the great character actresses of our time with a positive genius for playing doddering dowagers. In fact, she's so convincing that when she starts to cross from one side of a sound stage to another, a half dozen electricians, sound men and prop boys rush to help her over the cables. The funny part of it all is that Maria Ouspenskaya could toss any one of them over her shoulder in jig time, by dint of her training in jiu-jitsu technique!

The real Maria Ouspenskaya, alumna of the famed Moscow Art Theatre and a woman whom the distinguished drama critic, Richard Watts, once hailed as the "actors' actress," is known to none but her intimates. To Hollywood at large she is the magnificent matriarch, the living theatrical legend, the oracle of art whence issue eternal truths concerning acting and the stage.

Maria Ouspenskaya, beneath the legend, is an individual with no counterpart anywhere. To begin with, she's not sixty-four as the wire services always print (with no protest on her part) nor anything like it. She was fifty-three on July 29th. And there's another little-known item about her; she's a siren with the boys!

George Brent thinks she's "amazing." He swoops down on her whenever he feels the need of civilized fun. He calls her "Mousie." They tell one another droll stories, down a highball or two, sing songs.

To John Garfield she's "Jitterbug." It all came about

when she took him up a year or so ago on an invitation to "cut a rug." And they've been friends ever since.

Eddie Albert, another one of the inner circle, calls her "Oooksie," talks hours without end of the "new theatre" and the "new pictures," idealist fashion.

For a colossal legend the lady comes mighty small, so small that she has to buy her clothes in the debutante department of I. Magnin, or wherever she happens to be doing her shopping. And does Madame mind this? Hallelujah, no! She scampers through the shop, bowling over the little debbies who are out to snag a new dress for the Deke formal over at U.C.L.A. She adores a buying binge. No blacks for her. She gets enough sombre colors on the set. But warm colors—ah, that's the ticket.

Her hats are a revelation.

"How simply incandescent!" gurgled Rosalind Russell, after catching a glimpse of the lady in a bonnet resembling a grenadier's headpiece. Less eloquent souls than Miss Russell simply stare until hat and wearer are out of sight. So rabid is the Ouspenskaya on hats that a season or two ago when a bewimpled photograph of Marlene Dietrich appeared in one of the Los Angeles papers with a caption stating that Miss Dietrich had created the streamlined chapeau, the Muscovite snorted: "Created the wimple—indeed! Why I, myself, designed that hat two years ago."

To watch Maria in motion is a prelude to hysteria. She's at her best in crowds. Watch her pile out of a cab escorted by a proud swain—Garfield, Albert, Brent or who have you—and sporting a monocle, as she will on occasion. She plows through a premiere crowd with the daring of a gridiron halfback. Onlookers fall (Continued on page 89)

HEY! Look Who's Here!

"Your place
is in the home
—the old ladies'
home!"

"The waterfront's
my home—and
I'm going to do
some house-
cleaning!"

They're back again—
Tugboat Annie and Capt.
Bullwinkle—the most
lovable characters who
ever appeared in Satur-
day Evening Post fiction
—coming to life on the
screen just as you've
pictured them—in the
happiest hit of any year!

Tugboat Annie Sails Again

with
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday
Evening Post stories
by NORMAN
REILLY RAINES





Information Desk

WE LOOKED IN THE BACK OF THE BOOK AND KNOW ALL
THE ANSWERS! WRITE IN IF YOU'D LIKE A PERSONAL REPLY

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A Fan, Central Square, N. Y. Dick Greene has departed for England, but you can continue to address him at Twentieth Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif. Mail will be forwarded to him and he'll appreciate it so much more now. He's unmarried, but is engaged to Virginia Field, the lovely English actress. . . . John Shelton is an M-G-M player and can be reached at Culver City, California. His photo sells for twenty-five cents. John's past pictures include "The Lady Behaves," "The Smartest Girl in Town," "Navy Blue and Gold," "Go-Getter" and "I Take This

Woman." His latest is "We Who Are Young." Yes, John's married—to Sally Sage, Bette Davis' stand-in. However, we hear they have agreed to disagree and may be Reno-bound when you read this. John's six feet one, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. His only phobia is height. His most prized possession is his birth certificate—"because I'm glad to be alive." His hobby is candid photography and his favorite sports are swimming and water polo.

Junior Dyer, Arthur, Ill. That's a pretty fabulous collection of stars' photographs you have—practically as colossal as Jane Withers', who considers her gallery of 232 pictures something of an eighth wonder. . . . Paulette Goddard was born in Great Neck, Long Island, on June 3, 1911.

While she was still in high school, her mother was taken ill and Paulette became her sole support. She was attractive and loved to dance, so inevitably she became a chorus girl. Her first big show was "Rio Rita." At eighteen, the Hollywood-bug bit her fatally, and she was off for the Coast. She had platinum blonde hair, a cute but uninteresting face, and looked like any one of a million other Hollywood gate-crashers. She got a few bits in Hal Roach comedies, but didn't amount to a thing until 1936. Charlie Chaplin saw her in "The Kid From Spain," realized her possibilities and advised her to let her hair grow back to its natural brown. She did, he approved, and she got the much-sought-after role of the gamin in his tremendous hit, "Modern Times." Around this time, she and Charlie were quietly married aboard his yacht. Paulette is five feet four, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and huge blue eyes. Has one fetish, and that is never to let her tan fade. She suns herself daily. . . . We suggest you write for Dixie Lee's photo, care of Hubby Bing Crosby at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Calif. . . . Arline Judge, Louise Hovick and Peggy Fears aren't under contract at present, so we can't advise you how to get their pictures. Sorry.

Anne Love, Hazelhurst, Miss. That rumor you've been hearing that Nelson Eddy is going blind—is slightly exaggerated. It's true his sight isn't perfect, but it's not very badly impaired. His eyes are extremely sensitive to klieg lights, as are those of Fred Allen, Merle Oberon and Joan Bennett, and he's frequently troubled with klieg eyes. . . . As far as we know, Ty Power and Annabella aren't tiffing. They seem very happy.

Dottie Pagotzy, Battle Creek, Mich. Here's a blow! Your love, Bob Cummings, is a married man and the lucky gal is Vivian Janis. He's crazy about fan mail and answers just as much as he possibly can on his occasional days off. Write to him at Universal Studios, Universal City, California, marking the envelope "personal." No, he has no favorite leading ladies—likes 'em all. His wife used to be a golf widow, but now, she says, aviation's the thing in Bob's life. He's been a licensed pilot for thirteen years, and recently bought himself a magnificent new plane. He absolutely lives in it, and wife says she thinks she'll have to sprout wings to compete with it! Watch for Bob in "Spring Parade."

Isabel O. Neary, Bridgeport, Conn. Those intriguing few bars of music that George Sanders always (Continued on page 11)

WHAT'S IN A NICKNAME?

Rosemary Lane, in sisterly appreciation of Priscilla's mental prowess, calls her "Beetle Brain." Priscilla retaliates by shouting "Bird Head" whenever she wants Rosemary. . . . Carole Lombard, upon first meeting Charles Laughton, dubbed him "Buster," probably because it was the most suitable name she could think of. . . . Before Ray Milland became famous he was known as "Reginald." He couldn't stand that, so he trained friends to call him "Jack." Even today few people call him "Ray"—and no one dares call him "Reggie!" . . . Jeffrey Lynn signs his letters "Rags" because his birth certificate reads "Ragnar Lind." . . . Gene Raymond speaks of Jeanette MacDonald as "my wife, Mrs. MacRaymond." . . . The 20th Century-Fox cuties, Alice Faye and Linda Darnell, are known as "Cuddles" and "Tweedles," respectively. . . . Francis Lederer's nickname is—of all things—"Glamour Pants!" . . . The only one who doesn't call Joan Crawford "Billie" is her brother. He speaks of her as "the Kid." . . . Fred MacMurray's tag is "Bud," a contraction of "Rosebud." His mother was disappointed because Fred wasn't born a girl and consoled herself by giving him the flossy nickname. She used it until he was old enough to protest. . . . Wallace Beery's tendency toward heftiness has earned him the title of "Jumbo." . . . "Tiger" is really Eddie Albert in disguise. His astonishing pep got him that one. . . . May Robson is affectionately referred to as "Muzzie," stage slang for "Mother," because she took care of everyone from the walk-on to the star when she was trouping behind the footlights. . . . And the most far-fetched nickname of all belongs to George Raft. He is usually addressed as "Peter" and not even Norma Shearer knows why!

You have seen great motion pictures... We believe you have not seen a greater motion picture than this!



Two great screen careers climaxed in one unforgettable romance... The story of a love too deep to know betrayal—too strong to feel the sting of shame! It is urgently recommended to the most exacting picturegoers.

Carole Lombard is brilliant
Charles Laughton is amazing
In "They Knew What They Wanted"

With WILLIAM GARGAN • HARRY CAREY • FRANK FAY

Directed by Garson Kanin

Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • RKO RADIO PICTURE • Produced by Erich Pommer

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • From the Pulitzer Prize Play by Sidney Howard

CONFUSED BY
MAKE-UP? JUST...

Be Yourself..
Be Natural!



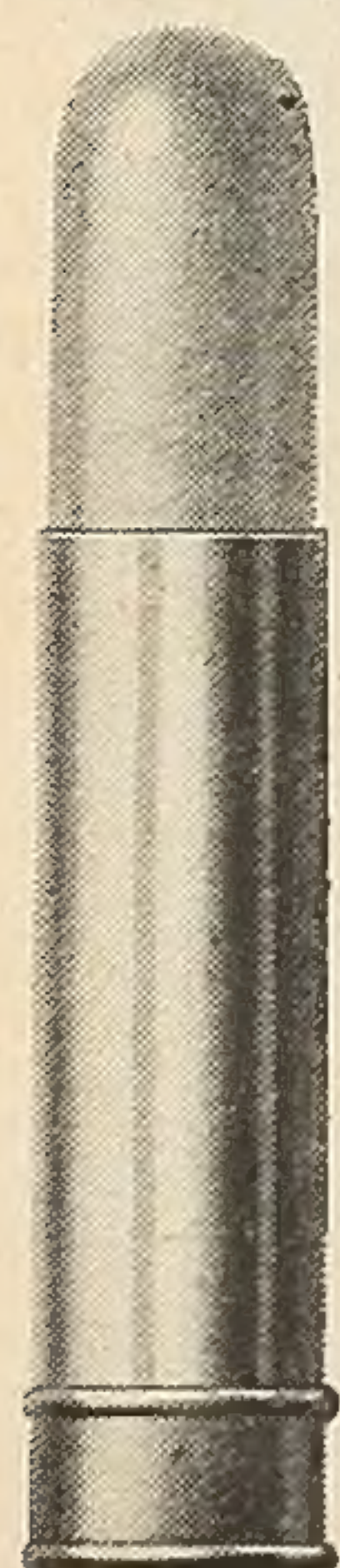
★ Before you despair of ever finding the one lipstick shade which suits your coloring best...turn to Tangee's NATURAL. Just make up with Tangee's NATURAL Lipstick, the matching Rouge, and Tangee's Face Powder...and...

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Tangee's NATURAL is orange in the stick but, as it is applied, your own most flattering shade of rich blush rose is produced like magic. That's how Tangee's NATURAL will help you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ The pure cream base in this world famous lipstick ends that dry, drawn feeling...helps prevent chapping...And Tangee's NATURAL really stays on...giving you smooth, soft, inviting, kissable lips for hours and hours.



Be yourself...Be Natural

TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture

General
Rating

| | |
|--|-------|
| Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)..... | C 4★ |
| Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Alias the Deacon (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| All This, and Heaven Too (Warners)..... | 4★ |
| And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Angel From Texas, An (Warners)..... | 2★ |
| Anne of Windy Poplars (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Babies For Sale (Columbia)..... | 2½★ |
| Bad Men of Carson City (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Black Friday (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| Blondie on a Budget (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 3★ |
| Boom Town (M-G-M)..... | 3½★ |
| Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal)..... | 3★ |
| *Brigham Young (20th Century-Fox)..... | 4★ |
| Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Brother Orchid (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount)..... | 3½★ |
| Calling Philo Vance (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Captain Is a Lady, The (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Castle on the Hudson (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists)..... | 2½★ |
| Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Cowboy From Texas (Republic)..... | 2★ |
| Cross Country Romance (RKO)..... | 2½★ |
| Curtain Call (RKO)..... | 2½★ |
| *Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Dark Command (Republic)..... | 3★ |
| Devil's Island (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Double Alibi (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| Dr. Christian Meets The Women (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Dr. Cyclops (Paramount)..... | C 3★ |
| Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)..... | 3½★ |
| Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia)..... | 3★ |
| Earthbound (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| Edison, the Man (M-G-M)..... | 3½★ |
| Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Five Little Peppers at Home (Columbia)..... | C 2½★ |
| Flight Angels (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Florian (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Foreign Correspondent (United Artists)..... | 4★ |
| Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Four Sons (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| French Without Tears (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Gambling on the High Seas (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2½★ |
| Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)..... | 4★ |
| Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 4★ |
| Great McGinty, The (Paramount)..... | 3½★ |
| *Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Half a Sinner (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)..... | 2½★ |
| Hidden Gold (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| Hot Steel (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| House Across the Bay, The (United Artists)..... | 2★ |
| House of Seven Gables (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| *Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia)..... | 3½★ |
| If I Had My Way (Universal)..... | C 3★ |
| I Love You Again (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| *I Married Adventure (Columbia)..... | 3★ |
| In Old Missouri (Republic)..... | 2★ |
| Irene (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Island of Doomed Men (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Isle of Destiny (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| I Take This Woman (M-G-M)..... | 2★ |
| It All Came True (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| It's a Date (Universal)..... | 3½★ |
| I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2½★ |
| Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| La Congo Nights (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| *Lucky Partners (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Mad Men of Europe (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Mal! He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)..... | 2★ |
| Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Maryland (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3½★ |
| Midnight (Paramount)..... | 3★ |

Picture

General
Rating

| | |
|---|-------|
| Millionaire Playboy (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)..... | 4★ |
| Murder in the Air (Warners)..... | 2★ |
| Music in My Heart (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| My Favorite Wife (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| My Little Chickadee (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| My Love Came Back (Warners)..... | 3½★ |
| My Son, My Son (United Artists)..... | 3½★ |
| New Moon (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Northwest Passage (M-G-M)..... | 4★ |
| Of Mice and Men (United Artists)..... | 4★ |
| Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| One Crowded Night (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| One Million B. C. (United Artists)..... | C 3★ |
| Opened by Mistake (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Our Town (United Artists)..... | 4★ |
| Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia)..... | 2½★ |
| Out West With The Peppers (Columbia)..... | C 2★ |
| Parole Fixer (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Phantom Raiders (M-G-M)..... | 2★ |
| Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2½★ |
| Pinocchio (RKO)..... | C 4★ |
| Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Prairie Law (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)..... | 3½★ |
| Primrose Path, The (RKO)..... | 3½★ |
| Private Affairs (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| Queen of the Mob (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Rebecca (United Artists)..... | 4★ |
| Remember the Night (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Rhythm on the River (Paramount)..... | 3½★ |
| Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Safari (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)..... | 2½★ |
| Saint Takes Over, The (RKO)..... | 2½★ |
| Sandy Is a Lady (Universal)..... | C 2½★ |
| Saturday's Children (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Sea Hawk, The (Warners)..... | 3½★ |
| Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Seventeen (Paramount)..... | C 3★ |
| Shooting High (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 2½★ |
| Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)..... | 3★ |
| Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic)..... | 2★ |
| Slightly Honorable (United Artists)..... | 3★ |
| Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)..... | 2½★ |
| Son of the Navy (Monogram)..... | 2½★ |
| South of Pago Pago (United Artists)..... | 2½★ |
| South to Karanga (Universal)..... | 2½★ |
| Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)..... | C 2½★ |
| Sporting Blood (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3½★ |
| Star Dust (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2½★ |
| Strange Cargo (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Susan and God (M-G-M)..... | 3½★ |
| Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)..... | C 3★ |
| Tear Gas Squad (Warners)..... | 2★ |
| That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO)..... | C 3★ |
| They Drive by Night (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Those Were the Days (Paramount)..... | C 2½★ |
| Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Three Faces West (Republic)..... | 3★ |
| Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)..... | C 3★ |
| 'Til We Meet Again (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Too Many Husbands (Columbia)..... | 3★ |
| Torrid Zone (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Tower of London (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Turnabout (United Artists)..... | 3★ |
| Twenty Mule Team (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia)..... | 3★ |
| Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M)..... | 2½★ |
| Typhoon (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Underpup, The (Universal)..... | C 3★ |
| Untamed (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Vigil in the Night (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Virginia City (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)..... | 3½★ |
| Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| We Are Not Alone (Warners)..... | 3½★ |
| When the Daltons Rode (Universal)..... | 3★ |
| Women in War (Republic)..... | 2½★ |
| Women Without Names (Paramount)..... | 2½★ |
| You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| Young People (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 2½★ |
| Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)..... | C 4★ |

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 8)

whistles in the "Saint" pictures is, unfortunately, untitled and unpublished. It was written especially for those films. You might try writing to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, for additional information, but we doubt if you can obtain a copy of it. George's pictures include: "Lloyds of London," "Love Is News," "Slave Ship," "Lancer Spy," "International Settlement," "Four Men and A Prayer," "Mr. Moto's Last Warning," "The Saint Strikes Back," "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "The Saint in London," "Allegheny Uprising," "Nurse Edith Cavell," "Saint's Double Trouble," "Green Hell," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Saint Takes Over," "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent." You'll next be seeing him in "Bitter Sweet." His name is pronounced "Saunders."

Ralph Derrick, Vassar, Mich. Buddy Rogers hasn't been in the movies since 1938, when he made "Let's Make a Night of It." He's been traveling with his band for the past couple of years, but will soon be back in Hollywood again, though not as an actor this time. He hopes to get a producing job with United Artists and, if he does, he's going to officially drop the "Buddy" and be known as Charles. He's thirty-six; Mary Pickford's forty-seven.

Jane Goetz, Birmingham, Ala. Bill Powell is forty-eight, believe it or not, and he was born in Pittsburgh, Mass. He's a fraction under six feet when standing straight, but he usually walks with a debutante slouch. His weight has recently gone up to 160, but for a while he was down in the 140's. He has blue eyes and brown hair that's greying at the temples. Bill was educated in Pittsburgh schools and at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. Spent ten years on the dramatic stage, starting off as a slapstick comic and progressing to villain roles. In 1921 he came to Hollywood for a part in "Sherlock Holmes" and has been a fixture ever since. He's been thrice married. First to Eileen Wilson, then for two years to Carole Lombard and now to 20-year-old Diana Lewis. He has a son, William D., by his first marriage. Bill has no hobbies. His favorite sports are golf and tennis. Has only one bad habit—he's always hours late for his appointments.

Lois Perry, Detroit, Mich. All of those stars you name have dogs with the exception of George Raft. Rosemary Lane has an Irish setter; Priscilla Lane's is a Skye terrier; Hedy Lamarr has a great Dane; Brenda Joyce has an Airedale and Marjorie Weaver has a collie.

Want to see your own Hollywood honey in our GALLERY SECTION? Just send us his or her name on the coupon below, then watch the next few issues!

Information Desk, Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave., New York City
I'd like to see a gallery picture of

.....
in a forthcoming issue of Modern Screen.
Name
Street
City..... State.....

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Life's more fun... success is surer... for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls *could* have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why *every* girl should use Mum *each* day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart *enough*! It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire... that a bath, while it's grand for *past* perspiration, can't *prevent* risk of odor to come!

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping the *perspiration*—but by

neutralizing the *odor*. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure *you're* safe from underarm odor. Use Mum *every* day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM



For Sanitary Napkins—
Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Gadgets - and more gadgets

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Are you a gadgeteer? If not, you are missing a lot of fun, according to Fred MacMurray—the most gadget-minded of all our Hollywood stars. The MacMurray collection runs the gamut of gadgetry and includes everything from windshield wipers for steamy bathroom mirrors to jewelry retrievers for swimming pools! Fred takes pride in making these novelties himself in his home workshop. We gals, on the other hand, have the manufacturers constantly thinking up all sorts of fascinating new things for us to use in *our* workshop—the kitchen. Here are a few “collector’s items” which you can find on chain store counters.



1.

2.

1. NOTHING BETTER! For getting every last bit of batter, egg white and cream out of bowls and beaters use a rubber spatula like this. **2. SQUEEZE PLAY!** Something new in the line of juice extractors

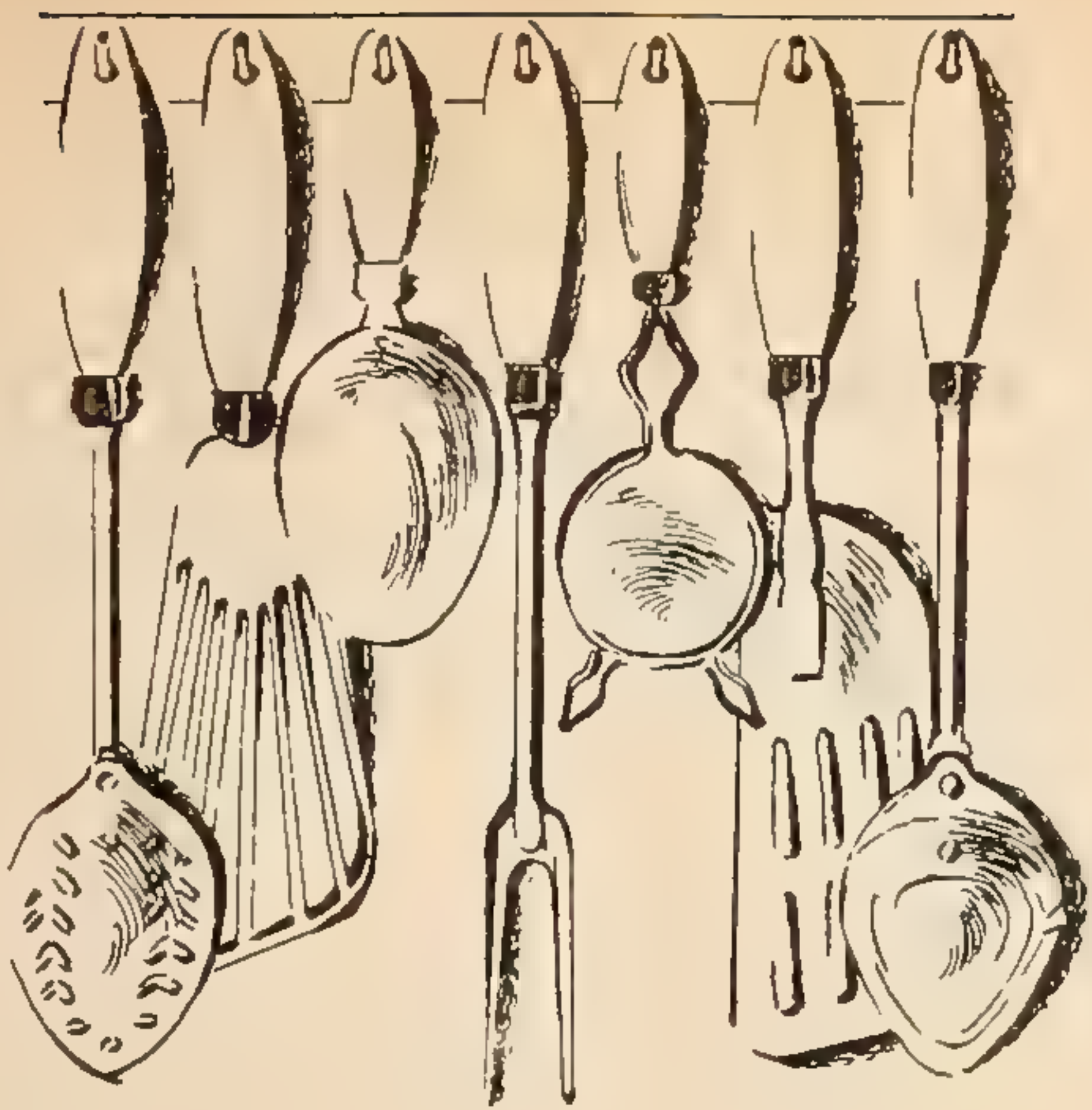
is this unique little gadget, made in transparent glas-ite. It's just the thing for squeezing citrus fruits. **3. HIDE OUT!** Glamourize your scouring-powder cans and soap chip containers with bright enamelled tin covers, artistically designed and in color schemes to go with your kitchen and bathroom. **4. KEEN LITTLE TIME CUTTERS.** All three of these little gadgets have razor-type movable twin blades that stay sharp. They slice, shred and pare fruits and vegetables paper-thin with such speed, safety and simplicity that women everywhere are applauding their fine performance. What's more, two of the three offer a special slicer-attachment for green beans. **5. GETTING TO THE CORE**

OF THINGS! This gadget cores and cuts an apple or pear in a single operation! It comes in gay kitchen colors and is positively stainless. Think of the saving in time and effort when preparing apples for pies, applesauce and puddings—of particular interest right about now!

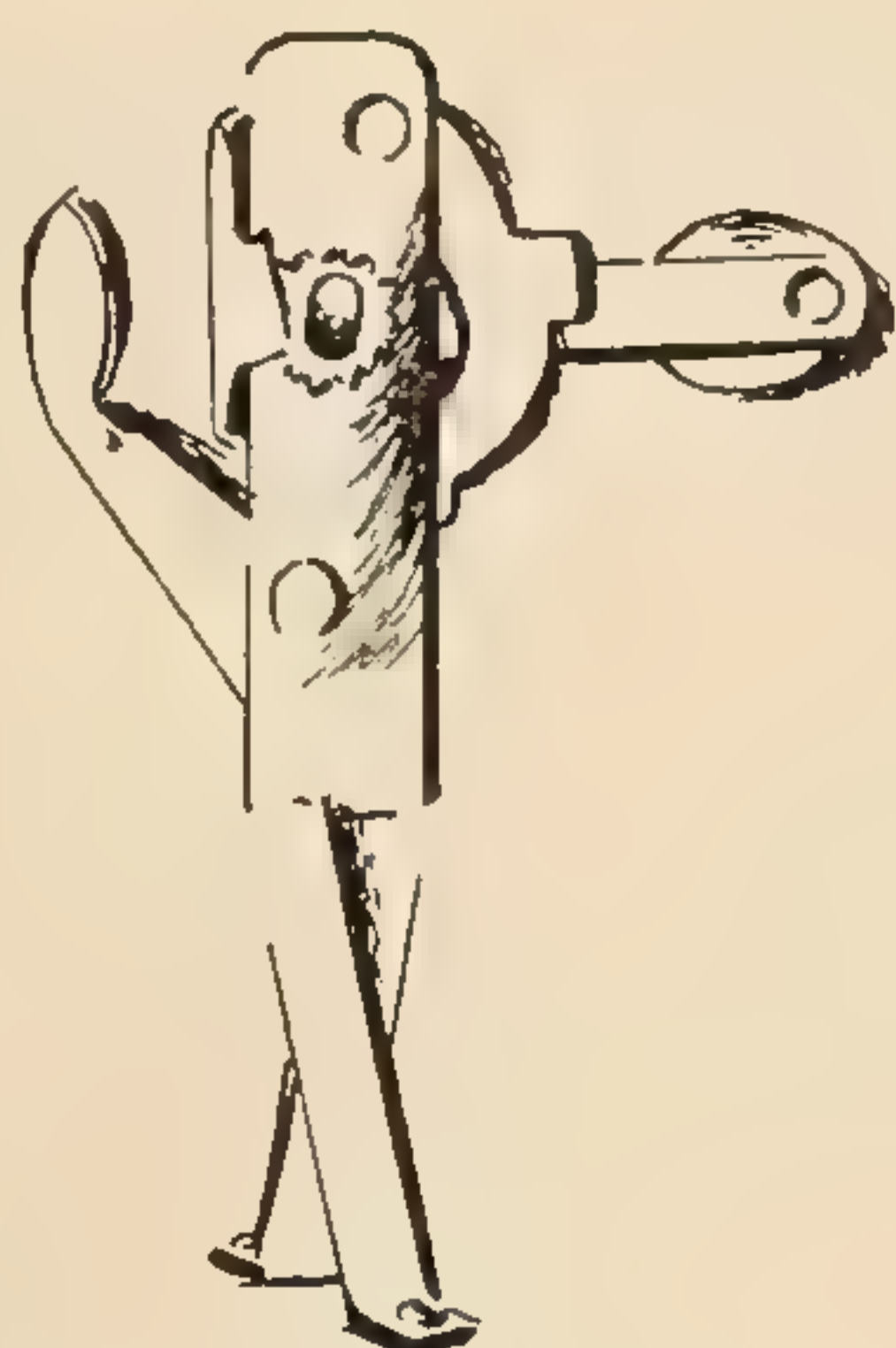
3.

4.

5.



HANG IT ALL! Why didn't someone think of this before? Seventeen different types of kitchen utensils are now available with "hang up" holes in their attractive, natural-finish maple handles. We who like our kitchens arranged for convenience as well as neatness will find this "line up" practically perfect — and so inexpensive!



THEY'RE OFF! Tops of cans are speedily removed, leaving no jagged edges, with this handy new can opener. Sturdily built of nickel-plated steel, it can be fastened on the wall for greater convenience and sells for only 15c, a hitherto unheard of price.



SWING AND SPRAY! Swing over the little lever of this anti-splash faucet strainer to change the flow of water from a steady stream to a fine spray that is ideal for dishes, vegetables and plants. Women who have used these easily adjusted rubber filters look with pity on those who have still to learn how very useful they are.

Hear that, Matilda?

SHE'S STILL CRYING LIKE A BABY!



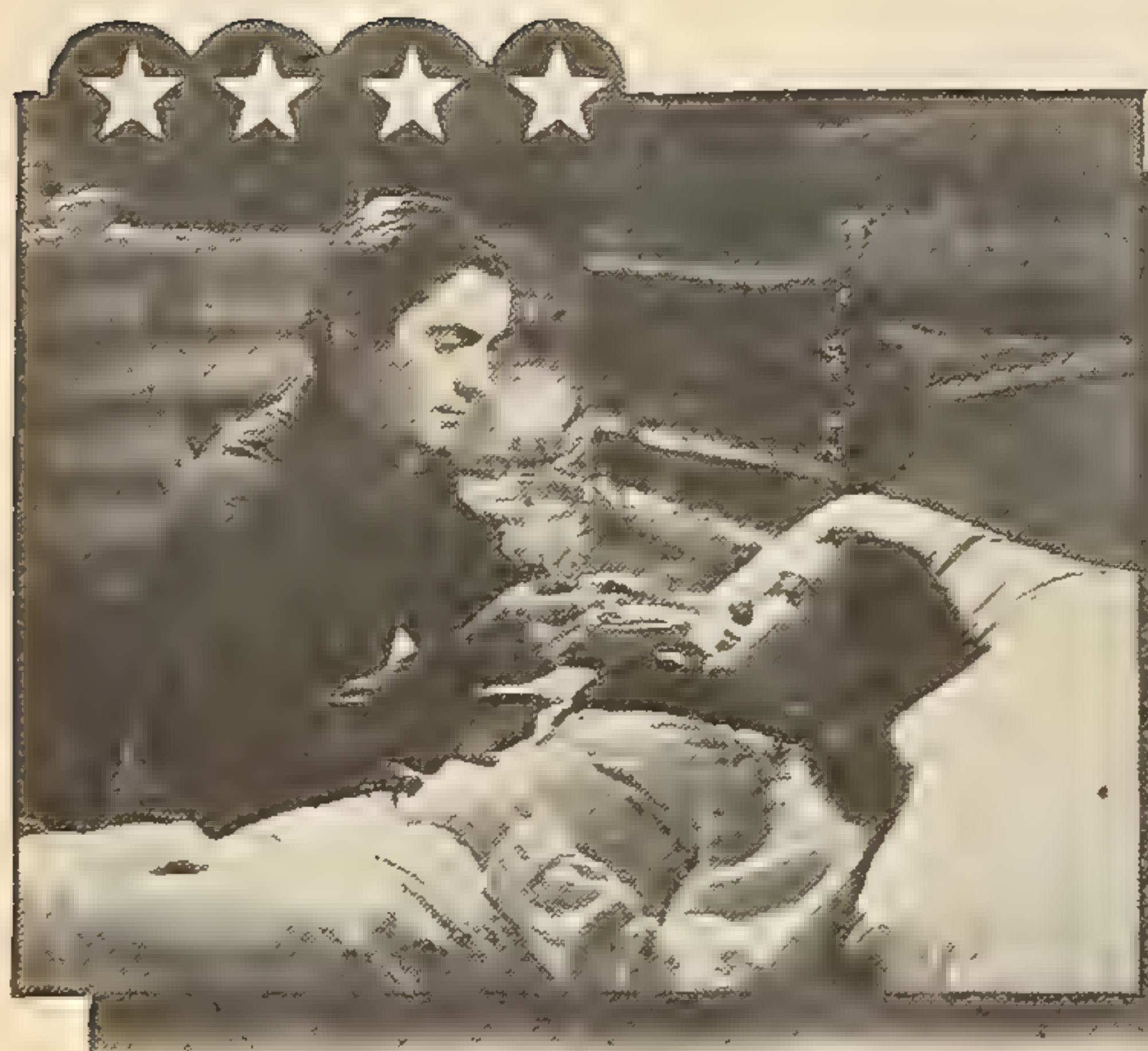
Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap.
Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN



Ty Power and Linda Darnell handle the young love element in "Brigham Young."

★★★★ BRIGHAM YOUNG

Here is a strong and entrancing spectacle. It has some of the most spectacular outdoor shots ever filmed; it has some of the finest acting in recent films; it has integrity and dignity.

Its only fault is that it has no lift. It is a difficult and heart-breaking saga of a downhill battle and, if it weren't for the fact that it all ends well, you'd be depressed for weeks. But there is a happy end—and a true and honest one, for once.

In manufacturing this particular film, the studio had two major problems to cope with. First was the fact that it had a religious theme, which is always dangerous ground for movies to tread on. And on that score, it is pleasant to report that the picture minces no words, turns no corners, and at the same time manages to hurt nobody's feelings.

Then there was the question of polygamy. That must have really given the studio heads gray hair. From the standpoint of the average moviegoer, the thought of a man married to a slew of wives is—well, either distasteful or funny. However, this subject, too, is handled honestly and tastefully. Brigham Young's many wives are seen in quick shots here and there, but never really discussed; they're just taken for granted.

Even the cast was selected with astounding courage. Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell are there to look pretty and

play their little boy and girl love scenes for those of you who want them, but the essential roles are in the hands of more experienced and matured actors. The title role is played by Dean Jagger, from Broadway, an important and fine actor whom you will go away remembering and talking about. He is a star of considerable magnitude—or will be when this film is released. And Mary Astor, who plays one of the wives, has never been given credit enough. Sometimes, in this critic's opinion, she comes mighty close to being the finest actress in films; she has depth, understanding and real emotion.

It would be a long and boring task to enumerate and evaluate every member of the cast. Suffice it to say that you'll like 'em all and that the most important parts, aside from those mentioned, are handled by Brian Donlevy, John Carradine and Vincent Price. Directed by Henry Hathaway—20th Century-Fox.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: One of the most expensive films of modern times, "Brigham Young" cost \$2,700,000 to film; the trek of 500 persons in prairie schooners through Utah, Nevada and California alone cost close to a million dollars to photograph. Louis Bromfield, author, spent four months in research in Utah before starting to write the film . . . Actually, Brigham Young had 27 wives, but only four show up in the film, played by Mary Astor, Jean Rogers, Lucille Miller and Esther Brodelet . . . The Tyrone Power-Linda Darnell romantic team seems to be gaining in popularity . . . Linda loves dogs. When filming was over, she spent many hours finding good homes for the 19 mongrels used in the movie . . . Dean Jagger was chosen for the title role after 46 other actors had been tested for it . . . Jagger tried Hollywood twice before, but both times failed to make any impression and both times returned to Broadway disgusted. . . . John Carradine loved his part; he was not a heavy for once, but a good guy. However, he had to keep the right side of his face to the camera at all times because there is just no way of keeping his left side from looking sinister . . . Vincent Price was chosen for the role of Joseph Smith partially because he bears a remarkable resemblance to the founder of the Mormon faith . . . Watch little Ann Todd, who has a small part here. Hollywood rumor says that this youngster is going to be Shirley Temple's successor.

★★★★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Don't let the title of this picture fool you. It is just a plain, old-fashioned melodrama—if you can imagine an old-fashioned anything done in a modern manner. It is spine-tingling and exciting. It is two solid hours of chills and thrills. Just a newspaper story? Sure. But such a one as you have never witnessed in your whole life.

Walter Wanger, the producer, has a way of taking current subjects for his texts, and Alfred Hitchcock, the director, is famed for his use and portrayal of suspense and action. Get the two together and you have—"Foreign Correspondent"—as fresh as this morning's newspaper; as exciting as every mystery and adventure yarn you have ever heard rolled into one.

Joel McCrea is the star, and you've never seen him in a part better suited to him than this one of Johnny Jones, a reporter who gets sent to Europe and finds himself in the middle of one of the biggest international plots in modern history. He handles the situation in the same way he handles the girl, Laraine Day—directly, briskly, straight from the shoulder. He gets both, needless to say, the story and the girl.

Every last cliché is used in this picture, including one of those phony "hold-the-presses-here-comes-an-extra" scenes. But somehow it all rings true. This Hitchcock gent is a director, that's all there is to it! You thought there was suspense in "Rebecca?" Well, you haven't seen a thing! Just wait until Hitchcock gets you into



Joel McCrea and Laraine Day in the newspaper thriller, "Foreign Correspondent."

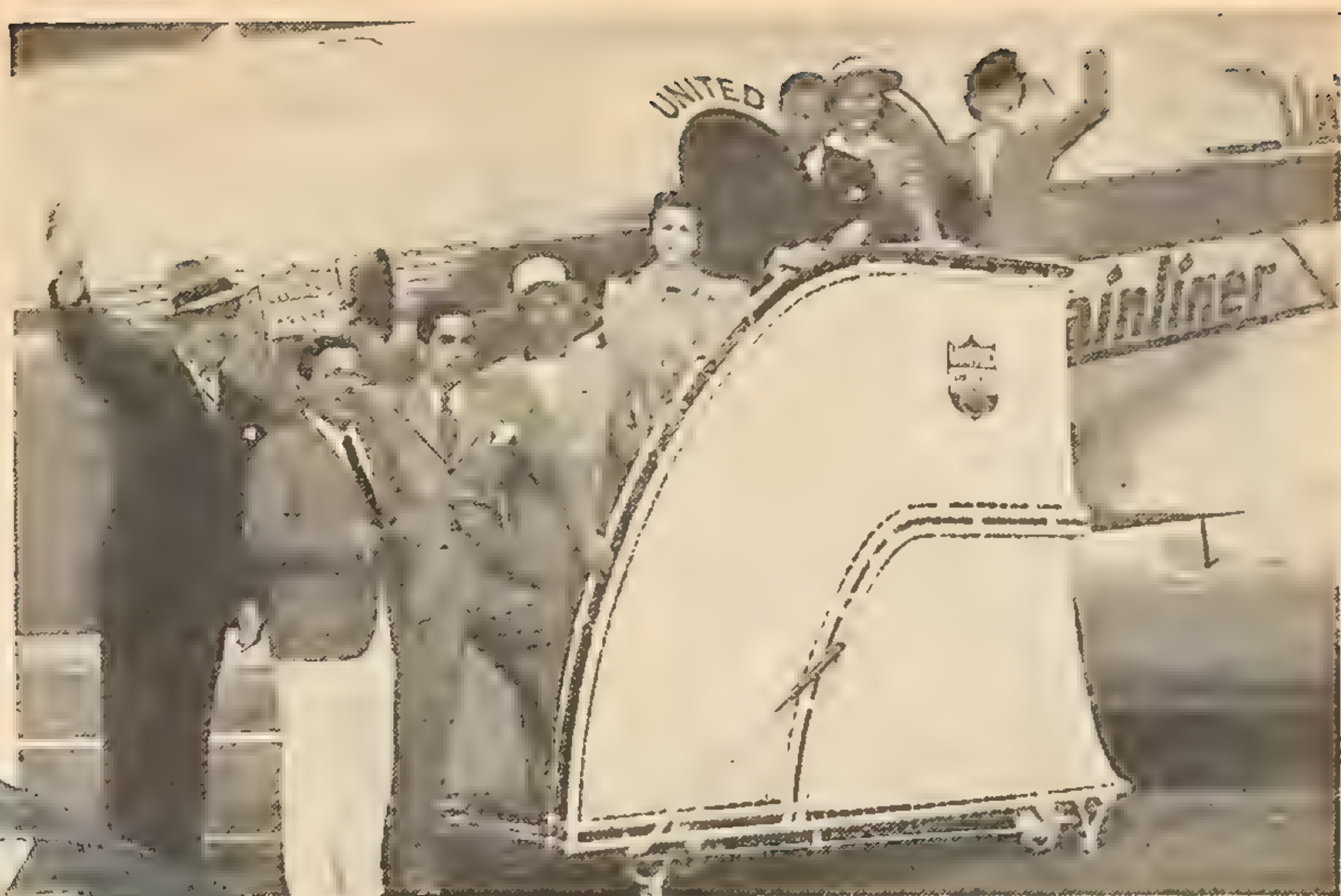
his Atlantic Clipper and begins to let it drop into the middle of the ocean. You actually feel as though you are on the plane! You can almost taste the salt water!

Since there has to be a note of distress somewhere, we'll admit that Herbert Marshall is badly miscast as the international spy. But to make up for it, McCrea (as mentioned) is top-notch; Laraine is beautiful; Albert Basserman gives out with another of his (Continued on page 16)

PREMIERE

OF "BRIGHAM YOUNG"

Ty Power and Linda Darnell lead the parade down the main street in a low-slung, super-charged racing car, chauffeured by Mayor Ab Jenkins—a crack speed driver.



The studio chartered two planes at a cost of \$10,000 to take the "Brigham Young" cast, publicity men, photographers, etc., to Salt Lake City and back. Here's half of the gang.



No one enjoyed the trip more than novice flyer Jane Withers—or less than Brenda Joyce, who suffered from airsickness. The gals chatted and the men played cards en route.



While the rest of the boys spent the afternoon napping, "Butch" Romero panicked the ladies (Jean Rogers, Nancy Kelly and Mary Astor) with his famous Cisco Kid imitations.

The Salt Lake City premiere was strictly informal! 100,000 people mobbed the seven theatres and hundreds of kids trailed the weary stars to the airport at midnight.

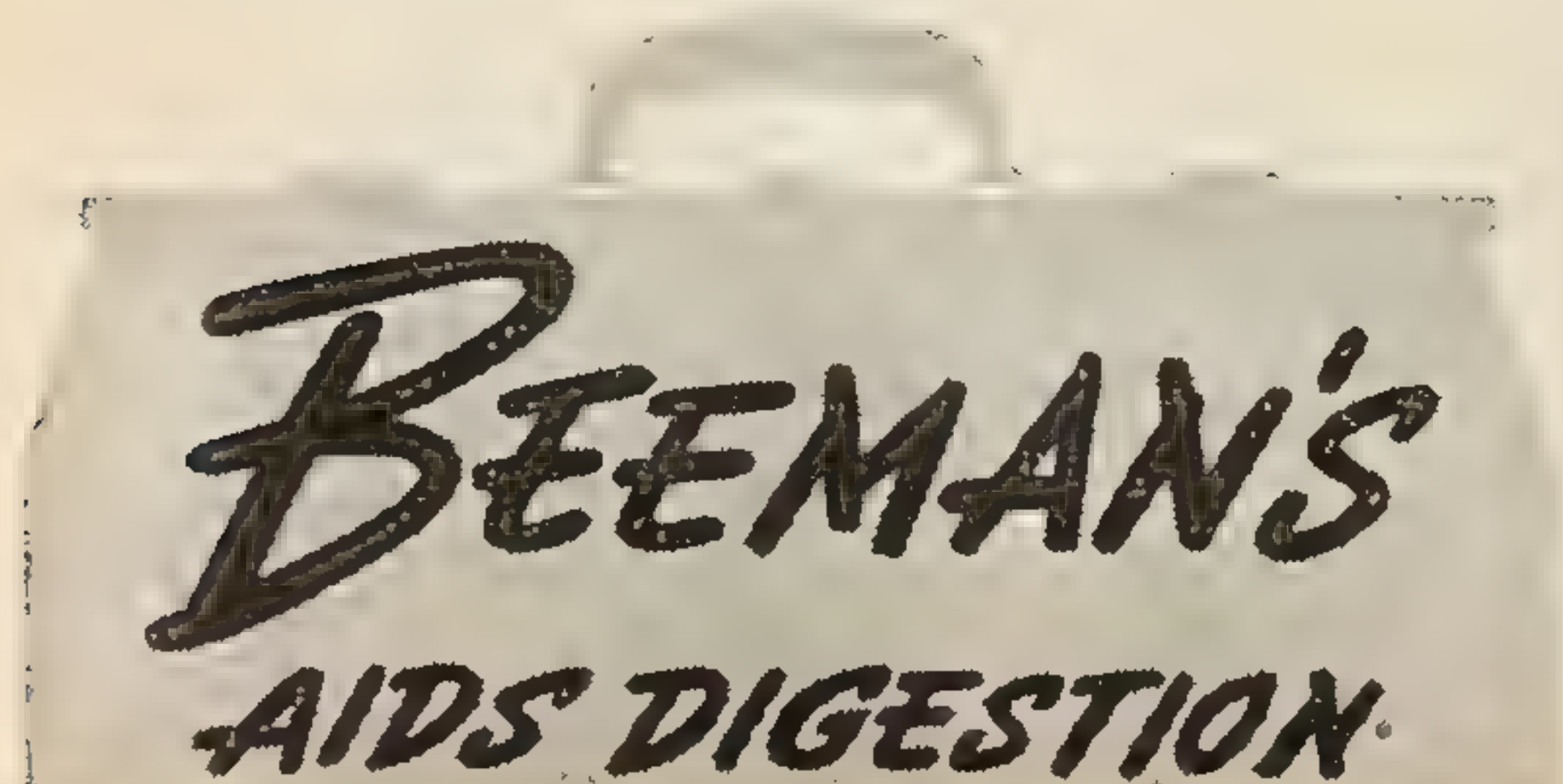


100,000 Mormons got the thrill of a lifetime when 20th Century-Fox turned out practically en masse for the 750-mile flight to Salt Lake City's first premiere!



No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But he was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Beeman's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!", said he, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now. Send me your bill — your treatment is a treat."



(Continued from page 14)

astonishingly powerful performances; Robert Benchley gets a number of good laughs; and George Sanders comes very close to stealing the picture from McCrea in a couple of spots. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—Walter Wanger.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This picture started out to be "Personal History," by Vincent Sheehan, but so many changes were made that eventually nothing at all was left of the original story. . . . More than 600 technicians were employed for this film, working in four shifts. . . . Intention was to shoot some of the background abroad, but this couldn't be done, of course, so the filmers built a hunk of Europe right on the back lot. . . . Joel McCrea's 850-acre ranch is one of the biggest in America. It's about 80 miles from Hollywood. . . . The hardest props to duplicate were the Dutch bicycles in the Amsterdam scenes; studio finally located 83 of 'em. . . . Most expensive film ever made by Wanger, the picture cost about \$1,500,000.

★★★½ The Howards of Virginia

It is always good to think back and remember some things about the beginnings of this country, but perhaps it is especially important today. That, at any rate, seems to be what Producer-Director Frank Lloyd had in mind when he set about making this film.

Based on Elizabeth Page's novel, "The Tree of Liberty," the picture tells of the strange courtship between Matt Howard (Cary Grant), a country bumpkin, and Jane Peyton (Martha Scott), a lady of quality in the true Virginia fashion. It is pre-Revolutionary times, and the American settlers are just beginning to get the meaning of words like liberty and freedom. As they grow in their understanding and eventually go into battle for their ideals, we follow the fortunes of the land as a whole and the Howards in particular. Cary and Martha raise a family of three children, and there is never any understanding or solidarity because their backgrounds and beliefs are so different. At the close of the film, after many vicissitudes, we see the rise of hope on all fronts.

Well, all of it is very imposing and a great deal of it is exciting, but there is, throughout, just a shade of disappointment from an audience standpoint in that the human and personal elements are glossed over. You keep thinking that you don't care about this little family; you want to know about the bigger thing, the founding of America. And yet you miss a good number of personal family incidents. How the father brushed off his eldest son for many years, for instance, without realizing what he was doing, is a good, solid story which is not told but merely hinted at. Maybe it couldn't be told in the space of this one film, which already runs almost two hours, but that's the penalty you pay for transmitting important novels to the screen.

Martha Scott hands in an absolutely top-notch performance as the girl. You love her always; you feel sorry for her frequently. She is fuller in quality and depth here than she was in "Our Town." Grant, however, doesn't come through as well. He is still a great, big, sweet guy, and he is natural and human, and you feel as though you've known him all your life, but the role seems to call for a more serious player. It's not his fault; blame it on the fact that Hollywood is going through an astonishing shortage of leading men and rest assured that you

will still like him in his other pictures.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's impersonation of an embittered and haughty aristocrat is magnificent; Alan Marshal and Richard Carlson are swell and there's one young kid, in a small part, named Phil Taylor. Watch him; he's going places! Directed by Frank Lloyd.—Columbia.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Most of the background shots in the film are one hundred percent authentic. They were made in Williamsburg, Va., which was restored to its pre-Revolutionary appearance by the Rockefellers at a cost of \$20,000,000. . . . Frank Lloyd, who started his movie career as a stunt man, celebrated his twenty-sixth year as a director while filming "The Howards". . . . The 1,500 extras used in the mob scenes were William and Mary students. They were thrilled to death and considered their five dollars a day fabulous! . . . The chauffeur of the standby car used by Frank Lloyd and the camera crew was none other than the young Dupont scion—Coleman III. For himself and his car—an elegant European job—he charged the company \$15 a day. . . . The harpsichord seen in the picture is one of four in the entire world!

★★★½ Rhythm on the River

"Rhythm on the River" is the name of one of the songs in this picture. Otherwise the movie has nothing whatever to do with a river, but it has plenty to do with rhythm.

First there was Bing Crosby and Bob Hope on "The Road to Singapore" and then there was Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers" and now here comes Bing Crosby as a ghost. But it's a different kind of ghost. In this case the word "ghost" could mean chump. It means the guy who does the work in order that someone else can take the bows.

Well, it seems that both Bing and Mary, unknown to each other, do the work, which is song-writing. Now, there might be a lot of quibbling about whether song-writing is work, but can you do it? Neither can Basil Rathbone, who merely sticks his "Hancock" on the finished product, collects all the money and honor and throws Mary and Bing some small change for their labor. Naturally, they don't like it. Naturally, they eventually go out into the world to try it on their own. And naturally, after some minor ups and downs, they make the grade, both economically and Cupidically speaking.

But the point is that it's all in fun. The writer of the movie was obviously having a good time writing the lines and all the actors immensely enjoy spiling them. Bing is in rare form and you'll be astonished at how good Mary Martin is; the gal can do anything and make you like it. Basil Rathbone gets a new lease on life in a light role; he's still the villain, but with a smooth line.

There are seven swell tunes, most popular of which will probably be "Moon Over Madison Square," "That's For Me" and "Rhythm On the River." In case you happen to be a hot jive fan, you'll find both John Scott Trotter, "Wingy" Mannone and their bands right in the groove. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—Paramount.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Bing Crosby plays the drums for one number. The studio didn't know he could do it; he sprang a surprise. It used to be a regular routine of his when he worked for Paul Whiteman. . . . If Mary Martin bounced

through this film gaily, it is understandable; a few days before shooting started, she eloped with Richard Halliday, Paramount story editor. . . . Oscar Levant, who hands out the droll drool on the radio in "Information, Please," makes his debut as a film actor. He refused to learn any lines, preferring to make 'em up as he went along. After worrying about this for the first few days, Director Schertzing let Oscar alone. It was better that way. . . . Film debuts are also made by John Scott Trotter, "Wingy" Mannone and Oscar Shaw, Broadway actor. . . . Ken Carpenter, who's the announcer on Bing's radio show, admits this is his second picture but refuses to name the first; he'd rather forget about it, he says. . . . Rathbone liked this role better than any he's had in years, because it takes him away from boogymen parts. Before coming to Hollywood he was a romantic juvenile and his last Broadway performance was as Romeo to Katherine Cornell's Juliet. . . . Victor Schertzinger, who directed, is also a song-writer and, as usual, has one song in the film, "I Don't Want to Cry Any More."

★★★½ Boom Town

This one could be called "Biff Bang Boom Town." It's a sock saga of saloons and sin wound around an intriguing love story. And, just to make it absolutely sure-fire box office, it has the strongest cast of stars in the season's acting lineup. There's Gable, Tracy, Colbert, Lammarr in the star roles and a pretty hefty galaxy of near-stars in supporting parts.

You would think that, with so many personalities, the director needn't have bothered with the story. But not so Director Jack Conway. He has seen to it that every sequence is packed chock full of action and punch. In fact, there is almost a danger of the film's being too rough and tough for femme audiences. But here is where the director's and producer's cunning shows itself—the love story is so interesting and strong, the battle of Tracy and Gable for Claudette is so beautifully spun, that women are sure to be intrigued by it.

Spencer is in love with Claudette when the film starts, but then along comes Clark—who marries her. Both men love her sincerely, each in his own way, and life is none too easy for her. But you'll have to see the picture to find out who gets her for keeps.

Who comes off best in the acting race? That's a natural question with a picture like this one, but it's a toughie to answer. There's very little to choose from between Clark and Spencer. They're both top-notch in characters thoroughly and totally manufactured for their exclusive use. Spencer probably gets the break—only, however, because his is a more sympathetic role. They're both rough and tough customers, but the scenarists made Clark a bit of a rat and Spencer is the gent with the heart of gold.

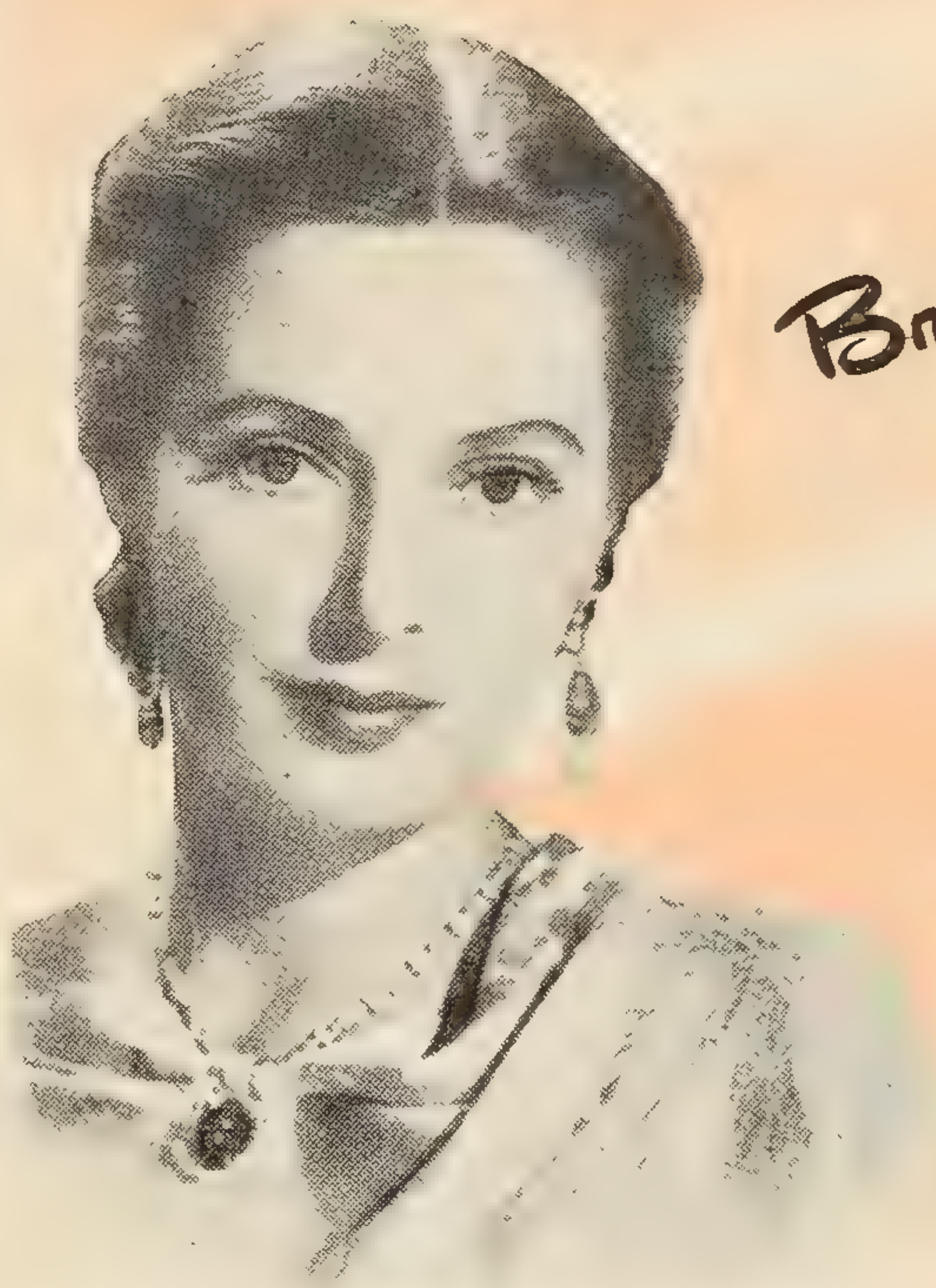
Which leads right up to a very delicate point that has been crying to be made. Casting like this is no fair, from the standpoint of the glamour gals. Claudette Colbert, who is one of the very best screen actresses there is, hasn't a chance when she's stacked up against two guys like Tracy and Gable. They mugg and ham all over the place—no criticism in that, gents, it's just descriptive—while she has to try and be repressed, genteel and ladylike. Naturally, she doesn't stack up as well in the totals. Hedy Lammarr? She doesn't bother even trying to act. She's just any man's eyeful.

(Continued on page 85)

Brunettes! —ask yourselves only 3 questions

Flat paper and printer's ink cannot match the beauty of our shades. Send for free samples today and see them for yourself.

Rose Dawn



Brunette-Rachel

Rose Brunette

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

The only questions any brunette, desperately or hopefully fluttering from one powder shade to another, need ever ask herself are these:

Shall I *lighten* my skin?

Shall I *match* it?

Shall I *warm* its coloring?

It settles down to this:—

Are you lovelier when your skin looks pearly white against your dark hair?

Does enchantment lie for you in a creamy tone that brings out the dark depths in your eyes?

Does a warm, vivid color suit your lively temperament?

Pond's has the answers for you in 3 superlatively successful brunette shades.

A light cream shade, with a little pink in it—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A deeper cream—Brunette-Rachel—but all cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natural creaminess of tone. Some use it to add

warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. This is the powder that matches most successfully the brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. A third group finds that the pink in the powder takes the dull yellow tones out of the skin.

And there is also our new Dusk Rose, the darkest, rosiest of our shades. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes, who dislike growing paler in winter, keep a warm, sunny tan all the year with Dusk Rose.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look. They are faintly, delightfully perfumed.

Brunettes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter. Blondes will find an equally successful group for them, too. You can pick your own shade easily.

Or write to Pond's, Dept. 9 MS-PL, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.

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Free →

20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL
EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

in TECHNICOLOR! DOWN ARGENTINE WAY



Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met",
"Down Argentine Way" (Argentina),
"Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda:
"South American Way", "Bambu",
"Mamae Eu Quero", "Touradas Em
Madrid"

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and
Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine!

A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross!

Show-stopping new personalities! Romance —
the South American way! The spectacular
entertainment two continents have been waiting for!



Ann Rutherford

Grown up enough for a love affair in M-G-M's "Wyoming"



Ronald **R**eagan — something new in movie idols is
this raw-boned hero of Warner's "Knute Rockne — All American"

Rosalind **R**ussell the sophisticate of Warner's "No Time
for Comedy" is clowning again in Universal's "Hired Wife"





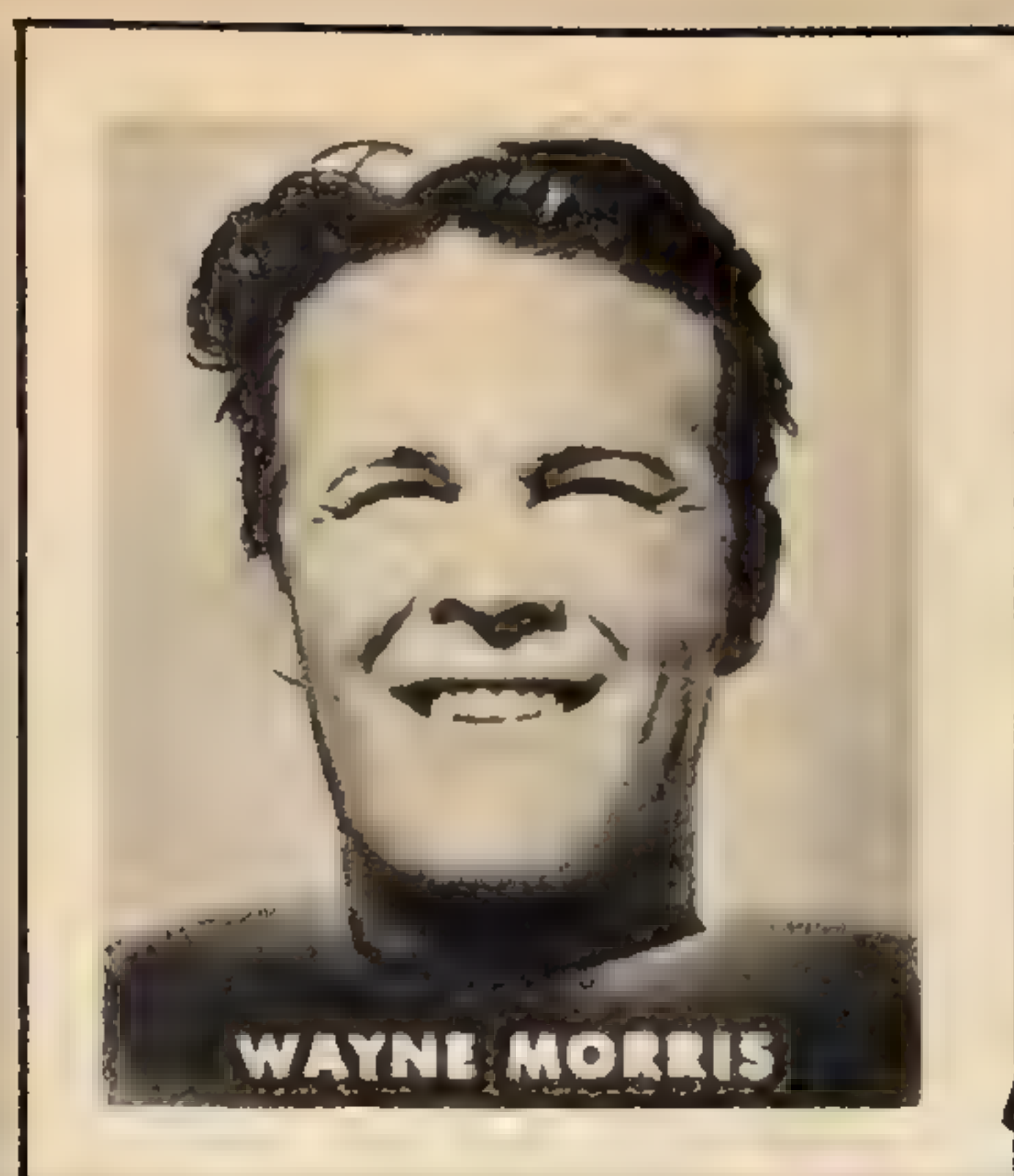
R

ICHARD CARLSON

The handsome Tom Jefferson of Columbia's "Howards of Virginia" is a combination writer, director and actor



RAY MILLAND



WAYNE MORRIS



ROBERT PRESTON



DICK POWELL

Lucky Girl... 4 big Paramount DATES!

Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, **"THE QUARTERBACK"**, featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, **"MOON OVER BURMA"**, with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in **"CHRISTMAS IN JULY"**, with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and



directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, **"ARISE MY LOVE"**, directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DOROTHY LAMOUR



VIRGINIA DALE



ELLEN DREW

...with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!

An open letter from



*"I've dyed my hair
a copper-gold
and I like it"*

Transcribed by Gladys Hall

I think it was Oscar Wilde who once quipped that it's better to be talked about, no matter how, than not to be talked about at all. But somehow, I just can't feel that way. I can't help caring how people feel about me. That's why I'm taking the opportunity Modern Screen has offered to answer some of your questions and at the same time get things off my chest.

"Why don't you tell us more about your children?" you write me. I don't because, in the first place, I feel it is unfair to bring them into the limelight of publicity before they have any choice in the matter. How do I know they are going to like publicity when they are old enough to judge? After all, there are those who don't. Too, though I adore my children and love to talk about them, I don't feel that "child-talk" should be forced on the fans who, for the most part, regard me more as an actress than a mother. Don't you agree? I'd really like to know.

Then there's the question of money. Although I have been asked many times about my finances, I've always felt that was something that shouldn't be discussed. I

think it's poor taste to parade one's bankbook in public, and this feeling has often led me into trouble. On one occasion, I tried to pass off a direct question and succeeded only in creating a wrong impression. It happened in New York, when an interviewer asked me, point blank, how rich I was. I remember saying that I didn't want to discuss it, but he stuck to his guns and I tried to compromise with half-answers.

By the time all expenses were paid, I said finally, my income was really only about \$25,000 a year and, by way of explanation, added that the net was naturally much less than the gross income.

When the interview was published, I found myself quoted as saying I couldn't live on \$25,000 a year! What a ridiculous thing for anyone to say! As a matter of fact, I enjoy an extremely good income and, though it does not leave me enormously rich, I consider myself one of the world's luckiest persons.

Now, I believe that that kind of story about income and expenses hurts us and also annoys you, our fans. Am I right? I know that frequently we're at fault, but when something like that is printed about us, there it is, and we never have a chance to tell you whether or not it's true. That's why I am so eager to make the most of this chance and speak without reserve. We can't make retractions because they always sound weak and silly. And the minute you make a retraction you're not believed anyway. Isn't that so?

As another example of what I mean, take my operations—or the ones I'm supposed to have had. Why, every time I've gone to New York in the past three or four years I've been startled to hear, while lunching at the Colony or dancing at 21, that "Norma Shearer is in

Here's a personal reply—friendly as a handclasp—to all those

Norma

Shearer



*"I can't relax
between takes — I
keep living the part"*

the hospital, following a major operation," and if not at death's door, preparing to rap on it! I can't very well take the floor and announce that I'm not having an operation! It's really rather funny, this rumor that keeps popping up. I wouldn't object to it at all except that, actually, I'm one of the healthiest persons in the world and, of course, glad of it. The real reason for the story is this: A few years ago I arrived in New York with some badly impacted wisdom teeth. I found a very fine surgeon who corrected the condition and now every time I come to New York I go to him for a check-up. There you have it!

Another question frequently asked me has to do with my so-called power and influence at the studio. It always embarrasses me, and I can only answer by saying that I don't think anyone has ever behaved more like an employee than myself. You can ask any of my associates. They'll testify to that, I'm sure. Just because of my marriage to Mr. Thalberg and, as a consequence, my friendship with other executives, there have been any number of times when I did not put up as stiff a fight as another actor or actress would have under similar circumstances. I didn't want to appear to be taking advantage of my association. For instance, I didn't want to make "The Women." I did make it, for the reason I've just explained and also partly because I was taught by Mr. Thalberg to think of what is good for a picture as a whole rather than what is good for me as an individual. I've really tried to refrain from ever being temperamental. I've never attempted to use any influence which I, as Irving's wife, might have had — and all because I feared I would be accused of wielding a power I do not wish to have. (Cont'd on page 59)

*"My friendship
with George
has made me
very happy"*



*"It was such fun working
with Bob Taylor in 'Escape'"*

questions you want answered



In this scene from "The Philadelphia Story," Cary (whose next 16 films are already lined up!) is more than holding his own with John Howard and Jimmy Stewart. Typical of the Grant way with the ladies! This is the third time he's played opposite Katie Hepburn.

IS CARY GRANT THE PERFECT BOY

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

One of Cary Grant's pals once said, "Everybody seems to think he wants to get married—except Cary, himself."

The few people who heard the remark didn't take it seriously. They preferred to believe their eyes. They were seeing Cary constantly with a certain girl, and they were convinced that, this time, he was in love. They were also convinced, as were the columnists and the girl, herself (according to *her* intimates), that he would elope with her at any moment. But he didn't. That romance has been on ice for months!

Ever since Virginia Cherrill left his bed and board five years ago, people have suspected Cary of searching for her successor. He hasn't been a hermit. He has sought the society of one attractive girl after another. The kind the hero always wants to marry in the last reel.

Now he's being seen constantly with Barbara Hutton, the heiress. And people are saying that *this* time he's "unmistakably in love;" that wedding bells will ring very soon. Perhaps they will. But don't bet on it.

For one thing, Barbara has run into legal difficulties divorcing Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow due to the German invasion of the Count's native Denmark. Furthermore, Cary has been "unmistakably" interested

in girls before without marrying them. That leads directly to the questions: What is it like to be a girl-friend of Cary's? And, what can the future Mrs. Grant expect him to be like? Know the answers, and you'll know Cary. Which isn't an easy thing to do. You can judge some men instantly by the feminine companionship they seek, because they always go for the same type. Not so, Mr. G.

Ginger Rogers, who has no taste for large parties, isn't the same type as Elsa Maxwell. Forceful Dorothy di Frasso isn't a double for shy Mary Brian. Talkative Rosalind Russell isn't the spiritual twin of serenely-relaxed Marlene Dietrich. Phyllis Brooks and Barbara Hutton are psychological opposites. And these are only a few of the females Cary has found companionable. The mere fact that his tastes in feminine companionship are so diverse reveals this about him: He isn't a man with a one-track mind as far as women are concerned.

A girl can go out with Cary without wearing armor. She doesn't have to expect him to make passes. He doesn't have any reputation as a Great Lover to maintain. And he doesn't want any. He's a fugitive from Romeo roles. He bought up his Paramount contract four years ago, remember, because Paramount wouldn't let anybody think of him except as some glamour girl's love interest. He has put in his time since, building up a reputation as an amusing young man, who can be serious on occasion. And that's the reputation

**He's tall, prosperous
and knockout look-
ing. There must be
a catch somewhere!**

FRIEND?

he's out to maintain, be it ever so disappointing to his would-be romantic date.

To understand Cary, you have to realize, first of all, that nobody lifted him out of some other profession and made a movie star of him. His first ambition was to be an entertainer. He ran away from home when he was thirteen to join a troupe of music-hall comedians. He starved for years—but even when he had to walk on stilts at Coney Island with a sign on his back to get money for food, he didn't think of giving up show business. Nothing else interested him. He concentrated on that one idea so long that, when he did make good, he wasn't able to stop concentrating on how to be more entertaining. It's uppermost in his mind still.

Any girl he takes out can expect him to put some thought and effort into amusing her. The reason for it is this: After concentrating all day on what *he* likes to do, he relaxes by doing what others like to do.

He has found so many different women companionable because he goes out of his way to be companionable himself. He adapts himself to whatever company he's in. He doesn't take a recluse to night-clubs. He doesn't take a girl to a movie she isn't interested in seeing. He doesn't suggest a drive to a girl who would rather dance.

Before he invites a girl out, he goes to the trouble of discovering her special interests and guides the conversation accordingly. (*Continued on page 87*)



WHAT MAKES THE MOVIES BEHAVE?

The censors nix Mae West's ad libs and excessive hip-swinging.



All piggy-back scenes must be scissored for Maryland audiences.



Ann Sheridan's much-publicized bosom must be adequately covered.

No bathtub shots for the Australians. They are strictly taboo!



Joseph Ignatius Breen is probably the most powerful man in Hollywood today.

He is fifty years old, this Celluloid Caesar, and all Irish, with the body of a longshoreman and the vocabulary of an uninhibited gob. In four-letter words, minus maybe's, Joe Breen daily tells Darryl Zanuck, Joe Pasternak and the brothers Warner how to make their movies. He tells Frank Capra and John Ford how to direct their actors in an assortment of scenes—and, so help me, he often tells Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn how to make love, what not to say to women and what to wear.

That's Joe Breen, the strong-arm man of Hollywood.

"For all the power he wields," one producer told me, "I wouldn't trade positions with him, because he's got the hardest job in the world."

For six years now, ever since the churches of America decided the films needed a thorough rinsing, Joe Breen has slumped in his easy chair—located in a private projection room on the second floor of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel—and cussed bitterly at an endless variety of dramas, comedies, animated cartoons and short subjects.

As Hollywood's Number One Watchdog, as the man in the Will Hays office who censors naughty feet of film, Joe Breen has perspired and suffered much. He has never been able to view Ann Sheridan from a purely esthetic point of view. Instead, he has had to keep an eye peeled to see that Ann's publicized bosom was covered by an adequate frontispiece. He has never been able to roar at Mae West's libido-inspiring antics. Instead, remembering

Hollywood's purity boy, Joe Breen, wields a ruthless scissors, but now when we go to the movies we can usually bring the kiddies!

his duty to his country and Will Hays, Breen has had to see that Mae didn't ad-lib salacious innuendoes or move her hips like a Notre Dame halfback.

To earn the \$25,000 a year paid to him by the producers of Hollywood, he has to see that films don't offend the Legion of Decency and its twenty million Catholic followers. He has to watch that a star or a script doesn't insult the Mormons, the P.T.A., the Boy Scouts of America, the Republicans, the YMCA and the eight states and 260 cities with individual censorship boards.

For instance, Robert Taylor mustn't take a shower in Massachusetts, because shower scenes are barred in that state. James Cagney can't slap that ingenue in the face, since Ohio lists face-slapping as taboo. The hero dare not carry the heroine piggy-back in Maryland, and kissing scenes must be cut down to a minimum for supposedly sophisticated New York. The film gangster can't speak of taking a man "for a ride" or self-conscious Chicago will nix the pix. In Pennsylvania, Myrna Loy mustn't be pregnant nor Claudette Colbert anticipating a child.

Wait, though, that's not all. While Joe Breen, squirming in his uneasy chair, has already taken these domestic taboos into consideration, he mustn't forget what's left of the foreign market. He must remember, also, minor prejudices of folks in other lands. For example:

Greece won't tolerate Gene Autry or any other range-rider. Japan abhors kissing. Catholic prayers must be scissored if the epic is to be shown in England. Australia won't stand for Ginger Rogers or any other glamour gal in a bathtub. All poker games have to be eliminated if the picture is to be shown in Latvia. Dialogue like "blasted," "by Gad" and "bloody" has to be removed to please Canadian high moguls. And Peru doesn't allow mob scenes, since they give the populace ideas.

All of this blue-penciling came to be through a curious phenomena. In 1922, the producers, searching for a super spokesman, someone who could be a combination go-between and public relations representative, hired a little phlegmatic-faced gentleman who had served in President Harding's cabinet. His name was Will H. Hays. Wise pro-

ducers figured that since Will Hays was a Phi Delta Theta, an Elk, a Presbyterian elder, a 32nd degree Mason and a solid Republican, he would be regarded as a good, pure man who could prove to women's clubs that the movies he represented were also good and pure. The producers paid Mr. Hays \$150,000 a season to help them in "establishing and maintaining the highest possible moral and artistic standards of motion picture production."

At this point, one thing went wrong. Business fell off. Movie theatres were packed with empty seats. Desperate for customers, Hollywood producers neglected to follow the ethical and moral laws they'd asked Will Hays to establish, and began to throw Clara Bow, John Gilbert, Colleen Moore into pictures that ranged from the forbidden to the downright filthy. There were nude scenes that smoked. There was dialogue that sizzled. The reformers raved.

In 1933, the big blow-off came. Archbishop Amleto Cicognani broke front pages with this poetic blast: "Catholics are called by God, the Pope, the bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals!"

Hollywood producers squirmed. This moral boycott might ruin them, might shut down the movies forever. They went, en masse, to Will Hays. They begged him to give them another chance. They begged him to set up more stringent rules and, so help them, they promised to obey. Will Hays immediately sent out an SOS for his old friend, Joe Breen, an ex-press agent who had been a diplomat in the Jamaica Consular Service.

Mr. Breen hit Hollywood like a cyclone. He summoned the rich and quaking producers to him. All of them, even big producers like Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn and the late Carl Laemmle! Mr. Breen looked them in the eye and said something like this:

"Gentlemen, if you want someone you can push around, then you've got the wrong man. Because, take my word, gentlemen, I'm going to get honor and purity into the movies if it kills you and it kills me. I'm going to throw plenty of your scripts in the ashcan. I'm going to toss plenty of expensive film in the (Continued on page 81)

BY IRVING WALLACE



The Japs prefer their movies kissless. This type of scene is out.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE



A RED-HEADED WOMAN

**Angel-voice and all, Jeanette's
really a spit-fire at heart**

Gene and "Jam" (that's Jeanette's nickname) have been married just three years. Both are terrific sentimentalists and share a love for detective chillers and swing music.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Once upon a time it was Jeanette MacDonald's painful duty to reproach her little nephew, Earl, for some juvenile prank. She took a deep breath and launched into a self-conscious flow of auntly lecturing. When Jeanette ran out of words, Earl simply stared, mute and plainly astonished at the whole business.

There was an aching silence and Jeanette found herself without a finish. She was left hanging in the air and it bothered her far worse than it did Earl. She had to say something, so she blurted out, "And I don't mean a thing I say, either!"

That, unfortunately, is the anticlimactic way both temper and temperament turn out for Jeanette MacDonald. Nature made her a red head and destiny made her a prima donna. But any connection between the two is, as the movie title sheets say, purely coincidental.

Years ago, at thirteen, when she first tripped out on a Broadway stage, hard-boiled chorus girls took one look at her angelic face, her shining curls nipped neatly with a silken bow and cracked, "Elsie Dinsmore!" In Hollywood a producer once referred to Jeanette respectfully as, "the singing governess." Of course, all this burned, and still burns vital, vivacious Jeanette to a fine crisp, but she can't do much about it. The same Nature which endowed her with those dangerous copper tresses and naughty flashing eyes, tempered the danger signals with a beatific smile and a voice straight from Heaven. Her practical Scotch ancestry and a Philadelphia upbringing have helped spread the conviction that Miss MacDonald is a cross between a Y.W.C.A. librarian and your maiden Aunt Minnie.

That isn't necessarily so. There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl and Jeanette MacDonald is no exception—as any of her good friends can tell you. The only trouble is, when MacDonald has her flare-ups, they usually fizzle right down to her funny bone—and the whole thing is immediately forgotten in a gale of laughter. Whenever she tries to live up to her red hair, she has to live down a joke on her pride. When she sticks out her dignity, it turns out to be her neck. It's a little discouraging.

At the first Broadway stage tryout Jeanette ever had, she tried to be cool and calm. Result? She started her song in the wrong key. When she saw she wasn't going

to make the high notes, she broke into a dance—to cover up—and fell flat on her face! That should have warned her Fate wasn't going to let her sweep, like a grand lady, through a theatrical career. It should have tipped her off to the fact that she wasn't the type.

But when she came to Hollywood a few years later, the painful memory had faded. Jeanette, you'll remember, in her early movie days, was reputed to be more or less Trilby to clever Ernst Lubitsch's Svengali in those gay continental musicals opposite Maurice Chevalier at Paramount. Lubitsch practically discovered Jeanette for Hollywood and developed her into a star, but red heads resent being under anyone's spell and things began happening right at the start.

One day, for instance, it was hot enough to fry eggs on the stage floor and Jeanette had a trying scene with a difficult dress. It had three long trains and was clumsy to move in before the camera. She muffed take after take and finally blew higher than Old Faithful. "It's simply impossible to do the scene in this dress!" cried Jeanette.

"No it's not, Jeanette," soothed Lubitsch.

"All right," stormed Jeanette, "you do it!" She swished off into her dressing-room! In a second, the exasperating gown sailed out the door and wrapped itself around Lubitsch's feet.

It was only after no one disturbed her for a long time that Jeanette's huff surrendered to gnawing curiosity. Looking stealthily out the door, she saw Lubitsch, cigar and all, dolled up in the offending creation and going through her paces without a hitch. She yelled with laughter! That ended the fit of temperament, a little ingloriously—but that's what always happens when Jeanette flies off. Her sense of humor gets the better of her.

Another time, also in the Lubitsch days, when things weren't going well with a scene, she stalked off the set in the best Hollywood manner, proclaiming that she would never, never return. There was just one slip—she left behind the keys to her dressing-room, her car, her apartment and everything else. In a few minutes she had to sneak back and rummage around for the keys, while Lubitsch's dark little eyes gleamed wickedly as he inquired, "Why, what are you (Continued on page 63)



BATTLE OF

Stage 9 was teeming with activity. Lights were being turned on and off, extras were walking in and out, cameras were grinding merrily and assistant directors were shouting. In a dim corner sat a sour-faced gent, his head buried in a script, his pencil dancing briskly over the pages. Who was the sour-faced gent? Why, Fred Allen, comedian.

For hours he had been sitting there, waiting, just waiting. The call had been for 7:30 A. M.—and he was always a guy to be punctual. Now it was well into the afternoon, and he was still waiting.

Suddenly, the director shouted, "Allen! Where's Fred Allen?"

The comedian looked up sadly from his script and answered meekly, "The last I heard from him he was on the way to the hospital from underwork."

He groaned, gave a weary stretch and rose carefully.

"I've got to do this very slowly," he explained. "If my limbs find out that they're actually going to stretch, they'll get so excited there's no telling what'll happen."

A script girl came up timidly.

"We're ready for your scene with the bell-boy," she said.

"Thank you," said Allen. "Where's the boy?"

The script girl pointed off to another end of the stage. Allen looked. Then he burst into raucous laughter. He turned to a group of us and explained. "They brought this boy here at the same time they brought me and told us to wait a few minutes until they were ready to shoot the scene."

Again laughter.

"Well, they're ready for us now but they'll have to send out and get a new boy. The one they had couldn't stand the pace."

Get one thing straight. Fred Allen does not like movies. To put it more accurately, he does not like acting in movies. They're too slow for him, too stereotyped, too routine.

Here's the way he explains it. "All my life has been bound by a few bars of opening music on one end and a week's layoff in Toledo on the other. All my life I've had to think and keep on the move. Now they try to change me over. They want me to sit down and be patient for weeks

on end. They want me to face some mechanical gadgets and say "Boo" until I can't even frighten myself. A joke is only funny once. And yet they want me—they want me—" and he began to really splutter, "Why, do you know what they're trying to do with me? They're trying to turn me into a inferior, second-rate guy with no imagination, no spontaneity, no wit—they are trying to make a number two company Jack Benny out of me!"

Jack Benny! That's the name that brings the lovelight into Allen's eyes. Nothing makes him happier than to think of Benny.

Feud? Sure, there's a feud and here's the way the whole thing started. It was back somewhere in 1936. Allen was doing his regular broadcast when a stooge brought up a boy of twelve or so to play the violin. He played "The Bee," a very difficult number and Allen, interviewing him afterward, ad libbed some humorous comment.

"Did it take you long to learn the piece?" he asked.

"No," said the boy. "I learned it in about two months."

"My, my," Allen replied. "Think of that! Two months and you do it perfectly. Jack Benny's been trying for forty years and he hasn't learned it yet!"

That did it. It was an extemporaneous, unrehearsed wisecrack and it led to one of the most talked about, most-humorous personality feuds in the history of show business.

A week or so later, on his own broadcast, Benny, still not realizing the implications, answered by throwing a line into his script reading, "I can so play 'The Bee!'"

That was all Allen needed. He started such a campaign of badgering, baiting and teasing that poor Benny had to go out and have his fingers limbered up for the big test. He had to play "The Bee"—and he did!

But by that time both Benny and Allen realized that they had uncorked something very big. The mail both received was tremendous. The interest, the partisanship, were phenomenal. They never discussed it. They never planned it ahead, but both of them being natural born showmen realized it was a gag worth playing to the hilt.

Allen admits, quite frankly, that it helped him more than it did Benny. To begin with (Continued on page 65)

WITS!

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

**Why should Allen and Benny be friends
when it's so darn lucrative to be enemies?**



A beautiful friendship is swell, but we'll still take this beautiful feud! Sad-eyed Fred, who always looks as if he's going to his best friend's funeral, dreams up most of his best gags while downing a malted.

Delirium on the Diamond

Anything can happen when Movietown has its whacky innings!



Captain Goddard of the Comedians' team shows off her self-designed costume (christened The Midriff) to Mischa Auer. Opposing Captain Dietrich was escorted by Leading Man Brod Crawford.

If he's still conscious, a 14-highball drunk is a guy with a pretty terrific imagination. So's a "hopped up" opium eater—and Orson Welles isn't bad either. But were three such boys to pool their unfettered fancies in an attempt to cook up an evening's entertainment, the result would be dreary fare compared to the wild and whacky show dished out recently at Hollywood's Wrigley Field!

The occasion was Movietown's own World Series, the alleged "baseball" game held annually between a team of Comedians and a team of Leading Men for the benefit of a local hospital and 40,000 screaming spectators. After years of daytime playing, the athletes involved agreed that their tactics looked better after dark, and so this year's classic was held at night. The competition ran for three innings (or maybe it was four—

no one knows) and was won by the Comedians (or maybe it was the Leading Men—no one knows that, either). Rules and reason were abandoned at the gate. Everybody who turned up in a uniform went into the struggle—and anything constituted a uniform! Players garbed as Hindus, backwoodsmen and funeral directors entered the field on scooters, horses and bicycles! Daring each other to steal scenes or bases, they employed such proven baseball strategy as the use of sling shots, butterfly nets, plaster balls and—believe it or not—smoke bombs!

Fireworks flared, bands blared, there was vaudeville between innings, and the crowd went wild! It didn't make a bit of sense, but it did make a lot of money and that, after all, is what counts. The pictures on this and the facing page will show you how it was done.

Lucille Ball and her handsome new Cuban swain, Desi Arnaz, both hate hats and love peanuts. Grounds for a romance? It looks like it!



Late arrival Linda Darnell who knows nothing whatever about baseball (bridge is her game) never stopped quizzing erstwhile three-letter-man Bob Shaw—who ate it up!



Lupe Velez, who took the whole thing pretty seriously, sat on "Big Boy" Williams' knee, cheering like mad for both teams — and with an accent!



Slugger Karloff came to bat in full Frankenstein regalia. Scored a home-run by terrorizing the basemen! Catcher Buster Keaton's still another swooning victim.



The Invisible Man's at bat and Vince Barnett and Umpire Al Jenkins are egging him on every step of the way! The I. M. did his darndest but finally struck an Invisible Out.

Str-i-ike three, you're out! Umpire Kay Kyser squelches a big league player, while Catcher Keaton looks on approvingly. Oh-oh! Can that be an evil glint in Mischa's eye?



she didn't say NO

A big transcontinental airliner took off from New York and roared upward into the sky. In one seat was a young girl whose lips were tightly pursed and whose huge brown eyes stared straight ahead. She was apprehensive, not of the journey, but of the destination for which she was bound.

It was Martha Scott's second trip to Hollywood and the first had been a disappointment indeed. But why worry? She shrugged her slight shoulders to reassure herself. What had she to lose?

At Burbank she was met, not as before, by a fanfare of publicists and photographers, but by a lone individual holding an open umbrella to keep off the rain. It was Agent Noll Gurney, the man who had persuaded her to come.

It wasn't an inspiring morning and Martha Scott's spirits were about as damp as the weather.

"I'm not in the least optimistic," she told Noll Gurney. "Why should this test do us any more good than the other?"

She looked back unhappily to the time when she had gone with high hopes to the David O. Selznick Studio to be tested for Melanie in "Gone With The Wind."

"I want to compliment you very highly upon your performance in the test," Selznick had said, "but you simply do not photograph. The kindest thing I can tell you is to go back to the stage. I'm sorry."

Those words, coming from such a man as Selznick, just about ended her screen career even before it began. Selznick's opinion carries tremendous weight on the Celluloid Coast and no other producer there could be induced to give her a test for any part. Why should they waste their money on a girl whom David O. Selznick said hadn't a chance? They didn't.

As a matter of fact, the real reason for Mr. Selznick's cinematic condemnation of Martha Scott was Paulette Goddard. Or, to be more exact, it was one of the cameramen who had photographed Paulette Goddard when she was being considered for the role of Scarlett O'Hara. Paulette had just finished a test one day when Martha came on the set, and the cameraman, being a bit bored with the endless number of unknowns his boss was digging up from here, there and everywhere for the Margaret Mitchell epic, didn't bother to change the lights. No two women could be more unlike photographically than Paulette Goddard and Martha Scott, so the lighting that

brought out the best in the former literally blitzkrieged the latter.

The only person in the entire motion picture industry who refused to accept that test as final was Noll Gurney, a very obstinate guy. He was still convinced that Martha had everything it takes to make a first rate star and, even after she had left the town, he doggedly kept on trying to put her over. Everybody gave him the run-around. Whenever he mentioned Martha Scott, they mentioned Selznick. Months passed, during which Sol Lesser, the producer of "Our Town," tested girl after girl for the part of Emily in the film version of Thornton Wilder's play. Gurney kept pleading with Lesser to give Martha Scott another test for the role which she had created upon the New York stage and finally Lesser wearily agreed. His next move was to persuade Martha Scott to come out to Hollywood again.


"That," he said, "was just about as difficult as persuading Lesser to make the test itself. She didn't believe there was any use in coming. First I pleaded with her, then I heckled. She still couldn't make up her mind. Finally, I dashed off a wire—terse and to the point. 'Are you coming?' 'Well,'" Gurney beamed, "she didn't say no!"

As soon as she arrived, Noll rushed her off for her test and, while it was being made, he paced the alleyway off stage like a young father having his first baby. When the film was run off he sat jittering in a corner of the projection room with his feet as well as his fingers crossed. Gradually he relaxed and an I-told-you-so grin appeared on his face, for this time Martha Scott was properly lighted and a new star was discovered. . . .

Outside of Mark Twain or the movies themselves, there simply couldn't be any place named Gee's Creek. But there is, and Martha Scott's birth certificate proves it. Gee's Creek, a community of a church, a school, a store and a population of half a hundred souls, is near Jamesport in Missouri. If you've never heard of Jamesport, either, don't think you've flunked in geography. Compared with Jamesport the "Our Town" of the picture is quite a city! Martha is like all the folks from Gee's Creek—just a small town girl at heart. There was, for instance, the time she was invited to a party where she was certain to meet a raft of bigshots. She was discussing with Vicky Abbott, her roommate both in New York and in Hollywood, the eternal problem of what to wear.


"But you can't go in that," (Continued on page 67)

BY REGINALD TAVINER



**There's an old gag, "If
a lady says 'yes,' she's
no lady," but Martha
Scott did—and is!**

Gentle, ultra-feminine Martha occasionally goes on absolute bats of tomboyishness. She'll climb trees, go fishing and even chew gum and yell herself hoarse at one of the local baseball games.



"Picture-snatching" is fun for candid photographers like Ruth Hussey, but it's a headache for movie cameramen!

they're not all PERFECT!

Blowing the lid off one of Hollywood's most hushed-up subjects!



Her nose and complexion are Merle Oberon's photographic handicaps.

SOMEONE once said that, in Hollywood, all is not Goldwyn that splutters. Nor for that matter is all beautiful that glistens.

You pay your money at the box office and you sit in the audience sighing ecstatically, "Lovely, lovely, lovely." And if you're the kind of person who wonders about things, you wonder how those movie people manage to find such a constant parade of beautiful and perfectly formed creatures.

Well, the answer is that they don't. There isn't one single star in Hollywood who is perfect. They've all got their little flaws to hide and to camouflage. They all have their Achilles' heel—and "heel," of course, is no word to bandy loosely in a town like Hollywood.

You have read reams of stuff about how perfectly formed Vivien Leigh's features are. Well, don't you believe it! It took Vivien half a dozen film tests, for instance, to realize that she had practically no underlip! You saw one in the movies? Sure. It's painted on.

Alice Faye's beauty in "Lillian Russell" was breathtaking. But well covered by long and flowing gowns were her legs, which are so thin that the cameraman had to get special shots of them.

You have heard a lot about Myrna Loy's freckles. She quite frankly admits she has them. But what you've probably not heard is that Myrna has leg trouble too—very thick ankles. They never see the light of the screen except on rare occasions, whereupon they are specially photographed.

Speaking of legs, Anita Louise probably has the skinniest set in town. They're not much bigger around than the strings of the harp she loves to play!

You can easily see, handicaps alone are not enough to keep you from being a screen star. As a matter of fact, a number of stars have capitalized on their defects. Garbo's big feet have been a target for years.

Consider for a moment the famous John Barrymore profile. Perfect, isn't it? Well, has it ever occurred to you that it's always the left side of John's face you're looking at? Always! The right side of his face, John once admitted in one of his bursts of candor, "looks a good deal like a moribund fish."

Claudette Colbert, who was the top-earning actress in Hollywood last year, earned every cent of it with just one side of her face. Again, it's the left side. The right side isn't at all pretty, so you never get a chance to see it. Incidentally, even at a full view Claudette has a difficult face; she doesn't look French at all, but Dutch. That's why she was given the part in the much-discussed "Drums Along the Mohawk," and that's also the reason why she

was photographed full face all the way through that picture.

When a definitive history of Hollywood is written, the cameramen will probably rate the greatest amount of credit. For instance, Sonja Henie is a real problem to photograph. Almost any full-face shots or camera angles that shoot down at her make her look squatty and dumpy. On the other hand, it's impossible to shoot up at her because of her turned-up nose. And just to round out the picture, her famous skating legs are muscley and far from fragile. Yet you look at her on the screen and sigh ecstatically, "Lovely, lovely."

Carole Lombard is an interesting case. Her forehead is too high and bulgy for real beauty, and she really has a moon-shaped face. For several years, at the beginning of her career, her chief claims to fame were her beautiful legs. Then one day, in the Paramount still gallery, where some pictures were being made for advertising purposes, a cameraman had an idea. He painted some lines in her cheeks to make them appear sunken and mysterious. It worked so well that today those lines are always painted on before she faces any camera.

Helen Gilbert's chief worry is her hair. She knows that her flowing golden locks are the most distinguished mark of beauty she has, and she guards this very jealously. She goes to a special hairdresser regularly, and during the filming of a recent picture she even quarrelled with Director Woody Van Dyke simply because he wanted her to use one of the regular studio hairdressers. She insisted on having her own specialist, explaining that if she didn't watch out she would become just another insignificant little blonde.

Ginger Rogers dyed her hair black because it photographs better that way. And the studio has another little ruse to make her more photogenic. There's a mole on her cheek which is always retouched for filming.

Ann Sothorn drives studio designers crazy. She's one of the hardest girls to dress. Her figure is short and inclined to dumpiness and she's always on a reducing diet.

The same goes for Madeleine Carroll, who practically starves herself through every production, then goes on a rampage of eating between pictures, and winds up having to go on a very strict diet just before going into another film.

Patricia Morison almost lost her Paramount contract recently because she put on so much weight that it was becoming impossible to make her look thin from any camera angle.

Tyrone Power, on the other hand, has to fight thinness. His studio orders him to eat plentifully and heartily.

Merle Oberon has a nose that (Continued on page 60)

BY JAMES CARSON



Red-haired Myrna Loy's millions of freckles are retouched for films.



It's always John Barrymore's left profile that's snapped. Know why?



Dottie Lamour almost always has those braces on her teeth off-screen.



in the set with "The



Between takes, Edward Bromberg made a chest model of Alvin Darnell

The "Los Angeles in 1820" set built in Agoura (30 miles from Hollywood) was later used in "Juarez"



Errol Farrow practises making "Z's" (Zorro's mark) with his whip on Bromberg's ample stomach

Errol Farrow gives Director MacDonald and the cast a lesson in Spanish etiquette



To drink quarts of milk and still lose weight while making the film



The film was made during a short stay in Agoura

Californian"



Old Manie Basil Rothbone cracks the whip. Mamoulian's unperturbed, but Ty looks scared.



When Tyrone Power was handed the title role in "The Californian," he thought seriously of telling Darryl F. Zanuck off and quitting the picture business. For the sake of his art, Tyrone has endured beatings, lost weight, gained weight, been half blinded by sand storms and half drowned by floods, all without a whimper, but his "Californian" assignment carried with it a greater abuse than he intended to swallow. "Come hell or high water," bellowed Ty when they brought him the news, "I'll be damned if I'll permit Alice Faye's personal hairdresser to fingerwave *my* hair every morning and sit me under a dryer, loaded with hairpins! Who do they think I am?" he demanded.

Tyrone's trot on his high horse was sincere. If he was to be the leading man in the picture, he didn't want to look like the leading lady. However, his fight was a losing one from the start. When you see him on the screen, he's going to remind you of Hedy Lamarr, for "The Californian," a remake of the 20-year-old Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., starrer, "The Mark of Zorro," has as its hero a Spanish-style Robin Hood who raids the countryside by night, but during the day conceals his identity by posing as a sissy.

Set in Spanish-ruled Los Angeles of 1820, the picture is admittedly a celluloid lure for South American shekels. Hollywood's European markets have bitten the dust and the studio's frank winks at the dollars below the Rio

Grande are prompting it to behave like a lovesick boy before the lady of his heart. From the lair of Darryl Zanuck has come word that "Californian" is to be made as flattering as possible to Spanish eyes and ears and that authenticity is to prevail only whenever it is pleasant. Hence Ty's curly tresses. Aristocratic Angelenos wore their hair

that way. Hence Ernesto Romero, former Mexican vice-consul, is in Los Angeles. Romero's on the set daily just to see that cast members pronounce correctly the 25 Spanish words used in the picture. South

Americans are sensitive about mispronunciations and a wrongly-placed accent may cost the studio the market for which it hungers! And hence Ty's \$15,000 "glamour girl" wardrobe.

It took that many dollars to make him a letter-perfect dandy. Costumes for the average male star cost between \$500 and \$1,000, but Ty will have 22 changes for his fop scenes alone! He'll wear exquisite brocaded waistcoats, satin shirts and tight velvet trousers (making him a literal "fancy pants") and will carry the "quizzing glasses" which young Spaniards used for staring at their inferiors. Ty loathes his outfits as much as his hairdo because he can't budge without fearing he'll split his breeches!

In the creation of their sets, Fox is being a little less veritable. Los Angeles under the Spanish was a dump. It was a hot, dry, dusty town, inhabited mostly by Indians and half-breeds whose health required a street brawl before and after each meal. When Fox introduces Los Angeles, however, it will be a replica, not of the original, but of some modern-day architect's dream. It will be shining, white and beautiful and boast a select population of dashing caballeros and flirtatious señoritas!

Most flirtatious of the señoritas is Dallas town's Linda Darnell, who appears opposite Ty for the third time in six months. Linda was señoritized at a cost of over \$7,000 spent on 38 make-up tests, 23 different coiffures, dancing lessons, vocal lessons, and Spanish lessons in addition to Romero's tuition. Her costumes lifted another measly \$10,000 out of the budget but Linda in any one of them is just about the most glorious creature on the lot. Observe that we say "just about." Linda doesn't quite hit the top. The dandified Mr. Power is there, too—and he looks divine!



The artistic hands of luscious Jane Wyman who will soon be seen with Hubby Ronald Reagan in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again."

by Carol Carter

Finger fashions

In which we discuss hands that always leave a lovely memory

Yes, there certainly are fashions for fingers—exciting, fascinating fashions. Did you ever stop to think what an important part color alone plays in the beauty and charm of your hands? Would you care to return to the drab, colorless, unattractive nails of a few short years ago? We didn't think so. You may be a hard-working homemaker or an ambitious career girl, but a touch of frivolity in the guise of gay, glamorous, beautifully colored nails will give you a sense of decorative femininity that can't be achieved in any other way.

This fall the call to colors is distinctly American. Rich, sparkling Indian paint colors; deep, subtle autumnal shades borrowed from our own Western plains and mountains; bold, blazing pinks and reds from our good neighbors, the South Americans, and the exotic jewel-like tones of all the nearby tropical islands have inspired our color stylists to outdo themselves in furnishing us with new beauty for our finger tips.

In selecting nail polishes, study your own complexion and also the clothes and accessories in your wardrobe. Are you dark and dashing? Then go in for the deep, lush-colored nail polishes that compliment your own rich coloring. Dark shades are always striking on large hands, and they make any skin look whiter by contrast. Rich-toned polishes, too, are dramatic with neutral colored costumes—greys, browns, shades of plum, rose and, of course, with black or white.

If you are very fair, the softer, subtler tints may be your choice, though experiment may uncover many a darker tone that will give you a new thrill.

Clear, bright reds seem to succeed in setting off all kinds of complexions whether medium, dark or light. These "red reds" make marvelous highlights against the new pine greens, dark blues, brown beiges and blacks. Tawny red polishes are for the golden-skinned and for all who have browns or yellows in their hair, eyes or complexion. These warm shades are lovely with soft blues, coppers, fruity reds, color-flecked tweeds and also with grays and brown beiges.

Color is a tonic, a real lifter-upper that has a decided effect not only upon your appearance but upon your mood and disposition as well. It will pep you up like anything, or the lack of it will let you down in a heap. Think of the most glamorous girls in the movies—Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr, Paulette Goddard, Jane Wyman and Vivien Leigh for example. Don't you just naturally associate them with gaiety, dash and, above all, color?

If you're going to do justice to color you must, of course, give it the proper background of cleanliness, grace and perfect grooming. In the case of hands, that means regular scrubbing with mild soap and soft brushes, lots of lotions for softness and whiteness, exercise for suppleness and grace and frequent manicures for that well-groomed look.

Use a free lathering, sudsy soap and don't wear your hand brush out completely before replacing it. Have the bristles firm without being harsh, the kind you can get around and under your nails without hurting them. Hands

should be lotioned after every contact with water, the last thing at night, and before and after every manicure. There are many delightful and effective lotions of both clear and milky consistency. Pay your money and take your choice—just so long as you use *some* kind regularly.

A few well-planned exercises taken in spare moments will add thrilling grace and suppleness to the plainest of hands. Try stretching your fingers out wide apart, then, one at a time, rotate each finger slowly and carefully. Now rotate your wrists, first clockwise, then counter-clockwise. Flop your hands up and down loosely from the wrists to let the blood circulate to your very finger tips. Play imaginary trills, runs and similar piano exercises on your table, desk or chair arm. (Do this when you are alone, however. They are a bit disconcerting in the presence of others.) Clasp your hands together, then, twisting the wrists back and forth, pull the fingers against one another. Massage your hands from finger tips firmly back over the wrists. When you do this always use a bit of cold or lubricating cream. Otherwise you may stretch the skin and add wrinkles.

Use your hands with poise and composure. Streamline your motions by keeping them free and flowing. When you pick up an object, don't double up your fist. Bring your fingers to a smooth, graceful point and make your motions in curves, not in darts.

Your manicure is the cornerstone of conditioning and the basis for much of your finger beauty. Keep a kit of clean, workable tools always ready and a variety of several polish shades to suit your moods, your clothes and the occasion. You'll need a cake or jar of good sudsy soap, a little bowl for soaking, a long flexible nail file and a few variously textured emery boards, manicure scissors, orangewood stick, cotton, cuticle softener, hand cream or lotion, nail white, polish and oily polish remover. It should be one of the most important ceremonials of your week. In fact, if you are like most girls we know, it would be more accurate to say your *two* manicures should be *two* of the most important ceremonials of each week—for it takes two to keep most hands in perfect trim.

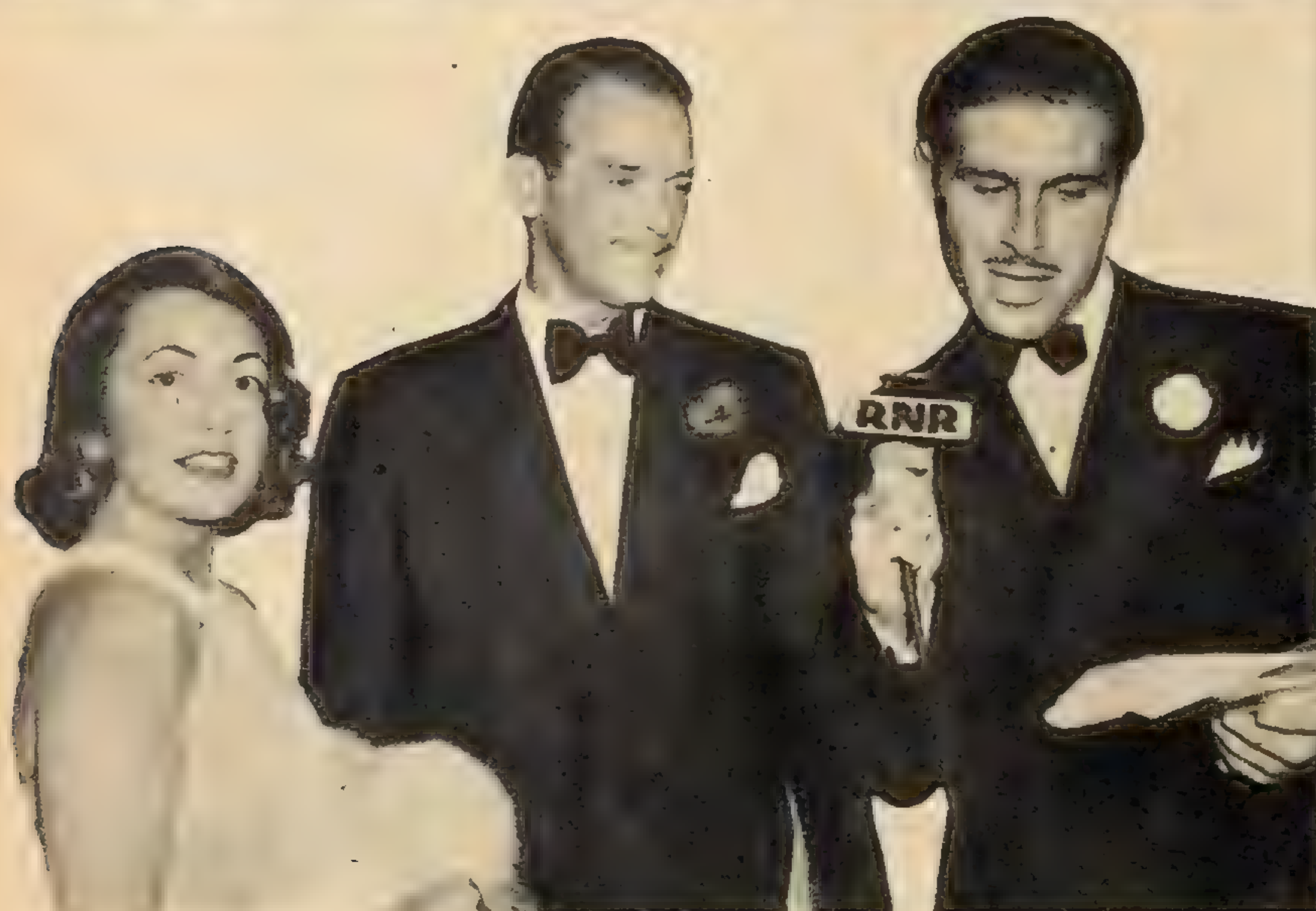
Wash your hands thoroughly. Remove all old polish with a good polish remover. Now shape your nail tips with your file and emery board, being sure that the nail contours conform to your special hand type.

There are five distinct types of hands—exotic, artistic, creative, patrician and practical. The exotic hand has very slender, tapering fingers and almost claw-like nails that should be left fairly long with slightly rounded points. Artistic hands are more rounded and less sensational than the exotic type and their nails should be filed a bit shorter, broader and less pointed. If yours is a creative hand with short, square fingers and sturdy bone structure, file your nails the short, rounded way. If you have an aristocratic, ladylike hand, with dainty almond-shaped nails, file them to a conservative oval. Practical hands with their straight, capable fingers should have nails that are pleasantly rounded and comparatively short. (Continued on page 84)

Rumors that brunette Songbird Ginny Simms and blonde ditto Franny Langford are feuding ain't so. Here they are Ciro's-bound with Kay Kyser and Jon Hall.



Bob Montgomery, who put on pounds and pounds abroad, is still Hollywood's man of the hour. We caught him with Ouida Rathbone and wifie at a war relief party.



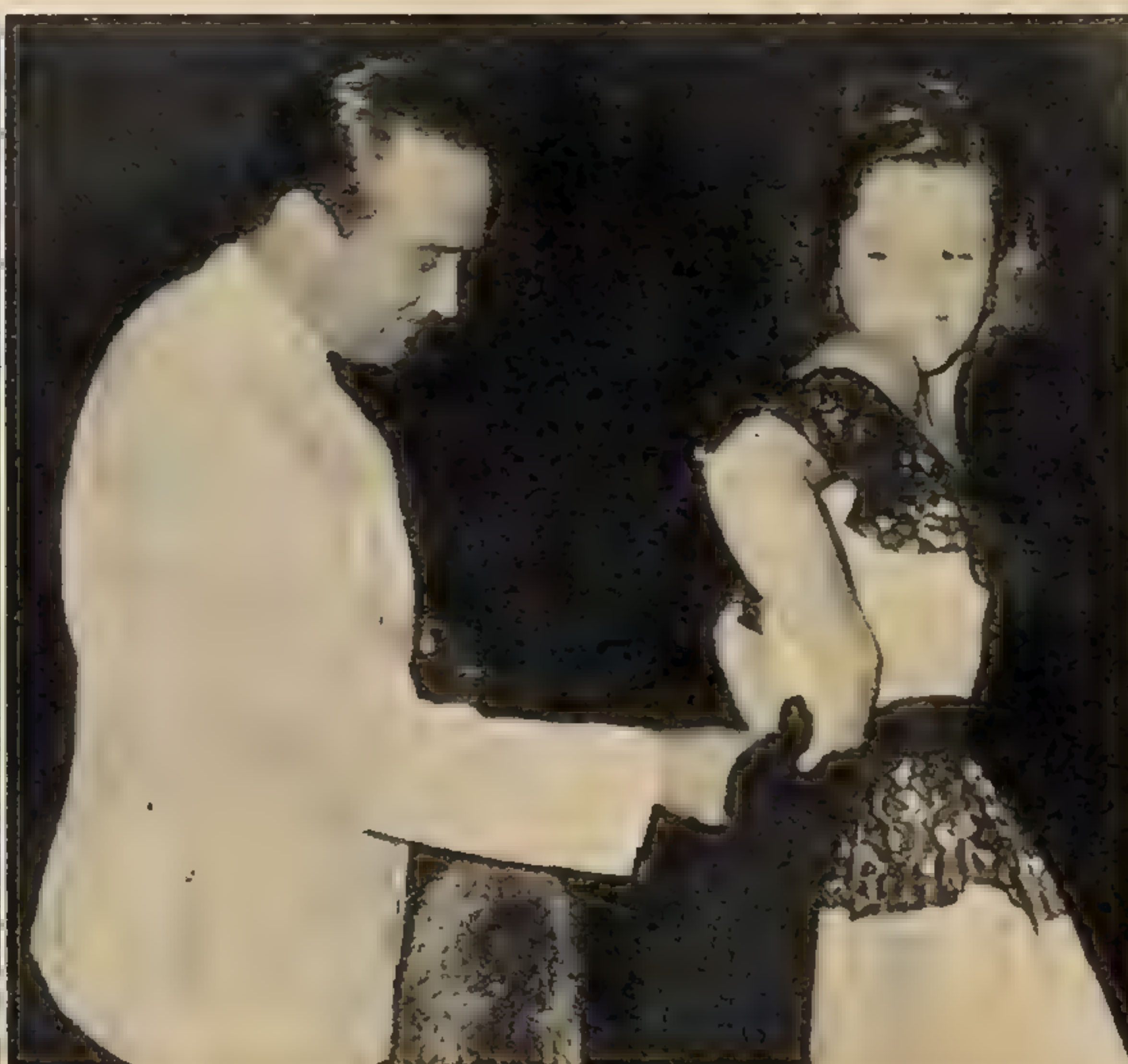
A double threat for best-dressed honors are the Doug Fairbankses who always look like something out of an Easter parade. Here they're heckling Ciro's announcer.

Leland Hayward and Mervyn LeRoy are "girl-cotting" Maggie Sullavan. They played one of her famous hunches at Hollywood Park with fiasco-ish results.

It's a celebration for the Doc Griffins. Irene's just made her *third* hole-in-one, and her golfing hubby, Frank is beginning to think he married a miracle.

Jean Negulesco, Warner's French director, helps cute but unemployed Simone Simon make herself decent for one of her inimitable grand entrances.

Did you know that Fay Bainter's the most-proposed-to gal around? But she's darn hard to get. Why not with a husband like Lieut. Commander Venable.



JULES BUCK, OUR KING OF CLICK, INVADES THE SWING 'N' SWIG JOINTS AND

Richard Halliday and his darling wife, Mary Martin, take their favorite neighbor—Mary's mother—to the movies. Mary's eight-year-old son, Larry, lives with Mrs. Martin.



Reggie Gardiner puts another phone number in his little black book—it's exiled German actress, Hilda Kruger's. He likes her 'cause she laughs at every one of his jokes.



Mom 'n' Pop Payne leave four-months-old Julie Ann home in the nursery (John calls it "the noisery") and tear off on their once-a-week-without-fail gallivant.

The Coopers entertain at Ciro's—Mrs. Gary looking her most glamorous what with that lifeguard tan and her nails painted white, with a monogram on each pinky.

Mary Beth Hughes, who spent 13 years in a convent and is now, paradoxically, being groomed for Jean Harlow roles, shows George Montgomery around.

The hand-holdingest kids we know—Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville—are off for a "quick one" after the movies. A couple of chocolate sodas!

Celebrity-hunting Binnie Barnes, with a brand new nose but the very same suitor—Mike Frankovitch—points out homebody Jean Arthur at the Brown Derby.



COMES UP WITH MORE UNCENSORED SHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD'S PLAYTIME



Look at Hollywood through rose-colored spectacles with

JOHNNY GOT HIS FUN

Now that the feverish excitement of becoming a father is past and Baby Julie Anne is outgrowing her first pair of diapers, John Payne is willing to sit back and admit that the birth of his daughter brought him the death of a dream. It seems that Johnny, since earliest manhood, had envisioned a dramatic entrance for his particular package from heaven. As he saw it, his wife would one day announce that her baby was to be born any moment, and that her chosen hospital was miles and miles away. Then John, master of the situation, was to bundle her into his car, race through town, be stopped by cops, explain his mission, acquire a motorcycle escort and reach the delivery room just in the nick of time. When Julie Anne was born, however, Anne Shirley gave her husband several hours' notice. John, nevertheless, would not be cheated of his moment. He packed his protesting wife into the family car and tore furiously down Sunset Boulevard, weaving in and out of traffic and honking his horn madly all of the way! To his vast surprise, not a soul bothered him and he and Anne arrived at the hospital in sufficient time to have twelve babies with a game of mah jong thrown in. Said John, "Next time, I'll write the Chief of Police and tell him I'm coming!"

CRAWFORD STARS IN "RAIN"

At first glance it looked like murder. To the New York policeman who discovered the black sedan exposed to the driving rain in Central Park, the figure huddled on its floor was obviously the victim of a killer. "It's awful," he murmured, as with great effort he reached out to touch the silent form. Suddenly his blood froze. The "body" had stirred! It was sitting up! It was smiling! It was Joan Crawford! The policeman groped for his composure which had fled down the road. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, when he'd pulled it back. Joan explained. She'd hired the car and embarked on a solo jaunt around the park when the storm had come up—and she is deathly afraid of storms. What could she possibly have done, she asked, but bury herself on the car's floor? The policeman couldn't answer that one. Still pale from his shock, he grunted twice, requested Joan's address, and without uttering a word, drove the shamefaced star to her hotel.

"LITTLE MEN," WHAT NOW?

Elsie, the Cow, is not the only bucolic wonder to appear in RKO's

"Little Men." The picture will also feature a flock of "quackless" ducks! When the studio made "Swiss Family Robinson," they discovered that \$5,000 worth of "takes" had been ruined by impertinent birds, who quacked at the wrong time. "Little Men" is therefore employing mutes, whose voices will be dubbed in in the proper places. Now, if they could only find "quackless" actors!

MEXICAN REVOLT

There's something about a Spaniard. If you haven't discovered it yourself, just tap Linda Darnell for the lowdown. Linda's really found out from a guy called Jaime Jorba. Linda's known Jaime since her powderless, rougeless, Dallas days when he, fresh from Madrid, joined her class in high-school and effortlessly swept her Texas-bred swain out of the picture. When Linda came to Hollywood, Jaime visited her often, but a few months ago—catastrophe of catastrophes!—his parents moved to Mexico City and dragged their unwilling son with them. However, the Jorba-Darnell friendship did not wane. The pair immediately struck up a correspondence which continues to this day and, in addition to her letters, Linda each week sends Jaime a batch of her latest stills. The most recent batch contained, by accident, several shots of Linda reposing blissfully in the arms of Mr. Tyrone Power and drew an explosive letter from Jaime in which he threatened to fly to Hollywood if she didn't put a stop to such nonsense. Poor Jaime! He had better learn to curb his impetuosity. Linda's contract says she can't marry till she's twenty-one. And if you think that's not going to be tough on a smouldering Latin, remember that Linda, despite reports to the contrary, is still only 16 years old!

THE MINORITY SPEAKS

A harassed-looking magazine writer rang Humphrey Bogart's bell one morning and asked the maid who answered it to please summon both the master and the mistress of the house. A few moments later, Humphrey and his wife, Mayo, appeared at the door and invited the gentleman in. The weary scribe refused to budge! "I came here to interview you," he moaned, "but last month they arranged an interview for me with the Gene Markeys and then with the Wayne Morris—*and you know what happened.* So—before I start—is it all right?" Mayo grabbed his arm. "Come on in, mister," she commanded. "We'll talk. And even if you hold this story until 1990, it'll still be good!" Look's like Bogie's got a long-term contract!



our West Coast see-it-all, Sylvia Kahn. Every item's an extra!

WAR ACTIVITIES "OVER HERE"

In a recent movie, Bob Hope, startled by a sudden blast of noise, turns to his companion and quips, "Hmmm, Basil Rathbone must be giving a party." Out of justice to Basil and his wife, we want to say that Rathbone parties, though frequently hilarious, are not always such thunderous shindigs. Actually, in past weeks, even the hilarity has been missing, for the latest Rathbone efforts have all been for the benefit of the Red Cross. Typical was the Ciro's party the other evening at which Robert Montgomery spoke of his experiences in France and exhibited movies he had taken in affected areas. So dismal was the whole affair that when Bob ended his address the entire gathering dove for the bar, and no one ordered less than a double or triple-strength drink! We should not blame the would-be forgetters too much when we remember that since the Red Cross drive first began Hollywood folks have opened their purses much more widely than their gullets. The contributions of time and money have been made in the true theatrical tradition. Constance Bennett, who has outdone herself as Lady Bountiful, admits that the other day she discovered herself absent-mindedly signing her checks "Constance Benefit!"

MISINFORMATION, PLEASE

George Raft got the season's worst publicity when Anna Sten waltzed up to a microphone in a local radio station to participate in a quiz contest. "Miss Sten," said the silken-voiced announcer, "will you please tell us what three ham actors rose to fame by singing and dancing?" Anna beamed brightly. "Certainly," she replied. "There was George Raft. . . ." The howling of the audience stopped her slander. "I said HAM actor," choked the announcer. "HAM actor! I'm certain you misunderstood! Next contestant please!" The embarrassed Anna slunk away and, the last we heard, was busily consulting slews of travel literature trying to decide whether the Yukon or the Argentine was the better place to hide from the wrath of Raft. "I did misunderstand," she's still insisting, "but who'll believe me?" We're sure Norma Shearer will, Anna, so just stop your fretting.

NOTHING IS ENOUGH

There's treachery among the Crosbys. The other evening Papa Bing brought his son Gary down to the radio station and parked him in

the audience while he and his gang went into their weekly broadcast. As the show proceeded, Gary laughed at the dialogue, hummed with the orchestra and, all in all, looked like a young man having a great time. Then his father began to sing. Gary squirmed in his seat, clenched his fists and screwed his face into the most vivid expression of misery. His wriggings finally caught the attention of an entranced matron seated beside him. "Don't you like to hear your father sing?" she asked. "Oh, I suppose so," was the clipped answer. "Don't you think he's the world's greatest singer?" "Yeah, maybe," said Gary. "Then what's the matter with you?" The youngster finally broke down. "It's those songs," he admitted. "Dad sings them around the house all the time and I'm sick and tired of them! Shucks, I wish he'd left me home!"

DOUGH-RE-MI

And speaking of Bing Crosby, Inc., the firm which handles his various and fabulous businesses, is expanding so rapidly that "The Groaner" has had to open a branch office in New York to supplement the one he has in Hollywood. The new layout may receive a visit from the big boss soon, for Bing's thinking of going East. He's been offered a mint of money to star in a Broadway musical and will snatch at the opportunity if Paramount gives him the okay. And why does Bing want more cash? This story may give you a hint. Last week he sang three songs on a broadcast to Admiral Byrd's expedition in Little America and was paid at the rate of \$5.47 a song, or a total of \$16.41! "Thanks," Bing told the payee. "Now I can buy myself another race horse." It would be so much easier just to burn the dough!

FAN-NING INTEREST

Slinging insults at Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy may sound like a lowdown occupation to you, but it's kept many a movie radio commentator from losing his job! From experience, commentators have learned that nasty cracks about the pair draw a greater barrage of listener letters (all of protest, of course) than anything they can say about any other personalities. From experience, they have also learned that radio sponsors gauge the popularity of their broadcaster by the amount of mail he receives. Therefore, whenever a broadcaster's contract is about to expire, he launches into a blistering criticism of Jeanette and Nelson. The sponsor, noting the deluge of mail, says "By Golly, that guy's terrific!" and promptly engages him for three more years! Believe it or not, it's never failed yet!

APOLLO, TAN THIS HIDE

Thanks to Cleopatra, Gene Tierney turned bright yellow the other morning. Snooping around her local library, Gene discovered a fat volume containing all the known beauty secrets of the Egyptian "Oomph Girl." The one that most intrigued her was a "quick tan" suggestion. "Mix one pound of powdered sugar with three table-spoonsful of powdered cloves, add some water, apply to body, allow to dry and rinse away in 25 minutes," read the item. "Stain will last three weeks and fade evenly." Gene dropped the book and sped to the nearest drugstore. In ten minutes she was at home with the prescribed ingredients and within five minutes had her arms and legs covered with a sticky paste. A half hour later Gene was cold with horror. In her haste, she'd misread the recipe and put in just 3 tea-spoonsful of cloves. Her skin had turned the color of grapefruit! Scared stiff, she dove for her scrubbing brush and finally succeeded in removing most of the stain. But did that discourage her? Nothing of the sort! She was all set to start again, when her mother walked in. "Cleopatra," sniffed Mrs. Tierney when Gene had described her accident. "Look at what happened to *her*! The only way you'll ever become a bronzed goddess is to get out in the sun and bake the way nature intended you to!"

PERSONAL HISTORY

Dates with Dorothy Lamour and Lana Turner have made Apollesque Greg Bautzer almost as famous as a movie star. Greg's actually acquired a little public of his own which follows his activities avidly and which has begun to wonder just what he's got that gets 'em. For those persons, and for Dotty and Lana who may have a few questions themselves, we've compiled a brief profile of the gentleman which we present herewith. (a) He inherited a lot of money. (b) He has shoulders as broad as a fullback's and a body as lithe as a panther's. (c) He's an exercise fiend. (d) He has a sleek tan which he obtained and retains by basking daily under a battery of sun lamps. (e) He's annoyed by cash in his pockets. When he comes home, he flings all his money on table tops and chairs and never keeps an eye on any of it. If a bill collector comes in, he says, "There's some money around the room. Take what I owe you." (f) He's really a very good lawyer and extremely popular with judges. (g) When he and his partner, Bentley Ryan, determined to become movie lawyers, they hired a press agent. (h) Most of his dates become his clients.

MacMURRAY MEETS YEHOODI

Few people know it, but Fred MacMurray is the man who gets the credit (or the cusses) for putting "Who's Yehoodi" on the music stands of the nation. "Who's Yehoodi" is issued by the Vanguard Publishing Co., a firm formed by Fred a year ago and turned over to a pair of boys who played in his "California Collegians" band when Fred himself was tooting the sax. Now that Fred's on top, he'd like to lend a hand to his old buddies, and it's his ambition to have the firm grow large enough to demand the services of all of them. If Yehoodi turns out to be the little man who makes sheet music sell, and it certainly looks as though he might, the entire "Collegians" alumni will trek to Hollywood and immediately go to work for Boss MacMurray.

THE AMERICAN WAY

Once upon a time, Hollywood smarted under unjust charges that it was a wicked little village whose citizens ignored the Ten Commandments and merrily broke every man-made law that blocked their road to hell-raising. It took more than a dozen years to convince the public that those accusations were as false as your Uncle Joe's teeth, but the last remnant of scandal was finally washed away. Now, something new and just as ugly has turned up to replace it. That's the charge that many of our top-notch stars are Communists. We don't for a minute believe any of these imputations but, nevertheless, decided to check local registration lists and find out just how the colony's citizens intend to vote in the coming election. We discovered that, as in thousands of American towns, the ballots are to

be divided almost equally between the two major parties, with such stars as Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery, James Cagney, Virginia Bruce, Jimmy Stewart, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Bennett registered as Democrats, and Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Bing Crosby, Jeanette MacDonald and others registered as Republicans. The registration lists turned up other interesting items, too. They revealed that Margaret Sullivan and her husband, Leland Hayward, will vote for opposing candidates, and that Claudette Colbert and Jeanette MacDonald do not wish to be known as actresses. Jeanette lists her occupation as "singer" and Claudette calls herself—a housewife!

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE . . .

What a beautiful woman does the night before she marries is always interesting, but when that beautiful woman is Loretta Young it's practically historic! Anyway, we thought so, and the day after Loretta was wed launched a little investigation of our own to discover how she spent her pre-nuptial eve. The answer may surprise you. It did us, for we learned that instead of burning old love letters or simply retiring early as many a wife-to-be does, Loretta spent the night with a masseuse! Yessir, from sunset to sunup she was beaten, pounded and massaged, and recessed only when her attendant left to pay a brief visit to another client!

HO, HUM

By the way, the above is probably the last item of interest you'll read about the newly-united Tom Lewises. From the gossip-mongers

GOOD
NEWS



Mischa Auer ribs Franchot Tone about his new moustache at a recent stag party at Ciro's. Tone at first refused to be snapped.

standpoint, their marriage is going to be a stuffy affair, for Loretta has confided to friends that her personal life, like her wedding, will be strictly private. Even movies are going to take a back seat in her theatre of life. From now on, she's going to live wherever her husband's business takes him and will commute between New York and Hollywood if that becomes necessary. During her Hollywood stay, her adopted daughter, Judy, will live with her and Tom, and night-clubbing will be cut to a minimum. And try to make interesting copy out of people like that!

BLAME IT ON AN HEIR-RAID

Jack Benny is growing even more famous for his "thrift" than for his wit. The rumor that he's a skinflint was started by Jack himself as a publicity gag and, while he's always encouraging it, his co-workers are always confirming it. For example, the other day Rochester and his dusky screen girl friend, Theresa Harris, engaged in a little crap game on the set of "Love Thy Neighbor." Rochester didn't know it, but Theresa had brought her own dice and took him for \$260. "I'll be Old Black Joe before I earn that much money from Benny," moaned Rochester as he forked over. Bill Morrow, one of Jack's writers, has a squawk too. He's just bought a new toupée which looks so good he's afraid the boss may take it away from him and not even give him one of his old ones to replace it! However, Jack's economy is pardonable these days. He and Mary Livingstone are expecting a baby and you know what those items cost. Luckily, there'll be no need for a wing to the swank Benny home; it already has a sound-proof nursery.

ACTRESS DISCOVERED—CURVES COVERED

Having decided that Ida Lupino can act, the Warner Brothers have begun to strain their publicity-conscious brains to get that fact across to the public. Practically every morning they announce a new dramatic opus in which Ida is to appear, and practically every evening they announce that the story last mentioned is unworthy of her talents and that their search for a suitable vehicle is to be carried further. We agree that Ida is a wonderful actress, but we wonder if the boys aren't working a bit too hard to prove it. They've actually written a clause into the Lupino contract stating that in all advertising matter about the star they will not emphasize her beauty or otherwise direct the public's attention to her physical features! It's a good idea, but the next time you see an ad boasting about Ida's dramatic strength, look for the eye-filling portrait that's certain to accompany it. Historic talent is worthy of exploitation, but the Lupino curves were not born to blush unseen either—and the Warner Brothers know it!

MORE SHORT SHOTS

Ann Sheridan has eaten the same lunch every day for a year. It consists of scrambled eggs, tomatoes, cole slaw and coffee . . . Shirley Temple's folks plan to gift her with a playhouse like Jane Withers' . . . Back home in Johnstown, Pa., they know Hedda Hopper as Elda Furry . . . Mrs. Julie Powell, first wife of William Powell, is in a Hollywood hospital recovering from a serious operation . . . When you ring the chimes for admission to Eddie Cantor's house, they play "We Want Cantor" . . . Oscar, Paramount's famous

"plugging" themselves, and had Annie state, in one sequence, that she'd been signed by . . . Warner Brothers! When the picture was shown around town the audience response was terrific. The studio therefore decided to repeat the gag whenever possible and you'll meet it again in "Four Mothers" in a scene in which Priscilla Lane, pleading with Eddie Albert, says "Doctors never quit! Did Ehrlich quit? Did Pasteur quit?" And Eddie answers, "I don't know. I haven't been to the movies lately."

FAMINE IN HOLLYWOOD

If Cary Grant, Errol Flynn, Melvyn Douglas and a half dozen other leading men were to sprout doubles overnight, Hollywood's most serious problem would be solved. The town is just plain man-starved (professionally, not socially) and unless a new crop of masculine talent is uncovered soon the industry's going to find itself in an awful fix. As it is, stories are being rewritten and productions are being postponed because of the shortage of glamour boys. Producers who pray nightly for a carload of personable male actors can't understand why their well-paid jobs must go a-begging, but one talent scout seems to have hit the answer. He claims men are more bashful than women. Women, he tells us, are seldom too shy to confess they consider themselves glamorous and gifted, and it's not difficult to discover them. Men, on the other hand, would rather spend their lives as insurance salesmen or taxicab drivers than admit they think themselves attractive enough to be in the movies—and even if you approach them and tell them they are, they blush and run away!



"I'm not shy," brags Mischa, who has a beard and moustache for his "Spring Parade" role. "Well, okay," says Tone finally.



Auer next proceeds to give Franchot and his modest "brush" an inferiority complex by flaunting his long black beard at him.



In desperation, Tone slunk off to the men's room for a quick shave—returning for further rozzing from Agent Pat de Cicco.

shoeshine boy, has hired a "stand-in" to conduct his business while he appears in "Dead on Arrival" . . . June Duprez has a husband in England . . . The Charley Grapewins have been married 44 years . . . Gary Cooper's just one long pain in the neck to Barbara Stanwyck. Since they began working together in "Meet John Doe," Barbara's had a continual crick between the ears, caused by looking up at her lanky leading man . . . A new high in economy has been reached by Producer Harry Sherman. He changed the title of "The Round-Up" to "The Roundup," thereby saving one hyphen . . . Marjorie Weaver has a husband in China . . . George Raft loves jelly beans . . . A friend sends him a 20 lb. carton every two weeks . . . There's a young man in Boston who has such an infectious laugh the manager of a local theatre has given him a lifetime pass. The manager hopes he'll come in often and drop a hint to dozing audiences . . . "Gone With The Wind" will go on the air shortly as a half-hour show to be heard on Tuesdays . . . Mrs. Baby Sandy took her daughter to the movies the other afternoon so that the youngster could see herself on the screen for the first time. Sandy recognized everyone in the cast—except Baby Sandy . . . Mary Pickford is considering a return to the celluloid . . . Mickey Rooney is a Christian Scientist . . . Lana Turner's flashing a new 65-carat star sapphire. She bought it herself.

MAYBE HE HATES DOUBLE FEATURES

In "Tugboat Annie Sails Again," Warner Brothers introduced a new method of coaxing laughs out of jaded theatre-goers. They tried

CITY SLICKER FINDS A SUCKER

Since the team of Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell has proved itself to be just what the movie fans ordered, 20th Century-Fox is going to bring the pair together again in "Brooklyn Bridge" and, possibly, in a sequel entitled "Tammany Hall." Both "Brooklyn Bridge" and "Tammany Hall" are the brain children of Arthur Caesar, clever young screen writer who received \$10,000 for each of his stories. Gloated Caesar as he accepted a check for his second opus: "The Indians sold all of Manhattan for \$24. Now I'm selling it to Zanuck hunk by hunk—and look at the way he pays me for it!"

SHOOT BEFORE YOU LEAP

"We are not engaged and we have no intention of becoming engaged" was Bill Holden's comment the day after it was announced that he and Brenda Marshall plan to wed as soon as Brenda's divorce becomes final. According to Bill, the announcement was made as the result of a misunderstanding on the part of a local columnist, and he and Brenda will concentrate on their careers and not on each other for the next year or so. That may be true, but it's not stopping Bill from entering Brenda's home loaded with gifts for her five-year-old daughter, Virginia Gaines, and it's not keeping Brenda from driving Bill to the studio every morning in her brand new Buick. And it certainly isn't explaining why both have been seen exercising their trigger fingers in neighborhood shooting galleries—sure sign of impending marriage if ever we saw one! (Continued on page 77)



A DRAMATIC STORY OF FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

Bijou.....MARLENE DIETRICH
 Lt. Dan Brent.....JOHN WAYNE
 Sasha.....MISCHA AUER
 Little Ned....BRODERICK CRAWFORD
 Antro.....OSCAR HOMOLKA
 Dr. Martin.....ALBERT DEKKER
 Dorothy Henderson.....ANNA LEE
 Governor Henderson.SAMUEL S. HINDS
 Tony.....BILLY GILBERT
 Commander Church..REGINALD DENNY

Adapted from the UNIVERSAL Film—JOE PASTERNAK, producer—TAY GARNETT, director—TED KENT, assistant director—CHARLES PREVIN, musical director—Screen play by JOHN MEEHAN—Based on the original story by HARRY TUGEND, LADISLAS FODOR and LASZIO VADNAI.

There were two opinions about Bijou in the East Indies. The governors of twenty different islands, who had deported her for "exciting and inciting a riot and being a public nuisance," were unanimous in the belief that Bijou was a good-looking bit of human backwash which had somehow retained the element of dynamite but not the element of good. In fact they thought she was pretty bad. The sailors of the Dutch, French and English navies, whose ships had anchored in various harbors occupied by Bijou, disagreed with the governors. To a man, they were for her. She had never been known to fail the navy—any navy. Her sympathies, so to speak, were international. But even aside from that, the sailors considered her a very good egg.

It is true that there was a third opinion, but it was really a combination of the other two. It came from the somewhat doubtful characters who owned the cafés in which she entertained. From their viewpoint, Bijou had the best legs in the East Indies, a personality that drew cash customers like a magnet, and a murmuring, singing, whispering voice that seeped through your pores and into your blood like wine—or maybe poison. But she also had sudden fits of discrimination that, as the governors said, incited riots—the kind of riots that broke up their cafés so that not a table could be recognized and not a license retained. The café proprietors liked Bijou but they were scared to death to have her in the place. The situation in Borneo was an example. For years no one on the island had really understood the old-time reference to "the wild man of Borneo" until Bijou landed there. After that the word *man* became men.

Things began to sizzle. Then one foggy four A. M. even



"A spot of cognac?" asked the doctor. Bijou got her voice back. "Nope. I tried that," she said, "but I decided it's better to *know* what you're doing—even if it's wrong."



Dorothy and the doctor looked down at the lower deck where Bijou, with her two ragged knights, Sasha and Little Ned, by her side, was singing in her low, husky voice.

FICTIONIZED BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

some sleepy oxen, hitched to early-morning market carts in the street, raised their heads and wondered at the noise coming from the joint known as "The Blue Devil." Three Dutch officers arrived to scatter the combatants. Rubio, the proprietor, and a few civilian customers peeked hesitantly up from behind the bar and some half-drunken sailors muttered as they put their blouses back on. But a broad-shouldered six-footer called Little Ned refused to be interrupted as he slugged a big Russian, picked him up and slugged him again.

"I'll show you she's a lady!" he growled and got in another blow before the officers reached him.

The chief officer was in no doubt as to the cause of the trouble. "I warned you a month ago about that girl," he said to the café owner.

Rubio found Bijou in her dressing-room. "You did not make the riot," he mourned, "but they don't believe it."

"Sure, I know," said Bijou wearily when he told her she was to appear before the Chief Magistrate in the morning. "Again it's 'Get off my island.' Say! With sailors just in from the sea, and a mob of men from the jungle, what do they expect me to do—sing 'Rock-a-bye baby?'"

He gave her a fistful of money. Bijou banked it in her stocking and sent her Malayan maid home to pack. When you've had the same verdict twenty times, you learn to get ready for it. Not that it dampened Bijou's spirit. When Rubio said, "You are wonderful!" she gave him a smile, put him out of the room and went to sleep.

The District officer was in a bad mood the next morning. He had already automatically issued deportation orders to a long line of island riff-raff, including Little Ned and one

Sasha-Menken who, though listed as a pickpocket, sneak-thief and general vagrant, had claimed to be a magician and had demonstrated his ability by taking the officer's watch, putting it into a pitcher of water and turning it into goldfish. The trick did not improve the magistrate's mood. By the time Bijou had been disengaged from a crowd of Dutch sailors at the door of the court-room and brought before him, he was in a state of fury.

"Hello, Curly," Bijou greeted.

"You are accused—" he began, trying to control himself.

"Of inciting and exciting a riot—and being a public nuisance," chanted Bijou cheerily. "I make rough seas, set the jungle on fire—a ba-a-a-ad influence. So I am to be—" She picked up his official stamp, ready to use it. He took it away from her.

He tried to preach a little and got the worst of it. She remembered him in moments when he had not preached. Finally, he managed to write "to be deported" on her case papers.

"Don't be sorry for me, Curly," she flung back as she left the court. "The next island will be wonderful—Bijou will sing again—and the café will be full." She started to leave. "And may an angel take my place here. It will serve you right!"

That's how Bijou happened to leave Borneo and head for her twenty-first island. Sasha and Little Ned went with her. They became at once her satellites and her bodyguard.

Before deportees from one island are allowed to land on another, they must have a medical examination and present a clean bill of health. So the S.S. Malacca carried Dr. Frank Martin as a permanent passenger. He seemed a strange man for this sort of job on a South Sea freighter.



Bijou drifted into the smoky billiard room of the Seven Sinners Café. The men flocked around her and dragged her into their game, shouting with joy that she was back again.



Bijou's gratitude was a bit elaborate and she looked into Dan's eyes a little longer than was necessary. He leaned closer and so did she. It was just a game, she knew.



Dorothy congratulated Dan on the entertainment, but he knew there was venom in every light comment.



Bijou had never looked more beautiful, and Dan was in a semi-daze as the dancing began once more.



"Make her leave at once," barked Church. Dan saluted, although he'd rather have struck him.



Anger went through Little Ned. "What are you trying to make out of Dan, Bijou—somp'n like me?"

It wasn't just that you suspected he had seen better days, but that you felt he should still be enjoying them. His calm intelligent face, his dry cynical manner were out of tune with his surroundings and his job on the Malacca.

Bijou and Little Ned and Sasha were the only white people in the smelly, chattering crowd of shabby natives that milled outside his door, waiting their turns. Some were Chinese. Some were mahogany-colored. They represented every degree of the cut-throat, the poverty-stricken and the floating fool. Dr. Martin, with a stethoscope around his neck and a reflector on his forehead, ticked them off one by one. When Sasha tried his tricks, the doctor was not amused. He sent him out to deposit the coat filled with magician's junk elsewhere before he'd bother with him. He passed Little Ned quickly enough. He didn't even look up as Bijou came in.

"Strip to the waist." He muttered the usual formula, studying some papers. He raised his eyes just as she was angrily yanking up her dress. "Put that down!" he yelled. It didn't seem like the start of a perfect friendship.

Bijou baited him in every way she knew how as the examination went on. "Do you examine the goats that are down in the hold, too? Is that why you get like this?" she demanded. A little later she sniffed, "Isn't it a bit early in the morning for cognac?"

"It's a bit soon for impertinence," snapped Dr. Martin.

"Just human junk to you, aren't we?" she observed. "Your small two-franc jobs feel big when you can bully somebody!"

He got out his predecessor's record book and found a series of notations on Bijou. They read, "Deported. Health A-1." "Deported. Health A-1." "Deported. Health A-1." All three of them.

"You ought to be used to this by now," he answered.

Bijou exploded. "For little men to be gods because they can kick me about?—Never!" She spat her contempt. "Your job is for old men or cowards who run away from everything to hide—easy and lazy!"

Suddenly Dr. Martin looked straight at her soberly. "You're right," he said. "You were paying me off for every beating you've had, but you're damned right. Will you accept my apology?"

It was unexpected. Bijou had been keyed up to insults but not to kindness. Her eyes filled. The doctor knew what she'd been through. "How about a spot of cognac yourself?" he suggested. When Bijou managed to smile and shake her head, he asked, "Too early?" She shook it again, and he

inquired, "Don't you use any?"

Bijou got her voice back. "Nope, I tried that," she said, "and when I try, I try hard. But after a while, I decided it's better to *know* what you're doing—even if it's wrong."

And so they got acquainted and they liked each other.

"Health A-1?" asked Bijou as she left the office.

"Health A-1," he laughed.

The next time he saw her it was evening and he was standing on the top deck with Dorothy Henderson. Dorothy was on her way to join her father, the new resident governor of Boni Komba, a small island under the United States' protection. Music was coming from the boat's lower deck where the steerage passengers were herded. Dorothy and the doctor looked down over the rail. A sleek Oriental played a concertina. Bijou, with her two ragged knights, Sasha and Little Ned, at her side, was singing in a low, husky voice, "I've Been in Love Before." She gave the words a sardonic twist. Dorothy called out enthusiastically for more and tossed down a coin. Bijou looked up. She recognized her as the girl who had come to the boat in Borneo with the governor, that man who had had her deported and who had now joined the other governors on her hate-list. The coin infuriated her. When Sasha grabbed it, she made him perform. Then she made Little Ned show how strong he was. But she did not sing.

Dorothy Henderson was unhappy. "I didn't mean to hurt her feelings," she said.

The next day, Dr. Martin looked up Bijou to deliver Dorothy's apology. He found her bent over a map, penciling circle around the places where she couldn't land. "I'm running out of islands," she told him, then asked, "Who is that sweet young thing above?"

He explained.

"A new governor on Boni Komba?" gasped Bijou ecstatically, rubbing out one of the circles on the map. "Hello, Seven Sinners—here comes Bijou!" Would she forgive Dorothy, whose father was a new governor who had never deported her? She would! "Give the sweet young thing a big kiss!" cried Bijou. "And you come to Tony's Seven Sinners Café and I will sing to you!"

That night, at Dr. Martin's invitation, she had supper with him in his cabin. It was a different Bijou from the sultry, rebellious person who had taunted him the day before. This Bijou was gay, companionable and peaceful. While he drank brandy, she drank grape-juice. It amused him. They told each other the stories of their lives. Neither had had such a bad start; (Continued on page 71)

**WINNING FASHIONS
FOR BRIGHT
BUDGETEERS**

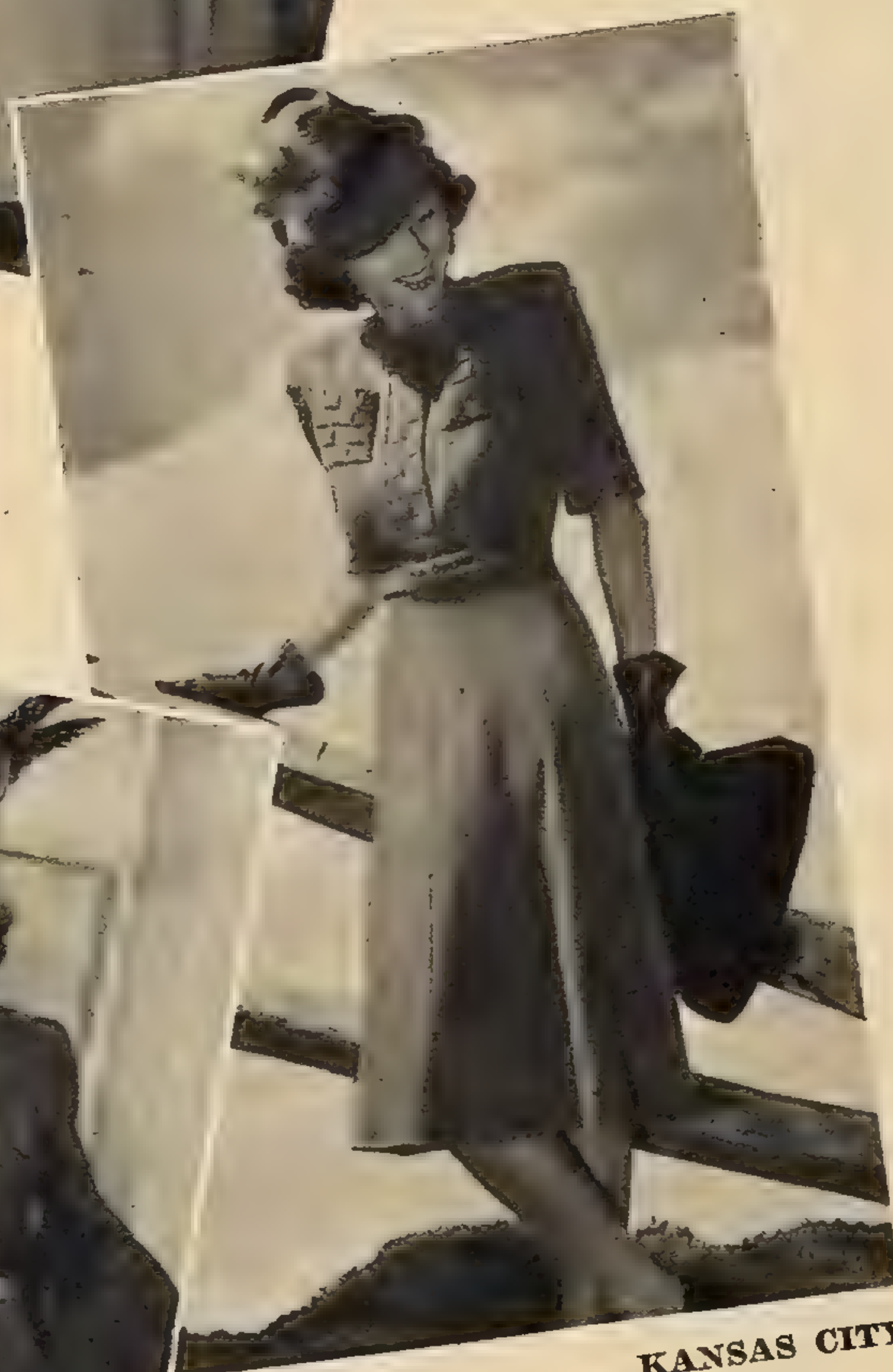


High score for you for su
in this polar-bear-war
reversible tuft coat. Re
plaid wool lining and matc
ing skirt. \$29.98. Arno
Constable & Co., New York

4 TO WRITE HOME ABOUT



HOLLYWOOD



KANSAS CITY



CHICAGO



NEW YORK

This month we're putting on our Cap of Adventure and bird's-eye-viewing our favorite fashion finds from the Pacific to the Atlantic. We call it our Fall Fashion Tour and, believe me, we think of it as a very real trip . . . so real that we like to imagine that all of you have reserved seats on our fashion bus and are traveling 'cross-country with us.

Reporting En Route:

In Hollywood, we find Brenda Marshall saluting Autumn in a smart-as-punch Freshy Sportswear jersey with close neck, sport sleeves and full skirt. Sizes 10-18, in 9 grand colors. \$7.95. Broadway Hollywood, Cal.

Stopping in Kansas City for a breath of fresh Western air, we spy a Nelly Don darling of Sag-No-Mor jersey, excitingly new thanks to its square neck, high square pockets. \$7.95. Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City, Mo.

In Chicago, the home of Ann Foster, the news is a four-pocketed Sheer Cord corduroy with major-domo buttons of brass and a slip-under-tabs pig-grained belt. Convertible collar. \$7.95. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago.

Landing in New York, it's an Audrey Jane coat that strikes our fancy, in green and salmon tweed, princess style, with the plaid cut and matched to accentuate the natural lines of the figure. \$19.95. James McCreery, N. Y.

Big Town, N.Y.
Fall, '40

Dear Mom—

Brenda Marshall's



pockets are some'n.

— a good 7 in. deep (!) and the cute buttons



are silver rimmed. Note



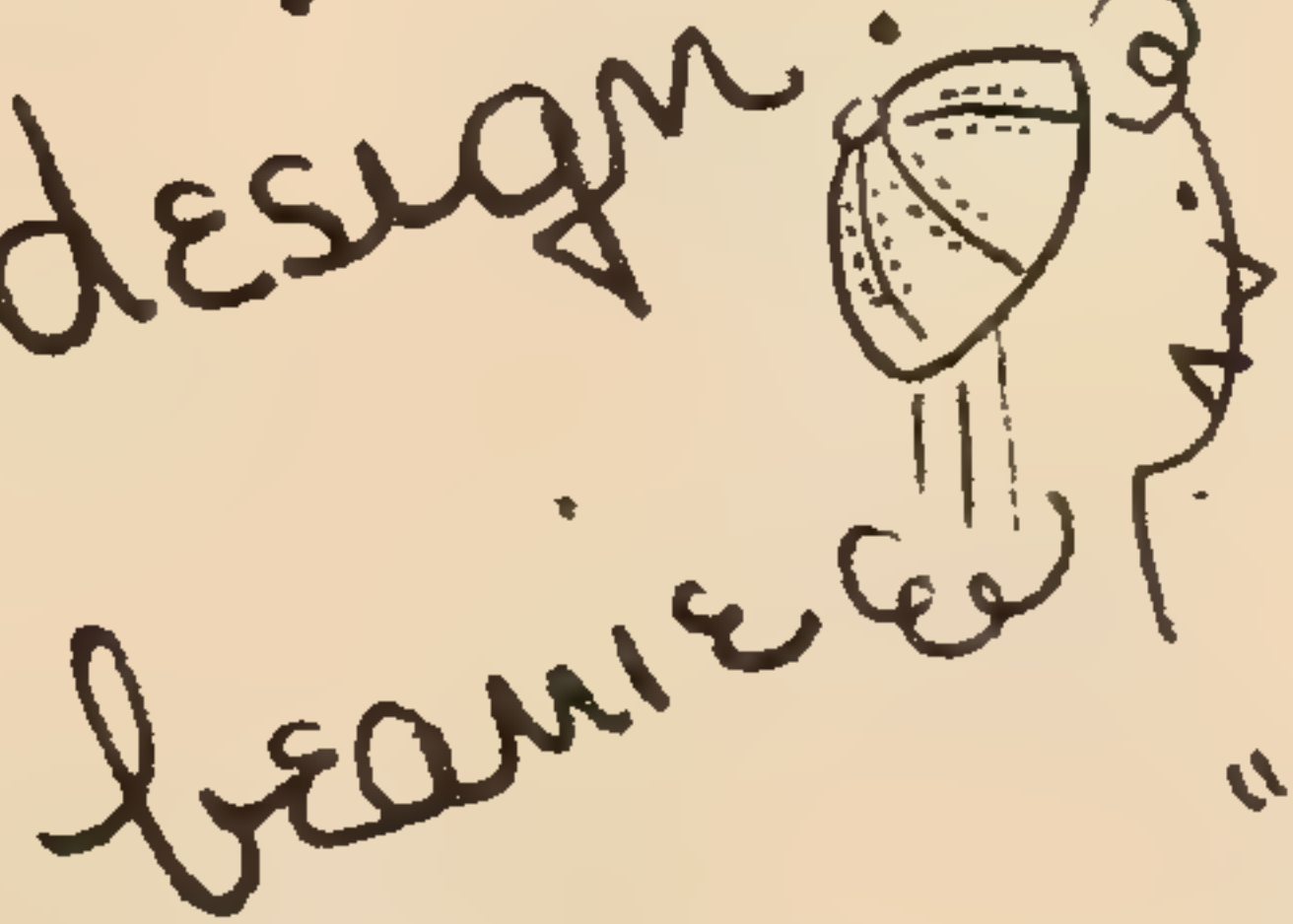
on Miss

Chicago's

... it's a Balmain — zipped in
lining. Like that bag by the bus stop?

Remember to answer!

very neat with sorta up'n down column
design! I think I'll blow me to the velvet



and matching



ALSO I have my



on a "chunky" Judy Garland



P.S. mine may
Timmy's left
reversed!



Much fun... much excitement... more later.
Love Mabel

MY

STYLE SCENE



FASHION'S BOAST FROM COAST

California, here we go in a pocketful two-piece of Chinese Cashmere! Separate blouse. All for \$16.74 at R. H. Macy, New York.

All bets on this one-piece favorite of rayon crepe with tucked bodice, multi-gored skirt. \$12.95. Franklin Simon, New York.

Isn't this a lovely way to be caught in the rain? Coat \$5.95 at McCreery. Gaytees Overboots. \$2.98. Bloomingdale's, New York.

On schedule! Three bright flannels make one heap smart suit. Jerkin \$4.50; Coat \$7.95; Skirt \$5.95. B. Altman, New York.



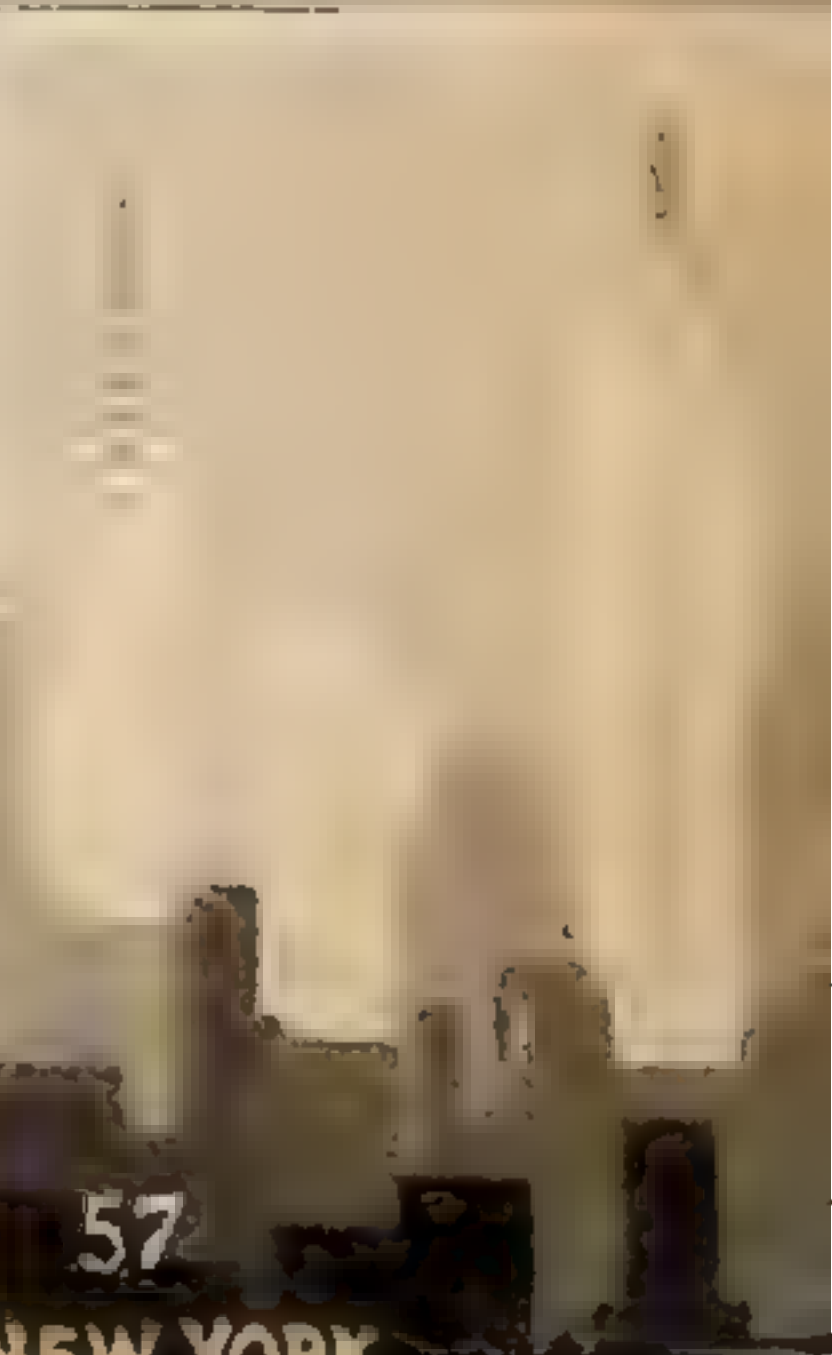
TO COAST

For the stores nearest you carrying your favorite **MODERN SCREEN** fashions write *Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

ETTA GAYNES loves girls, loves to design young, alert, important coats for them. This kick-off-red tweed with velveteen collar proves all that; proves too, that a warm winter coat need not be expensive. \$29.75. Available at Bonwit Teller, New York City.

Primpin' at the Nation's Capital in a slim-lined, shirred-front velvet. Definitely dress-up! \$14.95. at McCreery's, New York.

An entrancing dancing dress and so-so-short jacket. Shirred bra-top dress, twirling gored skirt. \$14.95. Arnold Constable, New York.



PROP SHOP



PRETTY PENNY says no matter what date Thanksgiving, you've always something to be grateful for when you find extra special "props" like these



Step-Outs

Fall-ward march in these two indispensables. A suede sportster with calf platform 'n' lacings, soft as a glove—and for your taller moments, a spectator pump of calf-trimmed suede. \$5.98 each. Sold at Ansonia, New York.

Adornables

What's your choice—a pirate chief, a Bagdad Thief, an autumn leaf? All are tops in jewelry fashions. Antiqued gilt or silvered group. Bracelets \$2. Necklace \$2. Leaf and dagger pin \$1. Available at Arnold Constable, New York.



Do-Re-Mi

Sing a song of sizes with Do for small, Re for average and Mi for full figures. You'll love this glamour-bra scientifically proportioned by Adola. In tearose and white broadcloth and only 59c. Saks 34th Street, New York.



Band-Ohs

Dangerous curves ahead! Adola's captivating bra-beauty is designed to taper your torso and "oomphasize" your figure 'neath new fall fashions. In satin and broadcloth; tearose and white. 59c. Saks 34th, New York.



Beau Bag

Appropriately named "Leading Lady" and is there one who wouldn't crave it! Fashioned of Camelsuede, this roomy prize comes in black, brown, wine or green, and is only \$1. Ellanbee, Inc., 17 E. 22nd St., New York.



Fan-Fair

Yankee Hankies all, and worthy of some old-fashioned hoo-rahing! American Beauty Rose on voile is designed for skip-a-beat daintiness. The Stars and Stripes on linen for sturdier patriotic moments. 25c ea. at Gimbel's, N. Y.





MRS. VINCENT ASTOR



MRS. PHILIP HARDING
(ALICE ASTOR)



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

Before the pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

LUXURIATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender look and feel, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR....MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)....MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual...MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund

...new fashion color

THEY'RE NOT ALL PERFECT

(Continued from page 39)



Irresistible
PRESENTS

RUBY RED

...new matched make up

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensational lipstick . . . for "Ruby Red" is a rich, ripe red . . . the season's liveliest, most flattering color. Blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on stubbornly for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick today, with matching Rouge and Face Powder, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10¢
AT ALL
5 & 10 CENT
STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



looks almost hooked from certain camera angles. This has always been a problem, and she has even, on occasion, considered an operation. Merle's complexion is far from the skin you love to touch. But make-up, of course, takes care of the blemishes.

Operating on noses, come to think of it, is not so unusual. Carolé Landis had a bump taken out of her nose before going into "Turnabout." And there have been any number of others.

The bald-headed gentry of Hollywood are, of course, legion. Charles Boyer is probably the most famous of all, with Bing Crosby a close second.

Warner Baxter is an exception among the men, as a matter of fact. He's one of the few who wears his own hair, and is, oh, so proud of it.

There's a good story they tell about the gentlemen of the toupée. While making "When the Daltons Rode" at Universal, Brian Donlevy was called to the set. He looked frantically all over his dressing-room for his favorite hair piece, but couldn't find it. Finally he gave up in despair and went out to the set to tell George Marshall, the director, about his trouble. Everyone there, including Stuart Erwin, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine reached into their pockets and produced hairy mats of their own.

"This yours, Brian?" they chorused.

And while on the subject of embarrassing gadgets, why slight Preston Foster? He wears—of all things—a corset under those smoothly fitted clothes. It seems those week-end fishing trips for yellow-tail off Santa Catalina haven't helped his figure any.

HANDS are frequently a problem in films. Ronald Colman posed for a still picture at RKO not long ago, and his hands were so badly lined the retoucher had to eliminate two fingers from the picture.

Roz Russell is one of the girls whose hands always have to be retouched. As a matter of fact, very few actresses have hands that they can use in close-ups. Other hands are almost always cut in.

In the new Frank Capra picture, "Meet John Doe," you will see Barbara Stanwyck doing a lot of typing. Well, it's supposed to be against the rules to tell the general public the inside secrets of picture making, but we'll risk it just this once. Actually, Barbara does none of the typing. A stenographer with lovely hands does it, and Barbara sits on the girl's lap for these scenes. After you see the picture you will probably call us a fibber, for you can't tell that Barbara is using someone else's hands. But it's the truth, nevertheless.

Kay Francis presents a different kind of a problem to studios. It's the sound engineer who worries when she comes on the set. She's never managed to conquer her lisp and still pronounces r's like w's.

Don Ameche has an abnormally long neck. You've probably noticed the extra wide collars he always wears. They've become a trade-mark, sticking up as they do almost two inches above his suit coats. Just another case of individuality triumphing over a pronounced defect.

Nelson Eddy has very weak eyes. The strong klieg lights hurt him so much that his doctor permits him to work under them only a few minutes at a time.

Leslie Howard and Joan Bennett are others who have eye trouble. Leslie is so near-sighted that he actually runs into things on the set when he is in a scene which does not permit the wearing of glasses.

Joan, too, can't see across the table without her specs. Incidentally, this works out as a boon sometimes when Joan wants to walk down the street without being noticed by too many fans. She must wear the glasses, and most fans, of course, don't recognize their lovely Joan that way.

Brenda Joyce is in this category, too. After each scene, on come the glasses for reading or knitting.

Lionel Barrymore had a rather amusing idiosyncrasy for a long time. He went through a period of falling asleep at the slightest provocation. Several times he dozed off while he was in the middle of a scene, and once he actually fell asleep while Gregory Ratoff, the director, was talking to him.

INCIDENTALLY, Ratoff, the volatile Russian, has a peculiarity all his own. He gets so excited while working, whips himself into such a frenzy, that he perspires at an astonishing rate. He has to change his shirt every half hour or so. His laundry bill was something to look and marvel at when he was trying to out-act John Barrymore in "The Great Profile."

Dorothy Comingore, whom you will meet in the lead of Orson Welles' first film, "Citizen Kane," and who used to be known as Linda Winters, has wondered for a long time why she's had such a difficult time getting parts. Well, the answer is her very crooked teeth, noticeable especially when she laughs. Almost all female screen stars, of course, have to have their teeth straightened or worked on. Loretta Young still wears braces—when no one's watching.

You all know Mickey Rooney's trouble. He's so short that Metro is having increasingly violent headaches finding leading ladies for him. He needs older girls, but the older ones tower over him.

Well, Mickey can take comfort from the fact that he's not the only shorty in the business. George Raft also has the heels of his shoes built up to give him height, because he is a surprisingly little guy. Likewise Eddie Robinson and John Garfield.

And it will probably shock some of you to learn that many girls in films have to be built up in front. Hedy Lamarr, for example, is very thin and has practically no curves. Loretta Young is another slim gal. All her evening gowns are padded in the proper places and camera angles have to be well planned to properly shadow the bones of her neck.

On the other hand, Martha Raye, of course, has an over-ample bosom. And Universal has been worrying and fussing for the past two years because trying to keep Deanna Durbin girlish looking becomes increasingly difficult. The most artfully contrived bolero dresses cannot conceal the fact that she's maturing.

And while we're on this subject, we come quite naturally to Bob Cummings, whom you probably will never see shirtless. He is supposed to be such a terrific he-man, and he really is a regular guy, but—there isn't one single solitary wisp of hair on that barrel chest of his.

A Perfect Wife . . . until 6 P.M.



BUT HER MARRIAGE WAS MARRED BY *"One Neglect"* FEW HUSBANDS CAN FORGIVE

"Lysol" could have helped . . .

Romance is all bound up with feminine daintiness. Even the most loving husband may find it difficult to forget—or forgive—a wife's carelessness, or ignorance, about intimate personal cleanliness. That's why so many women use "Lysol" regularly.

Mary was *such* a perfect home-maker and mother. When her marriage with John ended, people called him a brute. They never knew John's side of the story. Be sure that Mary's heartbreak does not become yours. Do YOU use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

Thousands of women, for almost 3 generations, have used "Lysol" disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Probably no other

product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose, for 6 reasons:

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness . . .** "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy . . .** "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor . . .** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability . . .** "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

..... PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. MS-411, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

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I Love...



*the loveliest
thing in make-up*



I love the quality of this exquisite new Chiffon Lipstick. Flesh-smooth new texture for softer contours. Costlier new perfume that whispers love in every kiss. Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring new shades. Your choice, only 10¢.



Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

I love the excellence of this marvelous cream—so new, so different. It's the only cream you need for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin, and as a perfect foundation.



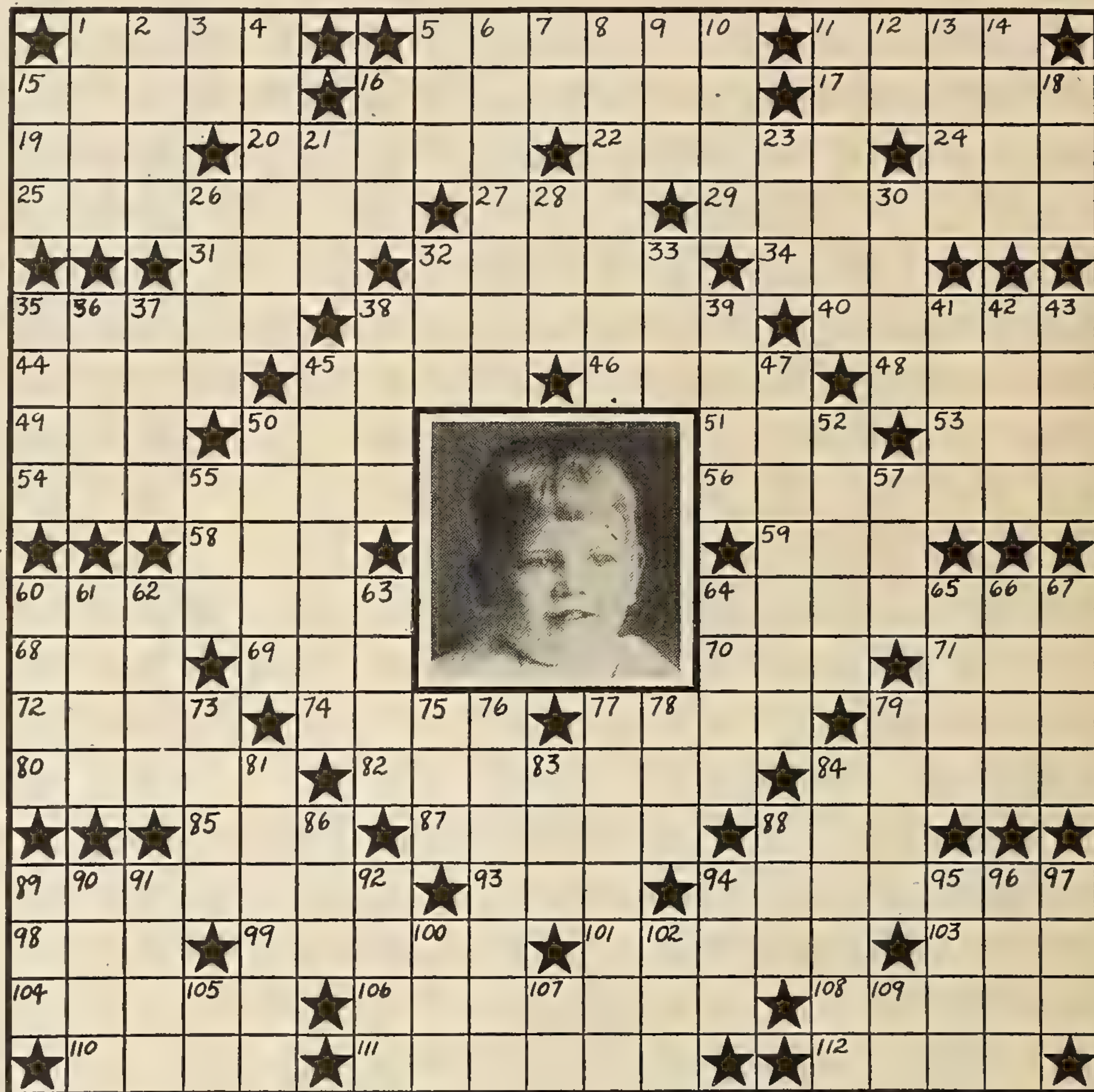
Chiffon Powder 10¢

I love this perfect face powder of finer, longer-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:



Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 71

ACROSS

1. & 5. The star of this puzzle
11. Boy actor from India
15. "Wells - - - -"
16. Nurse in "North West Mounted Police"
17. "Woman - - - - s Man"
19. Heroine of "Wagons Westward"
20. Director Van Dyke's nickname
22. Wife of Norman Foster
24. - - - Blue
25. Heroine of "The Man I Married"
27. What Buster Keaton throws so well
29. He's in "Foreign Correspondent"
31. B - - - Lugosi
32. Top-notch film players
34. Our English star's favorite drink
35. He's in "Rhythm On The River"
38. Holden's mother in "Our Town"
40. Veteran actor in "Sporting Blood"
44. Walter - - -
45. Soapstone
46. Oceans
48. English school
49. " - - - Jungle Love"
50. Through
51. Robert - - - w
53. Orchestra leader
54. Star of "No Time For Comedy"
56. What Western stars fight with
58. Atmosphere
59. Ginger Rogers' studio
60. Star of "Victory"
64. A famous director
68. Endeavor
69. Kay Ky - - -
70. Color of Jeanette's hair
71. Wife of our star
72. Move
74. Hero of "They Drive By Night"
77. Gloria Jean's sis in "Little Bit Of Heaven"
79. She will star in "Back Street"
80. One of the "Dead End" kids
82. Sea nymph
84. Very popular young lady
85. A theatre sign
87. Popular juvenile actor
88. Period of time
89. Girl in "Foreign Correspondent"
93. " - - - and In The Sky"
94. Girl's name
98. Past
99. Gourd
101. - - - - a Duff
103. Fuss
104. Star of "The Letter"
106. Actor in "The Westerner"
108. Male lead of "Pier 13"
110. Require
111. Gratify
112. Politician in "The Great McGinty"

DOWN

1. Shirley's successor at 20th Century-Fox
2. Jackie M - - -
3. For example: abbr.
4. Movietone News commentator
5. Angry
6. Mystical
7. Ambassador in "The Sea Hawk": init.
8. Beverly - - - - -
9. Measure of length
10. Exclamation of sorrow
11. What films are made up of
12. Word of triumph
13. Oliver Hardy's nickname
14. Employer
15. Watch chain
16. Bed
18. Life in the abstract
21. "The Man From Dak - - -"
23. Dumb guy in "Phantom Raiders"
26. Actor Hamilton's first name
28. He was great in "Strange Cargo"
30. "It's A - - - -"
32. Salt
33. Visualize
35. Exclamations of disgust
36. Aid
37. Withered
38. What friends call Herbert Marshall
39. Grate
41. Father in "Seventeen"
42. Famed English actor and playwright
43. Concludes
45. Kind of dog
47. Star of "Young People"
50. Couples
52. Inquired
55. Lump
57. Boy's name
60. Fret: Scotch
61. Feminine lead in "Golden Fleece"
62. Great silent day actor
63. To crowd in
64. One of "Too Many Husbands"
65. Object of worship
66. Rising M-G-M actor
67. Newcomer in "Return Of Frank James"
73. Girl's name
75. Supplied with food
76. Instructor
77. Co-star of "Strike Up The Band"
78. A Basil Rathbone film
79. Star of "Arizona"
81. Put in working condition
83. 71-across' title in private life
84. Girl in "South Of Pango Pango"
86. Mickey's box-office rank
88. Sea eagle
89. Laboratory: abbr.
90. "Espionage - - - -"
91. Mere repetition
92. Where Napoleon was imprisoned
94. Movie admirer
95. Our star's birth-state: - - - - fornia
96. Kind of cheese
97. Offspring
100. Actor in "My Love Came Back"
102. Curvaceous star
105. "Wa - - - rloo Bridge"
107. "U - - - on Pacific"
109. All correct: colloq. abbr.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE A RED-HEADED WOMAN

(Continued from page 31)

doing here, Miss MacDonald? I thought you had left." Jeanette was so mortified she could have wept. But she didn't; she laughed. She wasn't mad at anyone—except herself.

Today Jeanette gets along with her co-workers like peaches and cream. The only person she really rips up and down occasionally is—Jeanette MacDonald. For instance, not long ago, she was recording a song number at the studio. Recording rooms are barren places, furnished mainly with microphones and dozens of spindly chairs. Jeanette always records perched upon a tall stool, wearing glasses and looking very glamourless and business-like. This particular morning she was having difficulty remembering the words to the song. She recorded it five or six times more than usual, and at last her director, Woody Van Dyke, said, "Okay." But Jeanette still wasn't satisfied.

"Just once more?" she asked, and Woody nodded.

A GAIN Jeanette muffed the tricky words. Bang went her foot against a chair! Boom! Bang! Sock! As everybody ran for cover, the spindly chairs flew around the room like ten pins. "Lunch!" called Van Dyke, running out of Jeanette's way.

When she returned from lunch, cooled down and penitent, Jeanette reached for a chair to sit on. It wouldn't move. Van Dyke had had them all nailed down during the noon hour! Jeanette loves to tell that one on herself.

Woody Van Dyke is perhaps Jeanette's best pal at M-G-M, along with director Robert Z. Leonard, whom she calls "Pop," and Herbert Stothart, her musical director. Besides being one of the fastest and best directors in town, Woody is a colorful, debonair guy who loves nothing so much as a good gag. But he's also a strict disciplinarian on the set. Once, when Lupe Velez defied him, he turned her over his knee, gave her a good spanking and then walked off her set. When he made "Naughty Marietta" he tangled with Jeanette, too, but not as strenuously.

Van Dyke is a stickler for punctuality and, if Jeanette MacDonald has any studio fault, it's a tendency to dilly-dally in her dressing-room, primping or telephoning. She did this one fine day and got herself roundly bawled out by Woody.

The next morning, promptly at nine, as Van Dyke lined up his first scene, four sturdy prop men trudged in bearing on handles a strange contraption looking like a sedan chair. It wasn't. It was a dog-house Jeanette had bribed studio carpenters to build during the night. Out the door poked Jeanette's contrite face, and in her hand, extended toward Woody Van Dyke was a big, red apple!

Unlike most red-heads, Jeanette's tolerant enough with others to be perpetually imposed on. She proved that during her last concert tour when she went about the country breaking attendance records which had stood for years. Wherever she went, worshipping crowds ganged up on her. One youth even banged on her hotel door when she was sleeping and handed her the "Don't Disturb" sign to autograph. Jeanette grinned sleepily and obliged. At another city she arrived one dawn to find the railroad station gates jammed with fans to meet her. Her manager had a car inside ready to whisk her away, but Jeanette vetoed

"You're turning my own child against me!"



1. Johnny needed that spanking, I thought. Mary didn't agree. She took him in her arms and *protected* him from *me*. Johnny clung to her—the look in his eyes made me feel like a brute. "I hate you! I hate you!" he sobbed.



2. Those words stung! Johnny is the apple of my eye, and I want him to think I'm pretty swell, too. "You're turning that child against me," I stormed. "I don't enjoy spanking him. But he's got to learn he can't act up every time he has to take a laxative."



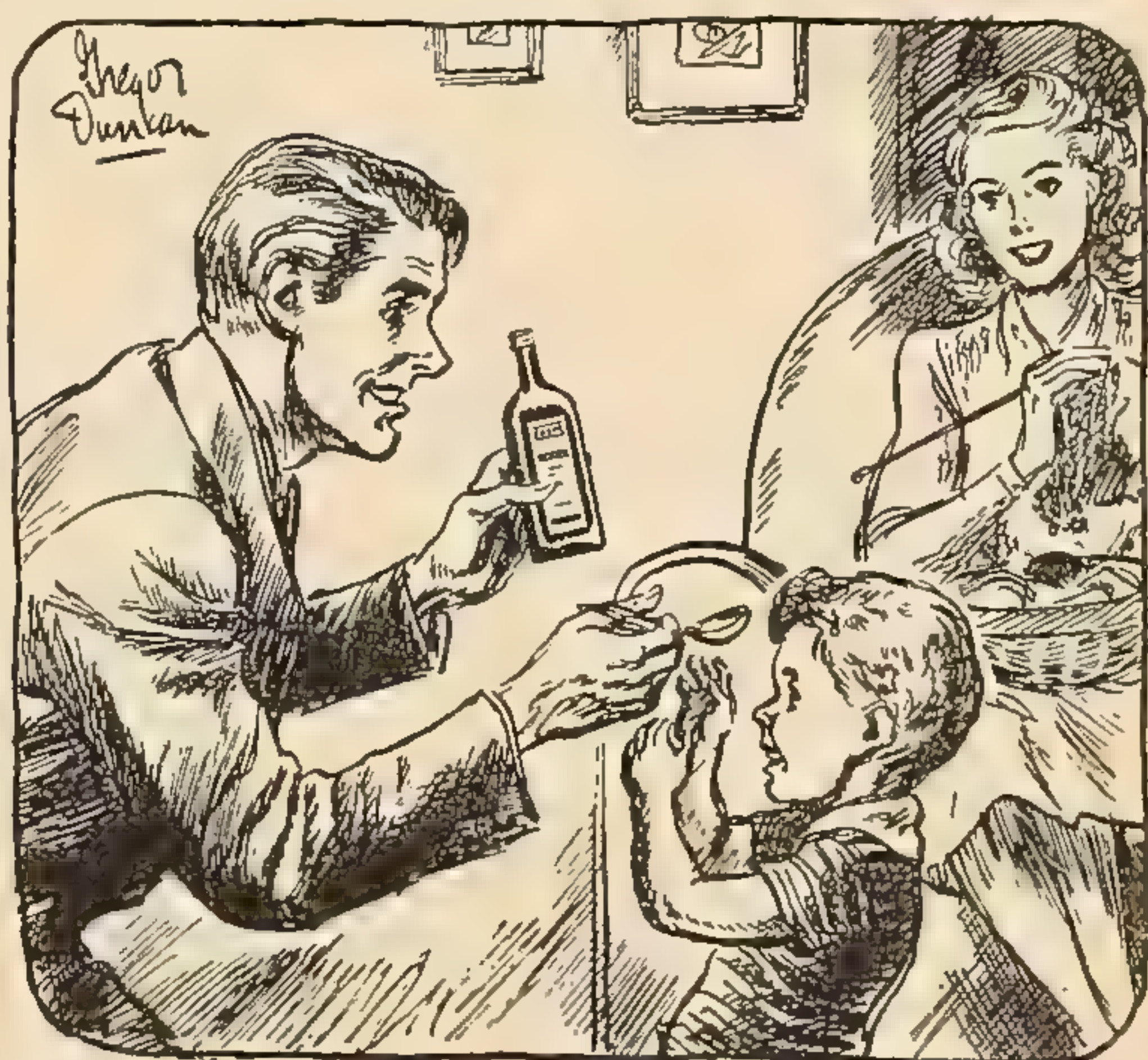
3. "But he's only a child," Mary pleaded, "and that awful-tasting stuff terrifies him. I told the doctor about these scenes today. He says it's bad to force a child to take a bad-tasting medicine. It's apt to shock his entire nervous system."



4. "According to the doctor, children should get a laxative that tastes good—one they take *willingly*! But NOT an adult laxative. A child's system is delicate, after all—and needs a special laxative. The doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He says it tastes good—and it's designed for children *and only children*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. It's gentle and thorough—contains no harsh drugs. And above all else, Fletcher's Castoria is **SAFE!**"

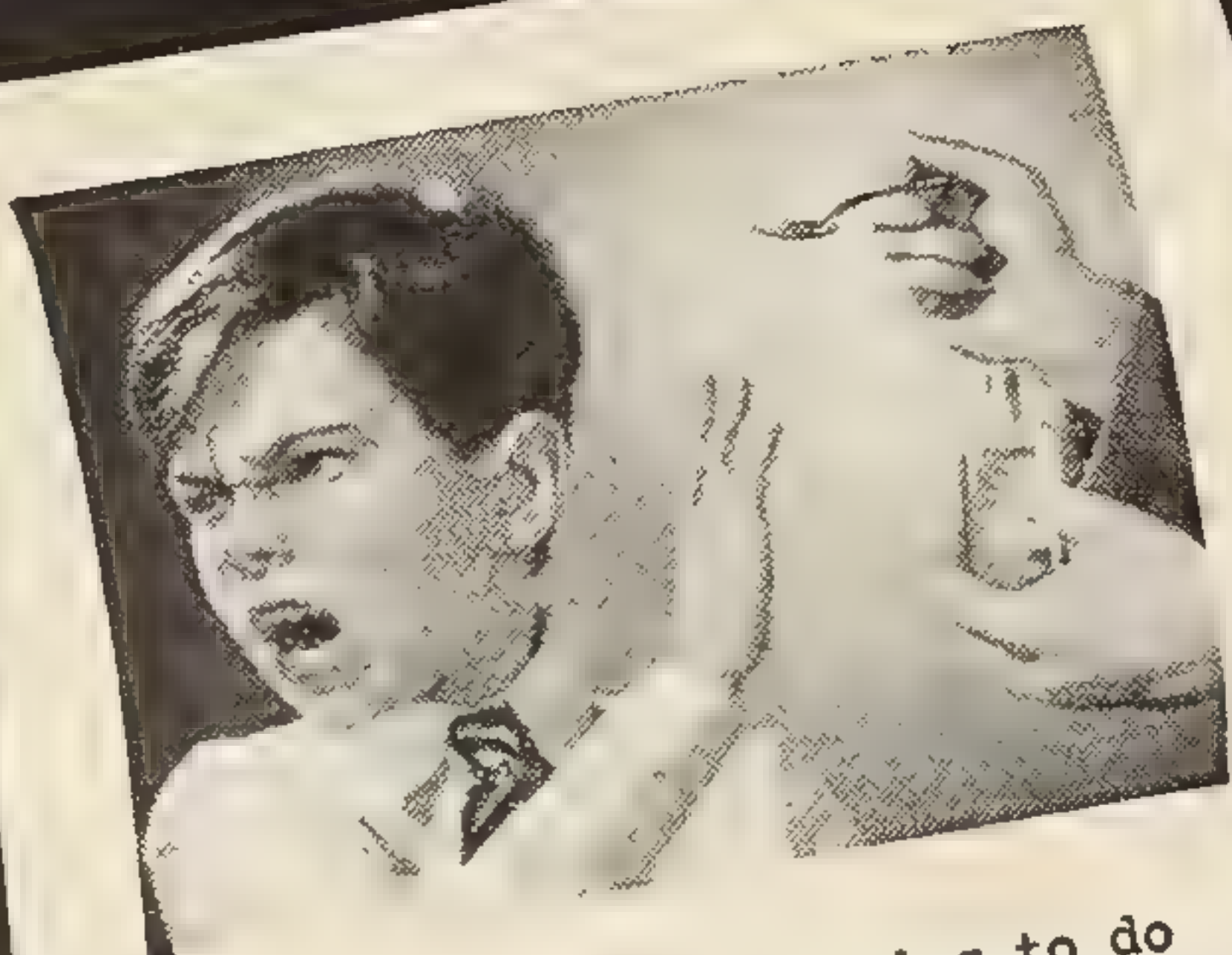


6. Well, I was off in a jiffy for a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. And it's turned out to be all the doctor said. But more than that—Johnny's my boy again. No more tantrums when he needs a laxative. He comes a running to his dad for Fletcher's Castoria!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

Mrs. B--- Solves a Tough Problem



Don't know what I'm going to do with Jimmy! He needs a laxative badly, but he yells when I try to give him one.



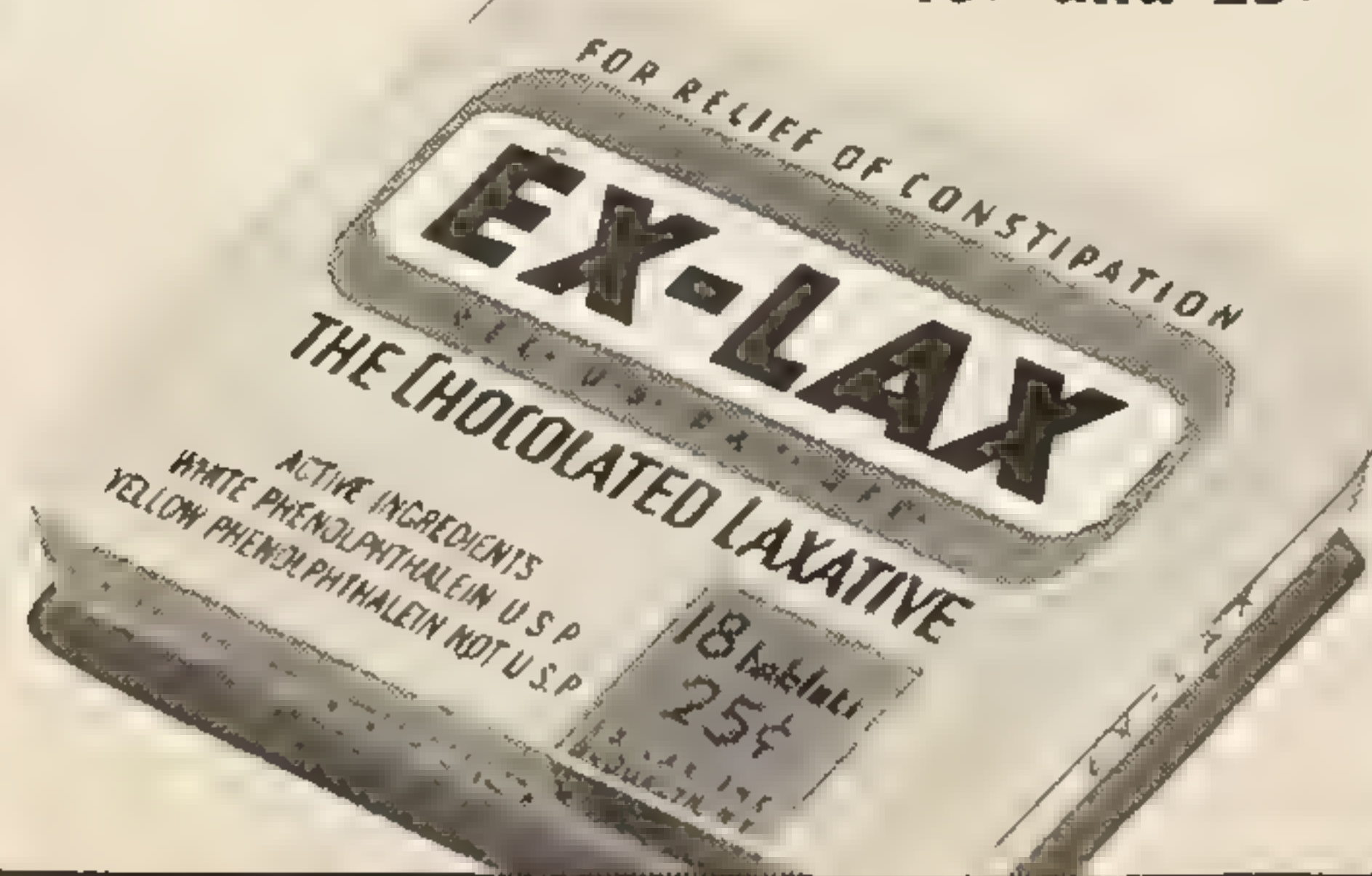
Mrs. Jones, next door, suggested Ex-Lax for Jimmy. Gave him some tonight and he loved it. Said it tasted just like swell chocolate!



Jimmy's like a new boy today! Ex-Lax worked fine for him and he wasn't upset the way he usually is after taking a laxative. Wonderful - that Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



the idea. "If they can get up this early to see me," she argued, "heavens knows I want to see them." She never gets peeved when other people take up her time.

For months her husband, Gene Raymond, has been trying to teach Jeanette not to tear up her pari-mutuel tickets at the horse races. It's no use. Jeanette is Scotch, too; she never places more than a two-dollar bet. But as soon as the pony doesn't rush a mile out in front, she rips her bet receipts to shreds.

One afternoon, at Hollywood Park, Jeanette played a bangtail across the board and, in spite of Gene's last minute remonstrations, started mutilating the ticket before the horses came down the stretch. Her horse won, too, and Jeanette spent the next half hour gathering up tatters and pasting them together with flour and water which a very startled clubhouse waiter brought to her.

One standing joke among Jeanette's close friends concerns a preview she attended in Hollywood. The picture was one with a trick beginning. First came some scenery. Jeanette stood a few feet of it, then she nervously asked, "But where's the title?" Just then the title flashed on the screen. A few more feet had Jeanette jittery. "But," she said aloud, "where are the cast credits?" No sooner had she spoken than the cast credits came on. A few more scenes ran off. Jeanette couldn't stand it. "I thought this was a Walter Wanger production!" she stage-whispered, just as "Produced by Walter Wanger" ran across the screen. By that time the whole front row was in stitches—and laughing loudest at herself was Jeanette.

There is only one time on record when Jeanette's impatience turned away from herself to someone else. But that can be chalked up to Cupid—and they do say all's fair in love and war. The object of Jeanette's dark thoughts, of course, was her present lord and master, Gene Raymond. It was during their engagement, a particularly trying period anyway.

THEY'D gone up to Yosemite Valley in the winter with a group of friends. Gene's an excellent skier; Jeanette's not. One morning, he set out bright and early and Jeanette sat and twiddled her thumbs—for ever and ever it seemed to her. When night fell, and no Gene, she became concerned. She was just about to institute a search when she saw him step hale and hearty from his car. In a huff, she went to her room, packed up, left a dramatic note and drove home to Hollywood, arriving at four in the morning, stewing like a prune.

Gene arrived the next morning, thinking it was all a gag, but he soon discovered differently. Jeanette fled on south to Palm Springs with a friend. But first the friend had a phone chat with Mr. Raymond.

Well, at a little town called Azusa in the San Gabriel Valley, Jeanette's car was forced to the curb rather violently, and a breezy young man hopped out and started giving her a mile-a-minute sales talk on a well-known brand of tooth powder which he brandished in her startled face. After that, he reached in the car, grabbed her, plopped her down in

his car and roared back to Hollywood—a plain case of kidnapping if there ever was one. But he got away with it.

Today, Jeanette wears on her charm bracelet a gold replica of the little traffic tower in that small town, and whenever either Mr. or Mrs. Raymond feels an argument coming on one says "Azusa!" and the other says "Azusa!"—and they both start laughing.

Despite her experience on Broadway and ten years in Hollywood, the Philadelphia influence is still very strong in Jeanette. She's a conservative person who likes things done according to tradition. Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter and all holidays are important in her life, and she even keeps a trim little book with all the birthdays and anniversaries of her friends. She sends engraved invitations to her large parties, and, of course, everyone remembers Jeanette's elaborate church wedding to Gene—complete with ushers, bridesmaids, rice and everything. That's the kind of wedding Jeanette had always dreamed about, back in Philadelphia as a girl. No airplane hops to Yuma or Las Vegas for her!

IN some ways, Jeanette and Gene have pretty divergent likes, but they don't let that bother them. Jeanette loves to garden, while to Gene, chasing down slugs and sow bugs and philandering with *philodendra* is the acme of nothing to do. He plays golf instead. Gene likes to fly and sail, too. Either activity makes Jeanette turn green around the gills. What they differ on, they do separately; what they both like, they do together—it's as simple as that. They share a love for horses and dogs, for instance, as their steeds, Black Knight and White Lady, and the woofers around Twin Gables, Sunny Day (a Bedlington), Stormy Weather (a Skye terrier), and Saint Nick (a Newfoundland), Trey and Mike (Irish setters) all noisily testify. Jeanette and Gene ride almost every day and take tramps through the sage-dotted hills of Bel-Air with the hounds.

Night clubs and the showy Hollywood social circus leave them both pretty uninterested. Twin Gables, atop the highest Bel-Air knob, is the center of most of their off-stage life. Neither Jeanette nor Gene ever makes a date, however, without letting the other know. That's a rule.

Even their vacations seem to find them lingering around the house. Jeanette and Gene are always planning trips, but something invariably seems to go wrong at the last minute. Consequently at last they've decided just to relax and spend play-vacations at home. They give the servants holidays and Jeanette does the cooking herself, with emphasis on her two specialties: baked beans in various guises, and home made ice cream, the hand-cranked, old-fashioned kind.

In spite of this cozy connubial picture, the gossip columnists have an impending-divorce-complex about Jeanette and Gene. When Jeanette reads their cracks, sparks fly from her fiery mop and the MacDonald battle tartan hoists up in no uncertain fashion. But Jeanette has a pet line she delivers with smiling aplomb, every hair of her coppery coiffure neatly in place. "Rumors only bother discontented people," says Jeanette.

Who are the most talented stars in Hollywood?
Who are the easiest to work with? Read what
the leading directors reveal
in the December issue of Modern Screen.

BATTLE OF WITS

(Continued from page 32)

Benny had a larger radio following.

"But both of us," Allen explains, "benefited. The reason it worked is very simple. It's the human element. It's bringing the public into your home and sitting down with 'em over a game of parchesi. And talking about cheesy tricks, did you see what Benny did to me at the ball game the other day?"

Benny didn't do anything to Allen at the ball game. As a matter of fact, it was the other way around. It was Hollywood's "Comedians versus Leading Men Game," played for charity each year, and everybody who is anybody in the town was there and carrying on. Well, Allen and Benny got to the mike and began gagging. Allen, of course, was reeling off the cracks at his usual mile-a-minute pace, so that Benny couldn't get a word in edgewise. Eventually, Benny, past master at timing his jokes, managed to sneak in a very funny crack of his own. The audience, of course, laughed. But Allen wasn't stumped for a minute. "No fair coming here with three writers!" he yelled back into the mike.

RIGHT there, in that yarn, is the key to the difference between Allen and all the rest of his clan. He is, as no other, the master of ad lib. It means spontaneity, being fast on your toes, nimble in the brain sector. Well, that's Allen all over. He is the only comedian in radio who is permitted to ad lib during his program, or to write his own material. He is one of the many comedians in radio who insists on the last line—but one of the few who can handle it.

Note this. Jack Benny studies his stuff very hard. He sits down with his group of writers every week, and they work out routines and they work out gags and lines. But every line of it, every word of it, every cough and hesitation and slip of the tongue—even those seem-to-be accidents—are carefully arranged. That is true of practically everybody else in the fun business. Bob Hope, for instance, is one of the wittiest gents in the racket. He, too, has a nimble and facile tongue. He, too, is terrific at the make-'em-up-as-you-go wisecracks. But he has a slew of writers helping him assemble his radio programs.

Allen has two writers at the moment, but it is a different kind of thing altogether. Practically all other comics in the business let their writers bring in the material, then they choose the best or help to arrange it. Allen thinks up his own quips, but lets professional writers line it up, frame it, weave it into some sort of continuity.

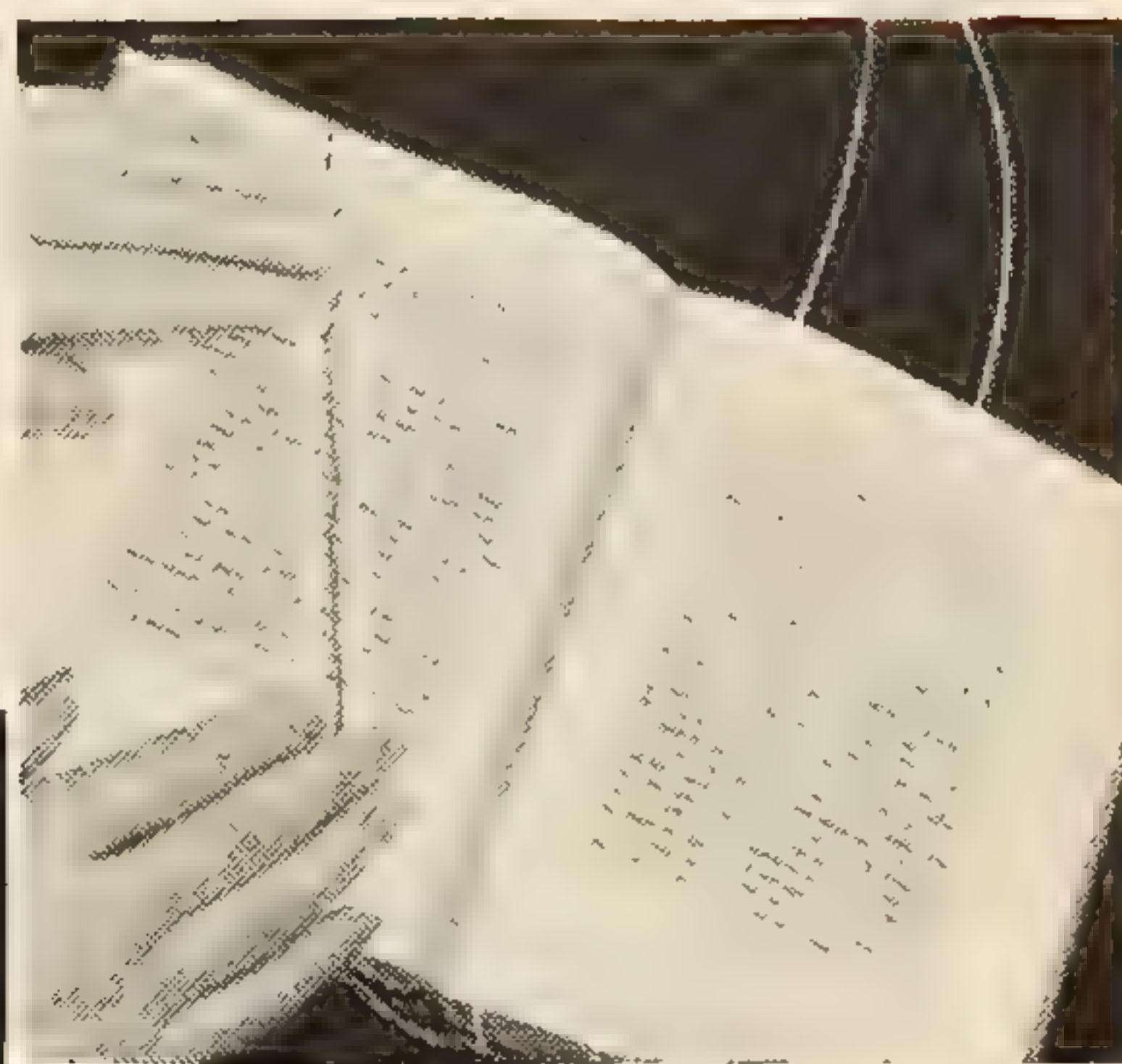
When Allen started in radio, he hired a writer for the first time. It was practically a twenty-four hour job and the writer would traipse around with him, pencil and notebook always handy. Fred automatically throws off so many cracks during his normal day that he simply wanted the writer to get them all down. Then, after a couple of days of this, the rewrite expert wove this mass of material into a script.

How much value is placed on Allen's ability to write his own material, incidentally, is shown by the procedure with "Love Thy Neighbor." The picture was written in the normal manner by regular Paramount writers and, after they had finished, Jack Benny's writers polished up his lines. After that was completed

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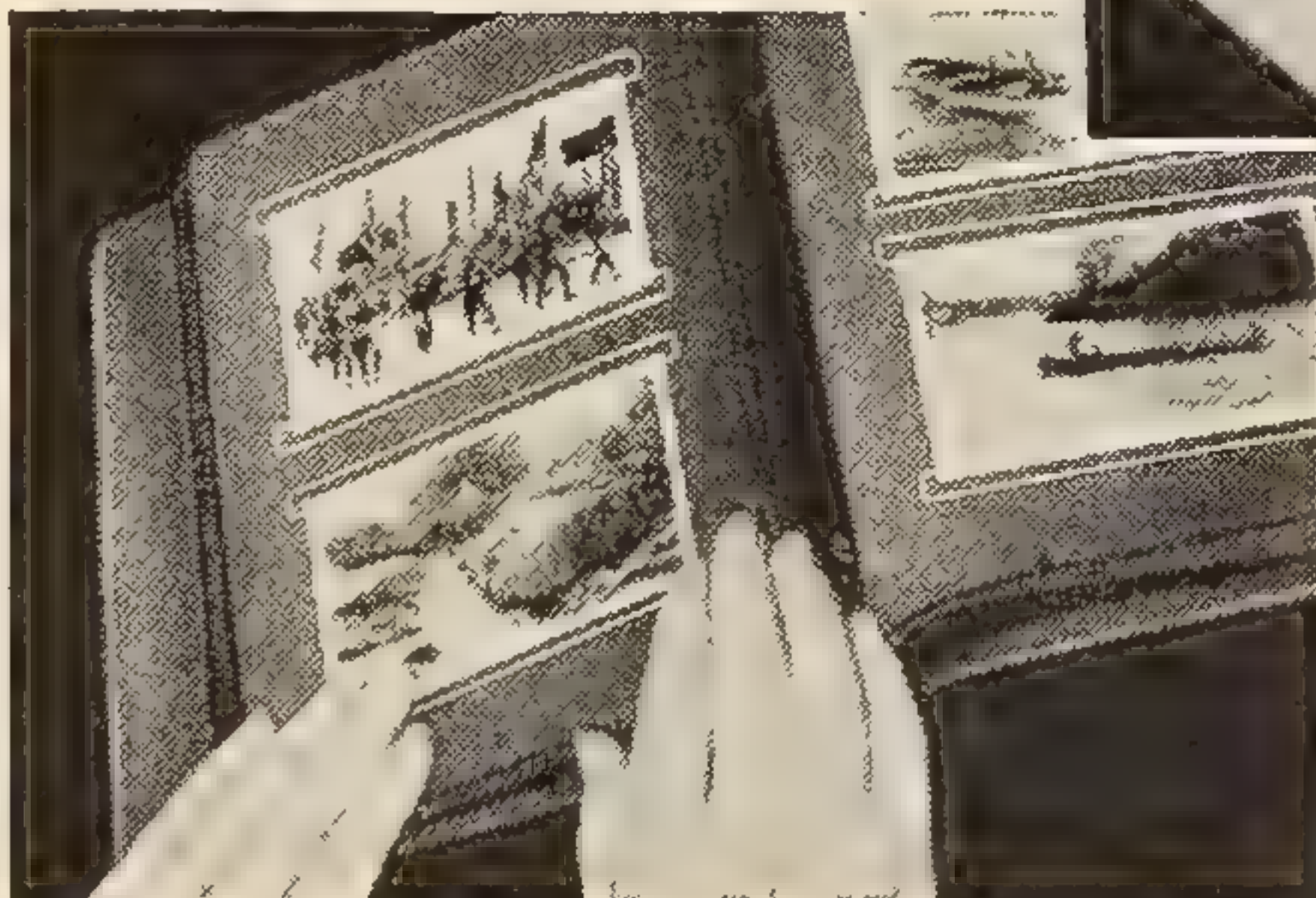
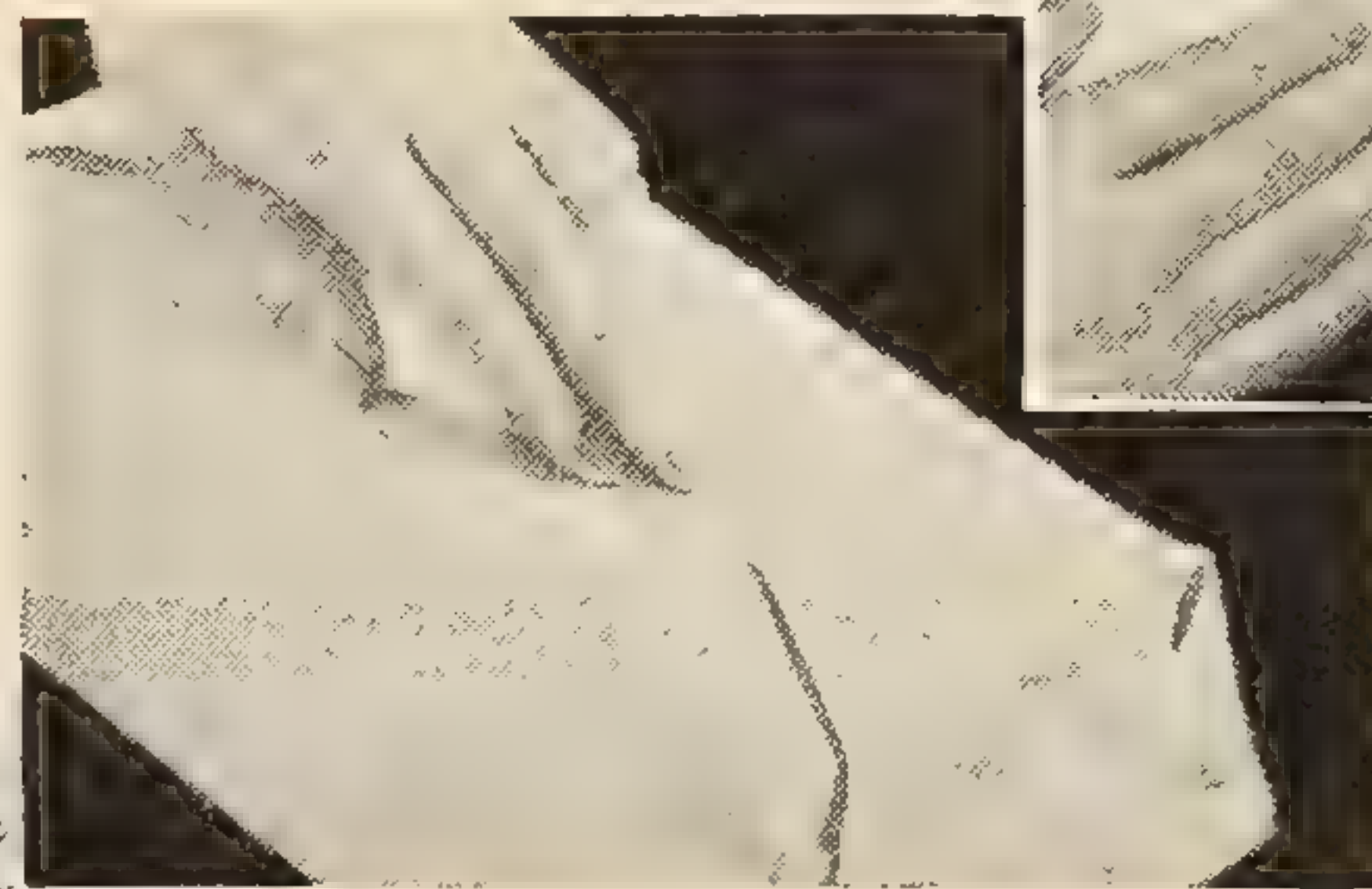
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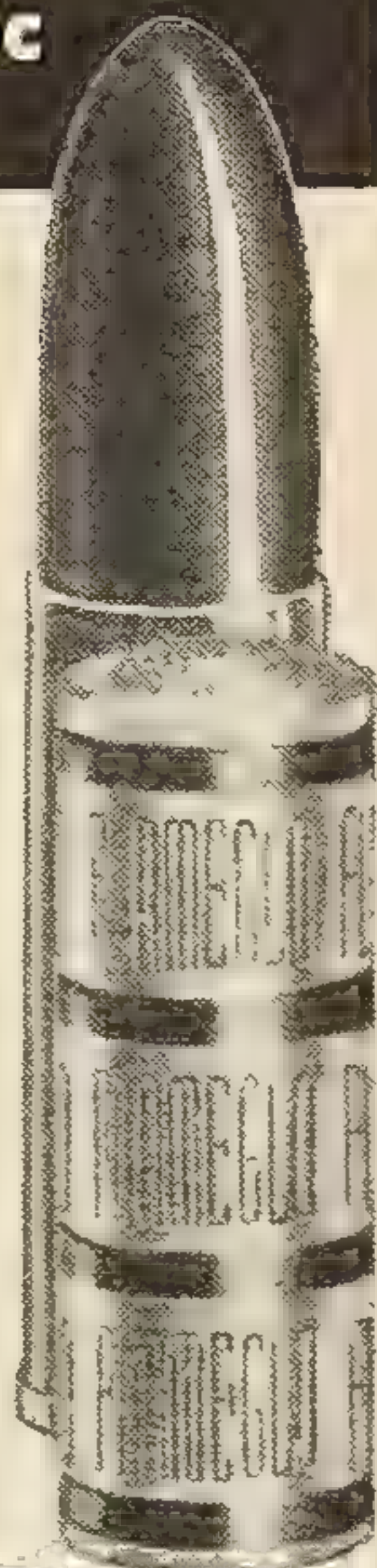
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and approved by everyone Fred Allen was handed a script and asked to rewrite all his own lines. He didn't employ his own radio writers for this chore. All he used was a pencil—and his own highly personalized set of retorts.

He's a pretty simple sort of soul, this man Allen. Nothing phony about him, no doodads, no conceit. A stranger came up, was introduced to him and wanted to gab. "See if you can find yourself a chair and sit down," said Allen. "I can't get up. There's been a weight on my mind for several days and now it seems to have descended."

He talks to anybody. "Why not? Chances are they don't know I'm not up to their standards."

He lives in a simple, little two-and-a-half room apartment. "I'm only passing through town. It's strictly a one-movie stand, so why bother renting a house and stuff?"

And as far as hotels are concerned—"I can't afford that high-class stuff. Too expensive. Besides, the last time Portland tried to cook a couple of eggs in a hotel room, the house detective came up to join us and he wouldn't even contribute the salt!"

THIS may give you a wrong impression. It may even further that famous Benny libel about Allen's tightwadishness. So let us hasten to assure you that—by actual count—Allen has the longest pension list in the business. From far and near they come to see Fred, with palms outstretched. And they never go away empty-handed.

Ask him about it. "Oh, well," he explains, "you can't talk about things like that. In the first place, it's embarrassing to the people you're helping. In the second place, the day after it's printed eight hundred more guys show up to get theirs. Besides, how are you going to turn down a pal? And how can you remember pals when you pick 'em up, a dozen at a time, every week for years?"

"For instance, a fellow comes to see us. He says, 'Remember me? I used to be in an act called "Early and Late," and we played on a bill together in Peoria.' Well, Portland always falls for it. She says sure, sure, and starts right in gabbing about how much fun it was that week.

Well, naturally, I can't make a sucker out of Portland, so I chip right in with a hunk of reminiscences of my own and we wind up having a swell time—even if it does cost a lot!"

At this point in the story Allen stops to laugh. Laugh hard. It's evidently very funny.

"Poor Portland! She's got no memory at all. We never played Peoria!"

Portland, of course, is the missus. Curious hunk of coincidence there, by the way. Fred was born in Boston and is just about as New England as they make 'em. While in New York one year, someone introduced him to Portland Hoffa and they decided to do an act together. It clicked and later they were married. Now they're always together. Movies, of course, came close to breaking Portland's heart. They wouldn't sign her—which leads directly into another coincidence. The same thing, as you know, is true of Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife. She's good enough to work with Jack on the radio—but not in pictures. Poor Mary and Portland, the movie widows!

And so here we are back on the subject of Benny again. "You're really good friends, aren't you?" Fred was asked.

"You've probably played on the same bill in vaudeville many times?"

No, he answered, they never played on the same bill. They never did anything together in the past except once when Allen appeared on Benny's program and another time when Benny reciprocated.

Yes, it took a feud—a bitter battle of words and witticisms—to make them friends. Not that either of them would ever admit in public that they're friends. It isn't good business or good showmanship. Nevertheless, look for the twinkle in their eyes when they're maligning each other. It's generally there.

It may add just a final ironic fillip to relate one other item about the early Fred Allen days. Allen started out in vaudeville as a juggler. When he appeared in New York for the first time, Variety, the theatrical Bible, wrote a review of his act which is never mentioned these days—either by Allen or the paper. The review said that Allen was a pretty good juggler—but, oh my, he'd never get very far as a comedian!



Sweet-faced Virginia Grey, who used to be Madge Evans' stand-in and, more recently, Florence Rice's, now boasts a stand-in of her own! She's doing right well as an actress. You'll see her in "The GoldenFleeing."

SHE DIDN'T SAY NO

(Continued from page 36)

said Vicky when Martha hauled out a simple formal from her closet. "You can afford expensive things now, and you'll be competing with women in mink wraps and five-hundred-dollar gowns!"

"I don't care," declared Martha. "I paid fifty dollars for this dress, and I've only worn it twice. I'm going to get my money's worth out of it."

Martha Scott's earliest recollections are of an idyllic childhood spent on a farm, for her father, who is a graduate civil engineer, preferred to practise his profession in the country. He is a descendant of the novelist Sir Walter Scott, for whom he is named, and Martha's mother, the former Letha McKinley, is a second cousin of the martyred President. Notwithstanding these distinguished forebears the Scotts are just ordinary folks, never very rich and never very poor, who gave Martha the perfect American background of a simple, happy home.

When Martha was twelve years old the family moved to Kansas City. While in high school there, Martha showed such intelligence that one of her teachers, a Miss Ida Lilly, who was an old friend of the family, suggested that Martha become a teacher herself. For this a college degree was, of course, necessary, and Martha's father and mother couldn't quite decide.

"I'm sure we can do it," said Martha's father, "by just cutting things a bit close."

"Perhaps if we used just a little of the same money to get her some really nice clothes and give her a few opportunities," said Martha's mother, who believed in girls marrying and settling down, "it would be better than sending her to college."

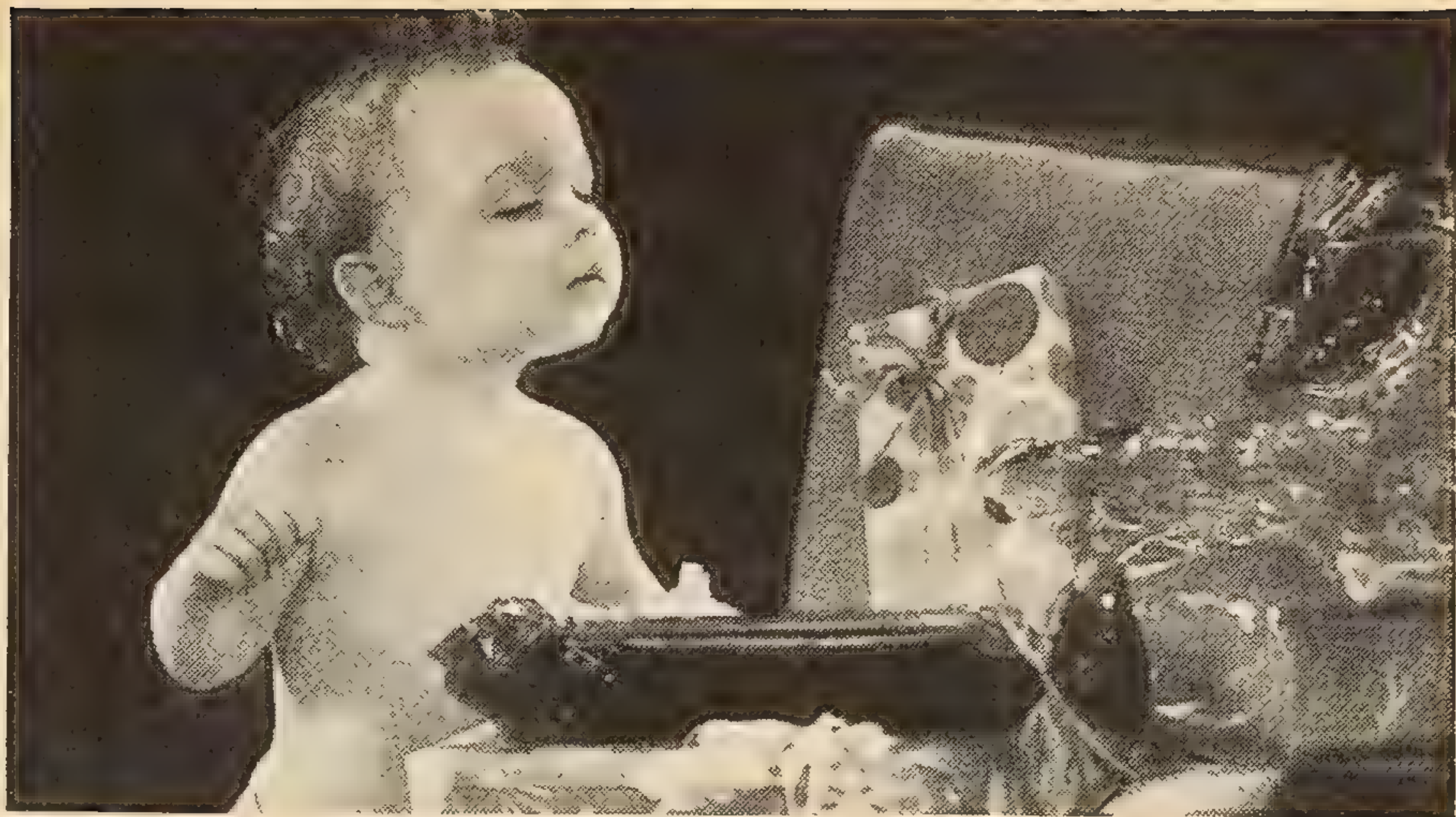
Ida Lilly settled all that.

"I'm so convinced of Martha's future," she said, "that I want to advance her the money to ensure it."

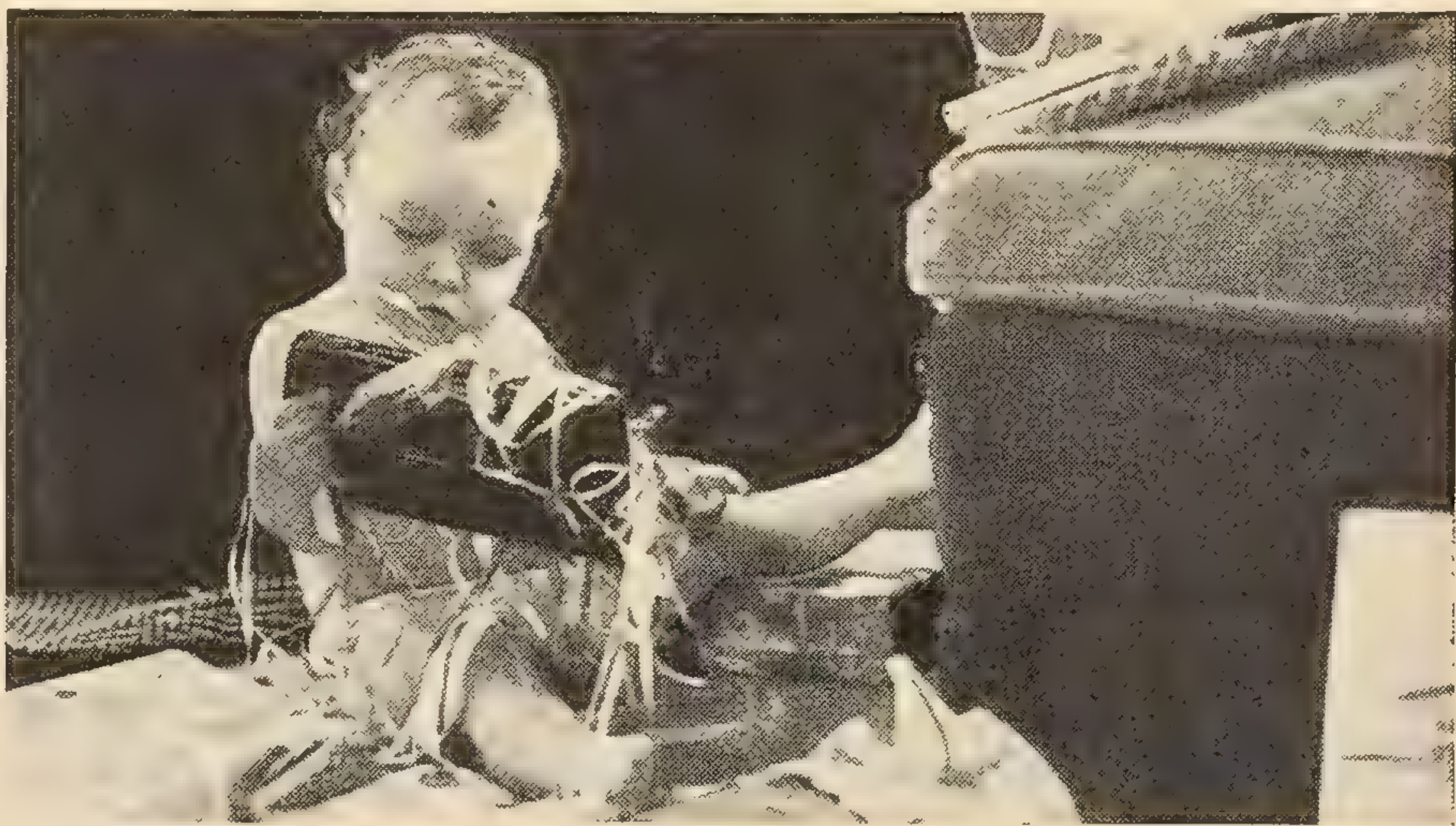
SHE did—a check for \$1500! Martha's parents could do no less than accept the offer in the spirit that prompted it, and Martha herself is justifiably proud of the fact that she has since paid back every cent.

Anyway, after two years at the Kansas City Junior College she went on to the University of Michigan, from which she graduated with a B.A. degree and a teacher's certificate. And she did teach school, for just six months—long enough, though, to convince her of what she had suspected from the very first day—that teaching was not for her. She gave up her position and went to Chicago to crash the theatre. All she succeeded in crashing at that time was a candy store, where for twelve dollars a week she sold nice young men boxes of bonbons for other girls.

Hearing that a stock company was being formed at the Bonstelle Theatre in Detroit, she gave up this job and left for Detroit. She was able to get a few bits and walk-ons, just enough to keep her going, and from that point on Martha began to live the customary life of a theatrical troupier—short engagements and long lapses in between. She toured Michigan, had a season at the Globe Theatre in Chicago, and finally went on the road doing abbreviated versions of Shakespeare. The company got as far as San Diego when Martha concluded that she'd had enough of the venerable Bard of Avon and equally venerable tank town



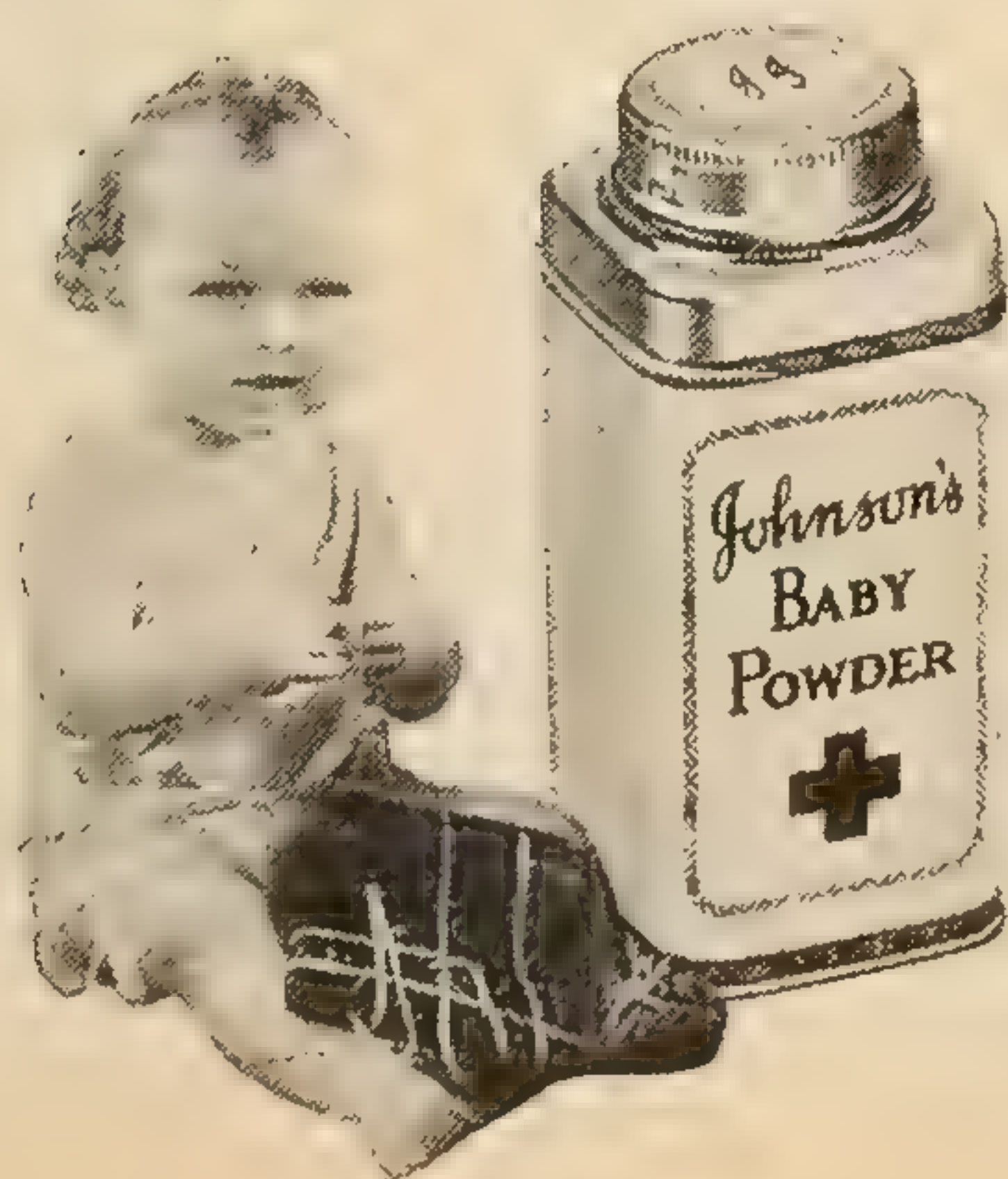
"Jiminee Christmas—will you look at the presents! How lovely of Mother to be helping Santa Claus! . . . Let's see now—wonder if it would hurt to peek just a little? Tomorrow's really such a long way off . . ."



"Hm-m, something mysterious about this package! It won't come open and it won't stay shut . . . Shucks, it's probably just another bib! So far I haven't gotten a thing I wanted . . . And, my, I'm awfully hot and prickly!"



"Ho hum! Guess I'd better call for help . . . Mother! Will you come unravel me? I've had too much Christmas and I'm getting cross. But a rubdown with that downy Johnson's Baby Powder would do a lot for my holiday spirit!"



"It's Christmas every day for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so soothing for prickly heat and chafes. And it's a mighty inexpensive way to help keep a baby feeling merry!"

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hotel rooms to last her for quite a while. "I decided to go to New York," she said, "and see what the lights on Broadway looked like."

She arrived in New York with fifty dollars and in exactly two weeks she landed a job. It lasted exactly two weeks, too, and then Martha's luck ran low. She learned what it meant to walk the pavements looking for work; to sit endlessly in agents' offices where dozens of other actresses were seeking the same chance as she; and in short went through all the vicissitudes seemingly inescapable for small town girls who try to beat the big city. Her courage was wearing thin and the soles of her shoes even thinner when she landed a bit part on a series of radio programs. There she met another young optimist suffering from the delusion that he might go places in a theatrical way. His name was Orson Welles, and at that time he hadn't even thought of raising a beard.

THAT radio shocker series was Martha's meal ticket until she got another chance at summer stock, this time playing with such stars as Phillips Holmes, Margaret Anglin and Julie Haydon. However, it's not to any of them, but to Evelyn Warden, a character woman in the same shows, that Martha Scott owes her big break.

Jed Harris was putting "Our Town" on Broadway, and Miss Warden was chosen as Mother Gibbs. Harris asked her if she knew a girl suitable for Emily and Miss Warden suggested Martha Scott. The play had a very successful run and Martha, reading her very complimentary notices, was naive enough to think that her career was set. It was not so long after "Our Town" closed that she was brought in Queen of Sheba style to Hollywood and tested for "Gone With the Wind."

When she heard Selznick's verdict of her screen possibilities, Martha went like the wind back to New York. But it was an off season, plays were scarce, and soon she was just another actress out of a job. Most of the money which she had earned had been used to repay Miss Lilly, and so Martha fell back upon radio again. She has never ceased to be grateful to radio for carrying her over spots like these.

Even before "Our Town" was finished, the Hollywood grapevine was loaded with

rumors that Sol Lesser had discovered something very special in Martha Scott. At that time Joan Fontaine, who had been signed by Frank Lloyd for "The Howards of Virginia," fell sick, and Noll Gurney went after the part for Martha. Lloyd broke down just about as reluctantly as Lesser had done and allowed Gurney to show him the footage Martha had already made for "Our Town." He signed her the same day, but only as leading woman for Cary Grant, whose contract specified that he was to be the sole star of the picture. After a few days' shooting it was Grant, himself, who suggested to Lloyd that Martha be co-starred with him—a gesture of almost unprecedented chivalry in Movieland. Stars are often willing to share their bed and board, but seldom their billing. Now Martha Scott's career is set and she lives in a not-too-ornate house at Malibu. At home, nobody takes her for an actress. She's such an unpretentious and homey-looking sort of person.

She doesn't indulge in studied public posing, and she omits the dark glasses most film folks think they have to wear. "It seems just a trifle egotistical," she said, "to assume that one is so celebrated that one has to affect a disguise."

That psychology fits right in with the incident of the dinner at Jack Skillball's, which illustrates pretty conclusively just how Martha feels about fame. Skillball is a production executive for the Lloyd company, and just prior to the party he had given his Filipino butler a publicity photograph of Martha Scott. After the dinner was served the Filipino deferentially approached Martha with the picture in one hand and a pen in the other.

"Miss Scott," he asked, "will you please autograph for me?"

Martha took the pen and signed her name to the picture. The butler beamed. "I put it on my bureau," he said.

"Have you a picture of yourself?" Martha asked him then. "A snapshot or anything?"

"I have a snapshot of me," nodded the puzzled Filipino, "but what for?"

"Run and get it," Martha instructed.

The butler got the picture and came back.

"Now autograph it," said Martha.

Wonderingly, the servant obeyed. Martha slipped the snapshot into her handbag.

"To put on my bureau," she smiled. And that is just like Martha Scott.

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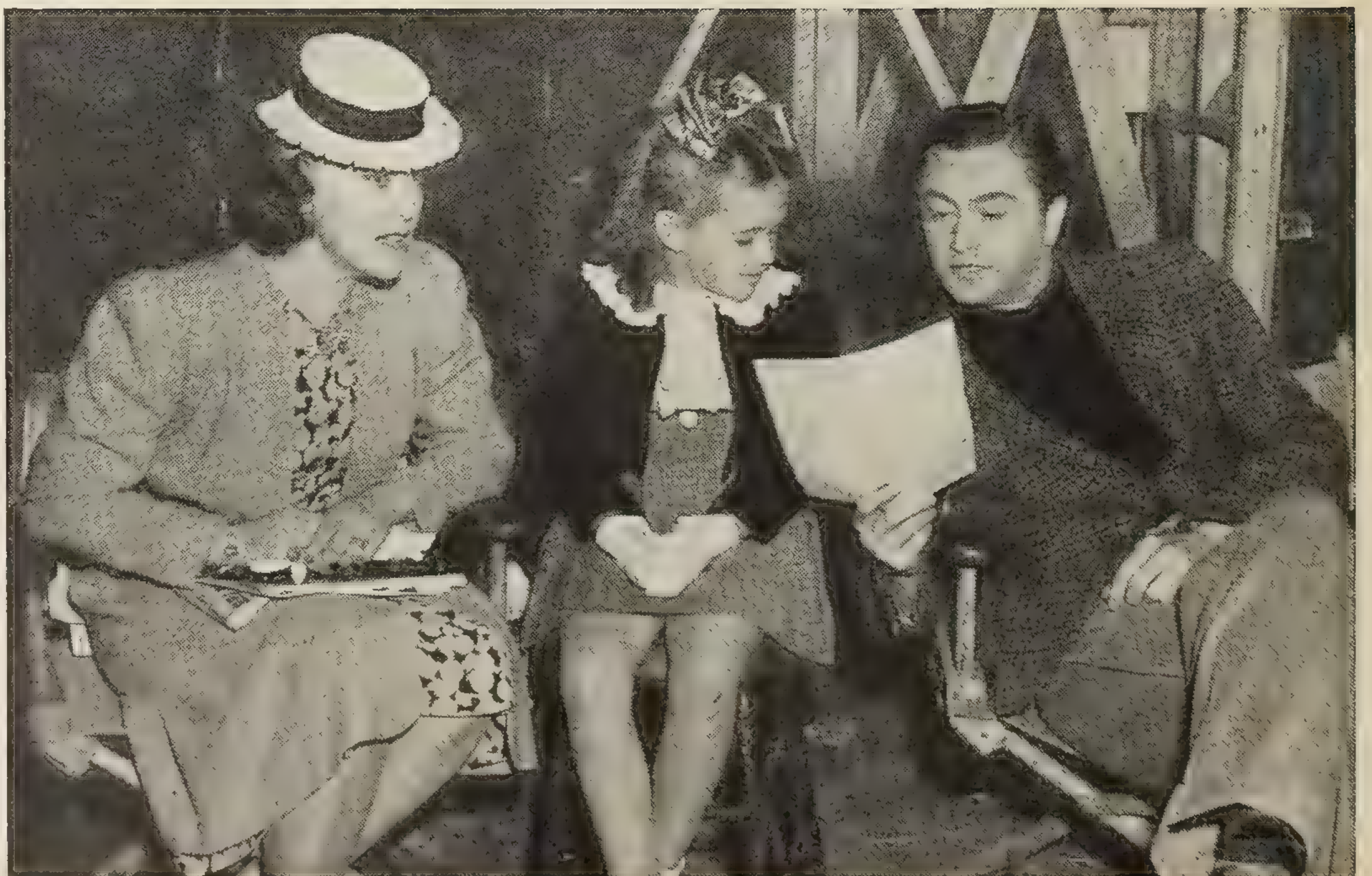
SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1.00 ONLY if for one or \$1.69 if for both, plus small postage charge, or enclose money with order and we will pay postage. State if Gold or Silver, giving size! RINGS are of the finest craftsmanship. Every jewel hand set and imported and U. S. Gov't duty has been paid. These are America's greatest imitations.

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NAME
 ADDRESS
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Bob Young crams his lines for the next scene, while daughter, Carol Ann, kibitzes. That's Mrs. Young (the former Betty Henderson) with them.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM NORMA SHEARER

(Continued from page 25)

On the other hand, some people thought I was upset at the publicity given my friendship with Mr. Raft. No, indeed! On the contrary, I was very pleased that people were so interested. I've always maintained anything that is true about me can be printed in screaming headlines. And this is true, our friendship, I mean. It has now reached the point where most of the reports have it that we are either rifting or planning to be married. Neither is true, at least not at present. We are very devoted friends. My children adore him. Our friendship is growing, not diminishing. But marriage is, to me, a very important matter.

Not that I never intend to marry again, which answers another question you've all asked me. I'd certainly like to remarry. I think I should for the children's sake. For my own sake, too. But I'll wait awhile.

And now I'm going to attack the pile of "why don't you write to me?" questions. I could answer by saying, "My dears, it's time—merely time. But I won't let it go at that. I'm going into this matter thoroughly, once and for all. You're going behind the scenes, back home with me to see how things really are.

When I'm making a picture I am, literally, in over my head; I drown in it. Then time, my own time to do with as I please, simply isn't. I get up at six every morning, take no breakfast and, with no more than a too-hasty goodbye kiss to the children, I'm off to the studio. I arrive between seven and eight, have breakfast in my dressing-room and my hair dressed as I eat. I work all morning, then have my lunch and see the morning's rushes, all in an hour. I work all afternoon and when I get home I have my hair shampooed (it has to be done every night so it will always look the same), often eat my dinner under a dryer, have a massage at nine and go to bed.

YOU wouldn't expect me to write then, now would you? "But between pictures," some of you ask, "why can't you write then?" Well, I mean to, but here's what happens: There are people I want to see, friends I haven't had a chance to see while working. There are business matters, not pertaining to pictures, to be attended to. There are household details, such as repairs, redecorations, the kitchen linoleum to be shellacked, all sorts of things like that to be attended to. I'm really very domestic at heart; I like to do these things myself and I feel cheated if I can't.

There is, above all, the time I spend with the children, supervising their wardrobes, their lives. I plan treats for them. I take them to the movies, Zoo, concerts. I go walking and swimming with them. I read to them evenings. I sort of "catch up" with their interests. I ask them all the questions I want to ask and answer all they ask me.

Then there are the conferences for the next picture, tests with cameramen, portrait sittings, fittings, the new part to be studied. There is the dentist.

"You do see, don't you? You realize that, by the time I begin another picture, not only have I NOT 'taken up French,' nor read many good books, but I haven't even caught up with your letters. Now,

Swing your partner!

Have the time of your life!

Your fun need never be marred by the dreadful thought that "revealing outlines" tell your secret! For Kotex ends never show! They're flat and invisible... entirely different from napkins with thick, stubby ends!

And for safety's sake, a new, improved kind of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

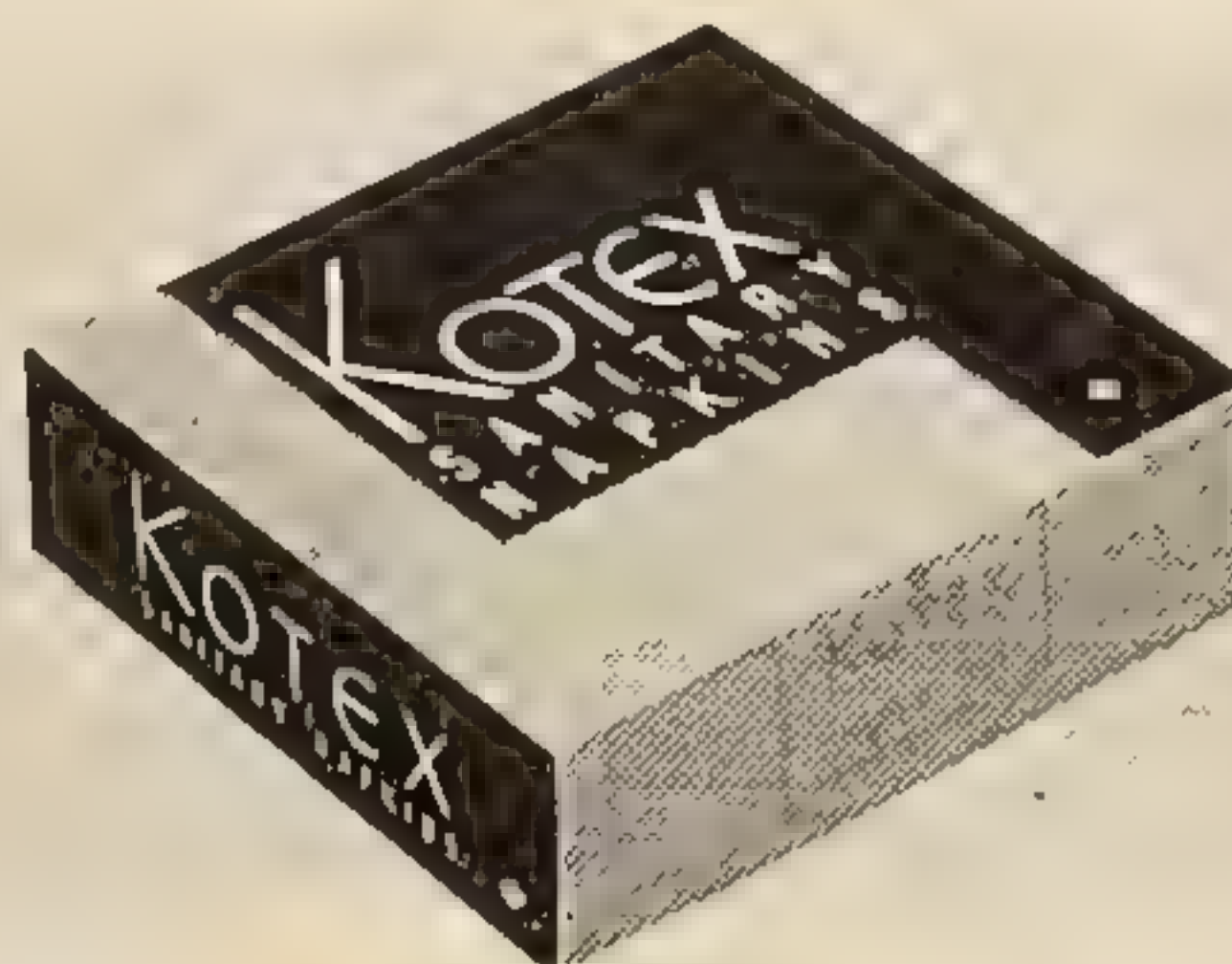


Excess baggage is costly on a plane trip! And excess bulk is uncomfortable in a sanitary napkin. Unnecessary, too! Kotex has a soft, *folded* center (with more absorbent material where needed... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally, this makes Kotex less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs)... All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers... flat, form-fitting ends... and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



FEEL its new softness

PROVE its new safety

COMPARE its new flatter ends

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

Your husband will think this is a 75¢ knife ...

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stores and
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LET him try the edge
—it's heat hardened
for lasting sharpness. Let
him try its flexibility—
the Geneva Forge blade
is drawn-tempered, gen-
uine cutlery stainless steel.
See if he believes how little
you paid for it!

The same amazing qualities
and values are found in all
Geneva Forge Knives—Paring
Knives and Vegetable Knives for
10c—25c; Butchers and Slicers for
25c—50c. Look for the Geneva Forge
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Sales Offices: 1949 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago

GENEVA FORGE
"Drive dull
care away!" **Cutlery**

have I explained my failure as a cor-
respondent? Tell me, please!

"What is your social life like?" I'm
asked. Well, I'm afraid I'm going to be
disappointing to those who like to think
I live in the midst of glitter and night-life
all the time. For my social life is the
way I want it to be—cozy, warm and
rather comfortable on the whole. I love
to go to my friends' houses for an eve-
ning. I love to have them come to my
house—Sylvia Fairbanks, Merle Oberon
and Alex, the Mervyn LeRoys, the
Charles Boyers, George, of course, and
others. I don't care for huge parties. I
seldom go to them and never, never give
them. Sixteen is the largest number I
ever entertain at home. This is because
I'm allergic to crowds, a real victim of
claustrophobia. I do love to go to Ciro's
now and then, of course; love to dance,
have fun. But—I also love to go to bed
early, read a book and eat an apple, as
I did when I was a child, and often do
now. I don't play bridge or any parlor
games. I like outdoor sports. I love seeing
movies and, since I'm fortunate enough to
have a projection machine at home, I al-
ways see four, sometimes five a week.

WHAT do you do with your old
clothes?" is another question I'm
asked. Well, for one thing, there are
guilds here in Hollywood for girls who
are trying to get jobs. I give some of my
clothes to them. Some I give to friends
and relatives. Sometimes we swap. No,
the clothes we wear in pictures are not
our own. We never take them off the lot.
We can buy them when the picture is
finished if we want to, but they are usu-
ally quite expensive and by that time
we've grown pretty tired of them! They
go back to the wardrobe department, are
remodeled and used again in other pic-
tures.

I'm often asked whether I am very
clothes-conscious. No, I don't think I am.
I never bother about complete wardrobes
except when I travel. At home I always
wear slacks and shirts and sweaters. To
me, clothes are a convenience. I never
like to be in that traditional feminine fix
where I say, "I have nothing to wear!"
I like to feel that I can be suitably and
comfortably dressed for all occasions and
that's about all. But I am very partic-
ular, even finicky, about my person. That
is, I'm fussy about my nails, my hair,
my skin.

I've been asked, "Do you smoke?" Yes,

I like to smoke, but just occasionally.

"Do you diet?" is another common
question. I don't go on fad diets, but I
have lost considerable weight this past
year by refusing second helpings and
that sort of thing. I eat the simplest kind
of foods and drink only fruit juices be-
tween meals. I eat a lot and eat fre-
quently. I have to if I want to keep
going, but I stick to the simple things.

A great deal of my fan mail has to do
with the picture I am making, the pic-
ture I am going to make, the number I
do a year and so on. Well, I've finished
"Escape" with Bob Taylor. And—oh,
I must tell you—I dyed my hair for the
part, something I've never done be-
fore. It's sort of a deep golden shade
and I like it so much I think I'll keep
it this way for a time. My next picture
will be "The World We Make"—and I'll
co-star with George Raft!

I am often asked whether we choose
our own stories. No, we do not. And we
should not, even if we were given that
privilege. We are not, for the most part,
forced to play parts we don't believe in,
or don't like—M-G-M is particularly
lenient with us in this respect.

Many people ask how tall I am. For
some reason, there seems to be the im-
pression that I am a very tall person,
I'm really only five feet three.

And now I come to a question asked
me, often all too sadly. "When your hus-
band died—how did you ever endure it?"

How did I "endure it?" I said at the
time, and I say now, that there isn't
any so-called consolation. I don't believe
the "it's-all-for-the-best," "it-had-to-be"
kind of comfort. I can only tell you that
I worked things out because, first of all,
I suddenly found myself feeling that life
is very short and that we simply have
to live it as best we may.

Gradually, then, everyday work, re-
sponsibilities begin to bring their satis-
faction. It's not that you forget, it's that
the business of life catches up with you.

Yes, I do believe that a woman, wid-
owed, should marry again. Especially if
she has had a very deep and great love.
For once we have loved someone very
deeply, we can't go on without loving
another. We've learned to give our love
to someone, and as long as we do, the un-
bearable becomes bearable.

And now I think I've told you most
of the things you asked me about in
your letters. I've asked some questions,
too. Please—it's your turn to answer me.

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No one could
understand how
Mary Martin
could whip from
one film to the
other (her latest
is "Love Thy
Neighbor"),
sans vacation,
and still hang
onto that tan of
hers. Her secret
is some serious
gardening every
single week-end!

SEVEN SINNERS

(Continued from page 52)

both had been in love and it hadn't worked out, and so they had tried to get away. Maybe they told the truth. At any rate, they believed each other and they both very much needed to believe in the decency of someone. She made him laugh. He made her feel right for the first time in a long while.

As the S.S. Malacca steamed into Boni Komba harbor a few days later, they stood on the deck together. They saw Little Ned half-salute and go dewy-eyed when he spied some American battle cruisers at anchor. Bijou explained he'd been on one for three years and, though something unpleasant had happened, he was still sentimental about the Navy. Some American sailors and officers mixed in the usual medley of rickshas, ox-carts and groups of natives and coolies on the dock.

"I'll miss you frightfully," the doctor said to her. Then he added, "I'll be waiting for you."

"When they throw me out?" asked Bijou with a grin.

"When you're tired of it," he answered and she was amazed to see that he meant it.

"The nicest man I ever knew," murmured Bijou and gave his hand a quick kiss, "Good-bye, Doc." And Bijou—and trouble—landed on Boni Komba.

Dorothy Henderson landed, too. She was met by Lieutenant Dan Brent and the Governor's very shiny official car. She hesitated a moment and then went over to Bijou. "I hope the Doctor told you how sorry I was that first day out," she said.

THAT was my mistake, Miss Henderson." Bijou could be polite, too.

Then Dan Brent came up and Dorothy, finding no way out, introduced him. She started back to the car.

"New flock of battle-wagons nested here, Lieutenant?" asked Bijou genially.

"Yes," he smiled. "The other outfit finished its sentence here six months ago."

"Sentence?"

"More or less. It's the kind of a place where you have to make up your fun as you go along."

"That's why I came," Bijou's low chuckle was music. "I'll be at Tony's Seven Sinners, and I promise to make this a happier island."

Little Ned hurried up. Seeing the officer, he froze to attention. Dorothy Henderson covered her temper with a smile

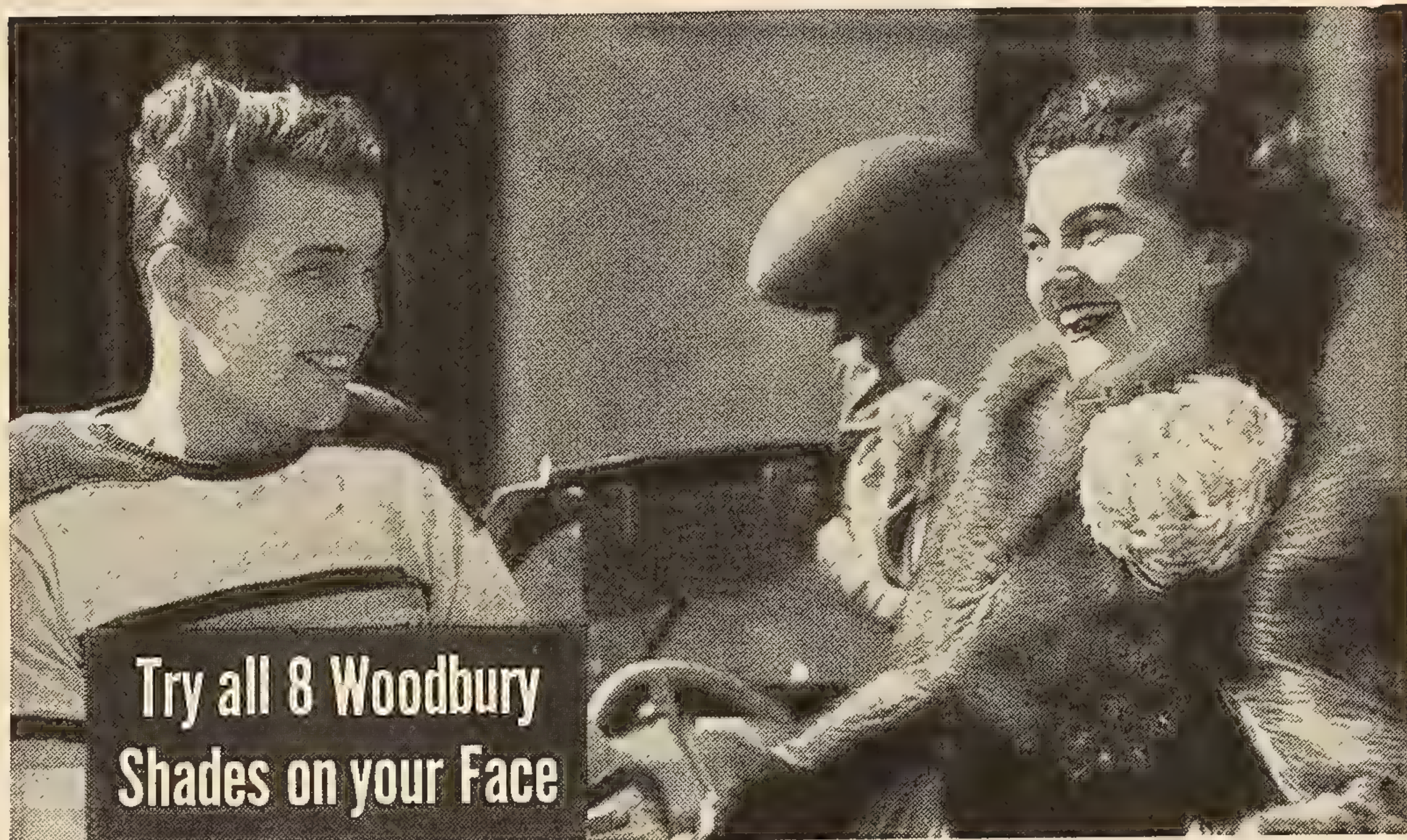
Solution To Puzzle on Page 62

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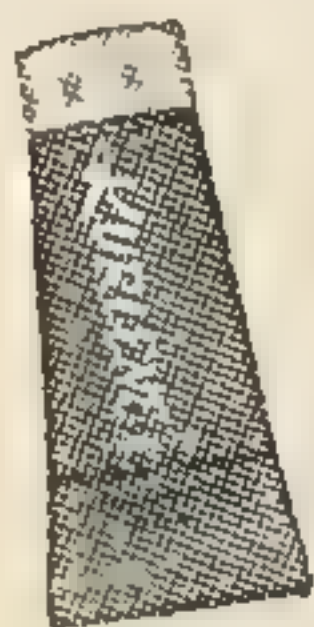
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and reminded Dan that she was there. The tête-à-tête was broken up. Bijou preened herself. "Tony will be frightened when he sees me," she explained to Little Ned and Sasha with amusement, "then he will celebrate."

There is no place more deserted in the daytime than a café that is lively at night. Over in one corner of the Seven Sinners a prosperous-looking Turk sat eating alone. At the other end of the room, a pianist stared absent-mindedly into space while his fingers idly picked out a tune. Tony had his back to the door and was doing a crossword puzzle. Suddenly the pianist saw Bijou. She motioned him to silence and approached Tony. She started to hum softly. Tony whirled, took one terrified look at her and was speechless. Bijou picked up a piece of ice from a bowl on the bar and put it in his mouth to cool him off.

She patted his cheek. "I'm back home again, Tony. Little Bijou back home to Tony." She laughed happily.

"No," said Tony getting his breath. "No. Your boat goes in an hour. You sit down. We have a drink. I love you, but you cannot stay. It is peaceful here now."

ANTRO, the Turk, came up. Bijou had known him in Shanghai and her memories of him were not pleasant. When she heard the click of billiard balls in the other room, she hurried away toward the lattice that separated it from the café.

Antro looked significantly at Tony. "I'll pay her wages if she comes to sing here." His offer was more like a command.

In the billiard room, Bijou found some young officers. Hilarious shouts began to come through the lattice. Bets were called as Bijou took over a billiard cue. She made a trick shot and applause broke out. At this moment Little Ned and Sasha, tired of waiting outside, came in. They told Tony that they were his new bouncer and waiter. Sasha added proudly that he could juggle as well as wait on tables. "Bijou hires us," they said confidently. Tony's expostulations were useless.

Antro broke into the argument. "Tell

me, Tony, is she going to sing for you?"

Tony listened to the sounds of joy from the billiard room and desperately ate another piece of ice. "Who am I?" he asked. "I say no. The Navy says yes! Maybe the Navy is right."

There was a party at Government House that night in Dorothy Henderson's honor. It was strange that so many young officers pleaded early-morning duty and left before the evening was over. Lieutenant Dan Brent, who knew they were departing not in line of duty but on a line for the Seven Sinners, was distressed. It was an affront to Miss Henderson, whose distinguished ancestors had been prominent in the Navy for as many generations as his own. When they talked of this, he found himself almost making a speech in his effort to express what the United States Navy really meant to him. Speech-making was not his habit, but when he tried to put his emotion into casual words, he found that no casual phrases could carry it. Perhaps he didn't know that, at that moment, Dorothy fell in love with him. He did know that when the others walked out pleading "duty," it was his job to bring them to their senses.

He strode into the smoke-filled café. Bijou was singing. Dan interrupted roughly. "Listen, you birds, you could have waited another half-hour! Some decent manners—" He laced into them.

Up on the platform, Bijou stopped her song. She spoke good-naturedly, "Would the Lieutenant like to say it from here?"

The oily Antro applauded. Everyone else was quiet. Dan looked savage. Tony was upset. He took Bijou aside and scolded. She had offended an executive officer. "Once more you start trouble," he wailed. "I give you one more week and then, for the love of heaven, leave!"

When she got back into the restaurant, Dan was gone. He did not come back. She saw him five days later. He was sitting in a ricksha outside a Chinese shop which Dorothy had entered to buy some vases.

Bijou went up to him impulsively. "Tony says I insulted you. He gave me a week to make things straight. I've only two more days." Her voice was penitent.



Some girls have all the luck! Leila Ernst's not only a Boston deb and a Broadway star, but she's also Jackie Cooper's best gal in "Life With Henry!"

"Bosh!" said Dan, "I was a jackass. I'll see him and make it right."

"Do you mean it?" she asked. Her gratitude was a bit elaborate. She made the most of it, and she looked into his eyes a little longer than was necessary. He leaned closer and so did she. It was a game she knew. Then Dorothy came out of the shop and Dan became very punctilious as he helped her into the ricksha and sat beside her. A smile tugged at the corners of Bijou's mouth as she watched them pull away.

There were those on Boni Komba who wondered if the Lieutenant's interest in Bijou would have got really serious if it hadn't been for his fight with Antro. Everyone knows that when a man fights for a woman whom he likes a bit anyhow, it does something to him. The Turk was in the café when Dan arrived to set things right for her with Tony. They had a small disagreement out in the restaurant. Dan went into the billiard room. Then Judson and some of the other officers got Bijou and him into a game and, knowing Bijou's skill with the cue, began to bet on her. It was all in fun until Antro joined the betting. He gave Bijou a threatening command to win when she purposely muffed the first shot.

"Make the same shot I saw in Shanghai," he ordered. "I'm warning you!"

For once she forgot her fear of him. "Warning me," she cried furiously, "because you could never put your filthy hands on me!"

The Turk grew nasty and Dan straight-armed him. Little Ned came up and saluted Dan, "I'm the bouncer, sir."

"Then do your stuff," advised Dan. But he had noticed that salute several times and later he asked, "Were you ever in the Navy?"

"Yes, sir—I missed sailin' at Singapore. I wuz in jail."

"Come and tell me about it some time," said Dan kindly.

THAT night, Dan arrived at Bijou's dressing-room with a bunch of wild orchids he'd picked on a hike in the late afternoon. "These things made me think of you—or I was thinking of you," he explained.

From then on, the order was romance—though a lot of people didn't call it anything as nice as that. Dan and Bijou were seen together constantly.

They wandered in the native quarter and found an old hag who told fortunes. She said to Bijou, "The young lady is a bird. Fly, bird—fly—fly—never make nest." They laughed at her. They laughed at everything because they were happy and in love. As the days sped by, Dan's infatuation was complete and his friends and his superior officers did not laugh. Neither did Dorothy when she visited the boat and found he scarcely saw her. At first, not one of them thought that Bijou really loved him. Then the few who began to suspect she did were more alarmed than ever. At last, the Governor called Tony to his office.

"There's to be an officers' party aboard ship," he said. "Bijou is on the list of entertainers. I don't want to make it official business but," he looked at Tony meaningly, "there are reasons why it would be better if she didn't appear. Aren't you her boss?" He made it clear he expected Tony to prevent her from going, but that he must do it without mentioning his name or saying it was anything official.

"Try to make her understand," said Governor Henderson as Tony left, "that the Navy has enough destroyers."

Tony did his best. As her boss, he told



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her he needed her in the café all evening. It wasn't enough. On the party night, Bijou, in make-up and costume, rushed out of the café promising gaily to return soon to take care of Tony's patrons. Her Malayan maid went along with a suitcase.

Chinese lanterns festooned the deck, a naval band played on an improvised platform, and lovely ladies and officers, handsome in dress uniforms, danced. Then the dancing stopped, the band began the song, "I've Been in Love Before," and Bijou came on singing. As she sang, her eyes hunted for Dan and found him. Dorothy Henderson and a young officer stood with her father. Her eyebrows went up as though to say to the Governor, "I thought you stopped this." Her father nodded, looking puzzled. The song ended with loud applause from the junior officers and ensigns. Dorothy congratulated Dan on the entertainment and forced him to ask her to dance. Dan knew there was venom in her apparently light comments.

Someone cut in on them and took Dorothy away just as Bijou came from her dressing-room to the deck. She had taken off her make-up and was wearing an especially charming dress. In a semi-daze, Dan took her into his arms as the music began again. There was a tap on his shoulder and he was told Commander Church wanted to see him instantly.

"See that that woman leaves the ship at once," barked the Commander.

"Orders, sir?" asked Dan.

"Orders," said the Commander.

"Aye, sir," Dan saluted, though he'd rather have used his hand as a fist.

He took Bijou back to the café. "Don't stay here any later than you have to," his voice caressed her, "because when I'm not in there looking after you, I'm not crazy about your being there. I'll see you tomorrow as soon as I'm free."

They could not speak of what had happened. It had hurt too much.

Commander Church did his best to make Dan understand what Bijou was, what everybody said of her. Dan maintained everybody was a liar. He stood on his inalienable right to his own private life and the fact that his commanding officer had no power to interfere with that. Church finally said, "Anyhow, we're moving out of here very soon. It will give you a chance to think things over."

"I'll be married before we sail," said Dan quietly.

In the governor's office another conversation took place soon after that. At Commander Church's suggestion, the governor had sent for Bijou.

"We have an announcement from Lieutenant Brent that he is going to marry you," the Governor informed her. "What have you to say to that?"

Bijou came to sudden life. "This is the first I've heard of it. Oh, I've dared to think about it—but—"

The Governor stamped out her swift happiness. He pointed out that she was not the sort for an officer's wife. He cited her record of deportation from the same island three years before. At first the old Bijou tried to brazen it out.

"You will not surprise Dan with this. He knows," she replied.

"All?" asked the Governor.

"Whatever is true. There are hundreds of lies," she snapped. "I've paid for every mistake I've ever made!"

Then the Governor told her of Dan's family, of their pride in him, of his chance for a fine career which she would wreck. He saw her begin to soften. She said she could not decide till she saw Dan. She became humble and earnest. "If

I have a chance, I'll make him the kind of wife no man ever dreamed of," she promised. "Can't I have a chance?" But he gave her no hope. He had nothing further to say. Miserably she went back to her cottage.

Bijou and Dan were deep in each other's arms. By the grapevine method, he had heard of Bijou's summons from the Governor and he had rushed straight to her.

"Don't let them frighten you, darling." There was tenderness for *her* and defiance for *them*. "They're outside their rights when they monkey with my personal life. I finally let 'em have it."

"What, Dan?" she gasped.

"I turned in my resignation from the Navy," he said and kissed her.

She buried her face on his shoulder.

LITTLE Ned hurried in to tell Bijou she was late for her show at the Seven Sinners. Seeing them, he pulled himself up short, but there was no use backing out.

"Run down there and tell Tony she's through with all that," ordered Dan happily, and to Bijou he said, "You hear? Never again."

"Never again," said Bijou, as excited as he was.

"I've a hundred things to do," he told her. "I'll be back as fast as I can make it." He picked her up off the floor, kissed her, and left—eager for the moment when he should return.

Little Ned stared at her a second, then anger went through him. He grabbed her. "What are you tryin' to make outta him—som'n like me?" he demanded. Bijou was furious. She kicked and tried to bite him, but Little Ned's loyalty to the Navy and to Dan, as part of it, was too strong. He held her till she subsided. "Listen, you!" he growled. "Keep quiet an' listen. You've gone off your nut. He'd kill you before six months—or if he didn't, he'd ought to. You got as much right to be an officer's wife as I got to be an an officer. Shut up!" he went on as she tried to speak. "I tell you no one can get the Navy outta his blood—never. An' after you're married, when he thinks about the years he's been in the Navy an' how he ain't there any more—an' he looks at you—My Gawd—if he didn't kill you, Bijou, you'd do it yourself. You don't want to hurt anybody—especially him!"

When he freed her, she was quivering. It was what she'd known all the time, only she hadn't been willing to admit

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it, even to herself. She stood a long time thinking. Little Ned watched her.

"Suppose the café floor show does have to wait," he muttered just to remind her. "What the hell!"

Suddenly Bijou made up her mind.

When she came out on the platform at the Seven Sinners, the place was full. Antro sat at his usual table. She sang a new song called "Man Overboard." After a while Dan came in. He was in civilian clothes. Then Bijou began moving down among the tables, singing to one man after another as though she liked it. She paid no attention to Dan. At first he thought she was light-headed from the pressure of the day, but she went on and seemed to know what she was doing even when she sat on Antro's lap. No one saw her give Little Ned and Sasha the nod which was a prearranged signal. Little Ned jerked her from Antro's knees with a shout "Don't bother the lady!" He picked the Turk up from his chair and smashed him down on the table. Sasha took a tomato from his pocket and aimed it well. A big longshoreman got it in the face and the melée was on—a typical Bijou riot. She dashed for the platform. Dan fought his way to her. He held her tightly.

"What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you—"

Bijou's voice was harsh, "Nobody tells me what to do. Get back in your uniform! You look like a grocery clerk." She laughed at him.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded.

"I must have been—but not now!" She turned away still laughing.

Little Ned picked her up and battled their way through the mob just as police sirens shrieked outside. Then he hurried back to the fight. The police climbed over Antro and others on the floor and



She came, she saw, she conga'd! That's Betty Grable in her grand new film, "Down Argentine Way."

surveyed the terribly wrecked café.

"Who started this fracas?" barked the Chief. "Do you know?"

Little Ned hated to answer, but he'd promised Bijou he would so that the plan could go through. He took the police to her dressing-room.

The next morning Little Ned was resplendent in the uniform of the U. S. Navy. Dan had helped him and his reenlistment had been accepted. He approached Dan on the deck of the cruiser that was about to depart. Dan was in uniform, too. "I'd like a few minutes leave, sir, just to say goodbye," he said.

"Say goodbye for me, too." Dan's tone was controlled.

Little Ned and Sasha went along to the S.S. Malacca which was in dock, ready to take a new lot of deportees on their next journey. From a distance Little Ned saw Dr. Martin on deck. He picked Sasha up and carefully carried him away from there. "She don't need you," he advised, "an' she don't need no goodbyes."

Dr. Martin saw Bijou by the rail. He took her by the shoulders and looked at her closely. There were tears in her eyes. She managed a crooked smile. "Any new governors any place, Doc?"

He paid no attention to that. He continued to regard her gently. "Health A-1?" he asked answering her smile.

"Health A-1," she responded.

He put his arm around her shoulders to steady her because he doubted if she could see through those tears.

From the deck of the cruiser, Dan trained his glasses on the Malacca. He saw Bijou standing by the rail with a man's arm about her, but it was too far to see that her eyes were wet.

"Sometimes," muttered Bijou shakily, "a girl just has to start a riot."

NOTICE HOW MANY MEN PICK WIVES

WITH LOVELY

"SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS!"



TO HELP KEEP YOUR SKIN ALLURING, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

SO YOU'RE ENGAGED TO ED! HOW GRAND! I'VE NOTICED THAT SUCCESSFUL MEN USUALLY PICK GIRLS WITH "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS" LIKE YOURS! I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN...



HAVE YOU TRIED PALMOLIVE SOAP? IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY SKIN!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, RADIANT!



WELL, YOUR GORGEOUS COMPLEXION CERTAINLY SPEAKS WELL FOR PALMOLIVE! SO, I'M GOING TO GET SOME RIGHT NOW! HERE'S HOPING THAT BEFORE LONG I'LL BE ANNOUNCING MY ENGAGEMENT, TOO!



MADE WITH
Olive and Palm Oils
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

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HAND LOTION IS
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**Try this Famous
CANADIAN-
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Chapped-Skin Lotion

Many well-known dermatologists recommend a lotion that not only softens your skin but also helps protect it against outside irritants.

Italian Balm gives *both* benefits — (1) *Softens* the skin, and (2) *protects* it too. In addition, it's accepted by the Advisory Committee on Advertising of Cosmetics of the American Medical Association — time tried and proved through dozens of cold winters in Canada, where Italian Balm originated in 1881. Long-lasting bottles at 10¢, 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

WOOLLY WONDERS



No. 1583. This one's "City Slicker." It's the smart torso length and features a bloused back and padded shoulders.

No. 1587. We call this the "Knit-Wit" 'cause it's a sweater with a sense of humor. It looks like a cardigan, but it's a slip-on!



It's all very well to keep warm these autumn days—but there's no reason to look grim about it! Keep cozy and beautiful in either of these two loves.

Both are eye-catchingly different, but easy as ABC to make. We consider the slip-on a campus "gotta have," and the cardigan is smart enough for town. Even a sweater wardrobe of Lana Turner-ish proportions isn't complete without 'em.

It's still a bit soon for that Santa Claus mood to hit you, but they do make stunning gifts, and it's a wise girl who does her Christmas knitting early!

Send in the coupon below with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The instructions are yours absolutely free.

**ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Directions for No. 1583.....

Directions for No. 1587.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope

Name

Street

City..... State.....

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 49)

SPORTING BLOOD

A few years ago, newsmen and photographers felt that Kay Francis was unduly snooty and often resented her attitude toward them and their work. But it's different these days. Kay's one of the best sports in the colony and there's no skeptic who'd dare say otherwise. Why, just the other day we caught her tacitly admitting that Elsie Borden, and not she, was the star of "Little Men." Walking from her car to the set, Kay stepped through a doorway over which hung a sign reading, "Through this portal passes the most beautiful cow in the world"—and she just chuckled! Once inside, she heard the mother of Richard Nichols, her four-year-old co-actor, order Richard to smile sweetly because he was about to meet Kay Francis. "Kay Francis," piped the youngster. "Who's she?" And Kay chuckled again.

PUBLIC NOT INVITED

California is the land of perennial sunshine, but when Hollywood film folk want a sun bath, they'd rather hie themselves to the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway than remain in their own backyards. After spending thousands of dollars constructing sun decks, patios, and reasonable facsimiles thereof, Myrna Loy, Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour have discovered that the

hills surrounding their homes offer excellent observation points to snoopers who enjoy watching famous figures drinking in their quota of Vitamin D. Investigation of a bevy of cars parked along the crest of the mountains disclosed the fact that dozens of people, equipped with either reasonably good eyesight or a decent pair of binoculars, have been having a high time peering at unsuspecting sun-seeking citizens. Now, if you read of the colony's wholesale return to the comparatively secluded night clubs and tennis courts, you'll know what's behind it!

FASHION NOTE

Rosalind Russell was having a load of trouble trying to remember a speech for a close-up the other day. Every time she went into a take, her lines escaped her—and her temper went right after them. As she stumbled for the fifth time, the director began to cough nervously and wonder if he oughtn't suggest that Miss Russell lie down and rest a bit. But, suddenly, Roz had a thought. "Hold everything," she ordered. "I'm going to do a Cary Grant!" Diving for her copy of the script, she ripped out the page containing the tricky speech, propped it up out of camera range and, just like a congressman, read her lines without a trip-up! "Cary scribbles notes on his cuffs," she explained, "but I don't have any. Another day like this one, though, and I'll have

my dresses trimmed with washable blackboards!"

CUBAN JUMPING BEAN

Desi Arnaz, the West Indian rhumba-riot who switched from Betty Grable to Lucille Ball when he switched from New York to Hollywood, has decided to make another important change. After twenty-three years of Cuban citizenship under the name of Desidero Alberto Arnaz y De Acha, Desi wants to become a citizen of these United States. He's already applied for his first papers, but this step toward Americanization isn't impressing his fellow-RKO'er, Ginger Rogers. Ginger still refers to him as the "Cuban George Raft."

CARBON COPY CAROLE

A few weeks after "They Knew What They Wanted" finished shooting, Director Garson Kanin discovered he needed Bill Gargan for some retakes. One of them was a continuation of a scene wherein Bill, having been soundly kissed by Carole Lombard, faces the camera with her mouth clearly outlined on his. Bill came down to the studio and immediately reported to the make-up man who was to apply an impression of Carole's lips. The job should have taken just a few minutes but an hour later it still wasn't completed. The make-up man, having tapped



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because it's filled with flavor through and through

That fine, tastier flavor of Beech-Nut Gum will last you a mighty long time. Why? The finest flavors are mixed through and through to bring you a more tempting flavor in each piece of Beech-Nut Gum.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
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Beech-Nut Gum

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM
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MADE OF GUM BASE, SUGAR, CORN SYRUP, FLAVOR AND SOFTENING INGREDIENTS
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THE Make-up Surprise OF YOUR LIFE!



It's waiting for you—the very *first* time you use **HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE!** This wonderful beauty foundation . . .

- gives your skin a soft, smooth, more youthful appearance
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HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE "makes" your make-up. It's the *perfect* powder base because it is light, non-greasy, easy-to-use, in convenient stick form . . . and most important, it comes in your *own* complexion shade.

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Short men look surprisingly tall in these new amazing shoe styles. Largest in direct-selling shoe line for men and women sent **FREE** by leading manufacturer to salesmen. Good pay every day. No experience needed. Low money-saving prices. Send no money—just write for "big shoe sales outfit—**FREE**."

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SERVANT TROUBLE
A Columbia Picture

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can instantly beautify your hair with L. B. Hair Oil! Famous Hollywood discovery makes hair lustrous, easy to manage, abundant-looking . . . at once! Removes loose dandruff, relieves dryness, itchy scalp and other danger signs that often lead to falling hair and baldness! Play safe! Get L. B. NOW!

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REG. 25¢ BOTTLE L. B.
**FREE: HAIR OIL. SEND 10¢ FOR
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HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

all his talents, finally had to concede that no brush of his could recreate a Lombard kiss! Kanin was desperate. Production costs were mounting and he had to complete the scene. Then, slowly, the light of inspiration appeared in his eyes. He rushed to a phone, dialed the Gable ranch and explained his predicament to Carole. Carole caught on. An hour later she was on the set, smacking Gargan's lips for all she was worth. When she finally stepped back, Kanin squealed with delight. The impression she had made perfectly matched the one she'd left weeks earlier! "Why not?" asked Carole as the crew congratulated her. "It's a print off the same negative!"

DRESSING-ROOM NOTES

When Paulette Goddard checked in for work in "Second Chorus," studio executives proudly ushered her into the dressing-room formerly occupied by Joan Bennett. It was a fancy, frilly affair, done in pale blue and white. Confidently, the big bosses awaited the Goddard gurgles of delight, but Paulette fooled them. Taking one quick look about, she said, "This room is too feminine for me," and walked out. When she returned, the entire place had been done over in her favorite tan . . . Orson Welles, on the other hand, seems happy enough with the dressing-room assigned to him for use during the making of "Citizen Kane." Orson is occupying Gloria Swanson's satin-lined studio boudoir and has a great time relaxing on a sirenish divan, putting his big feet on Gloria's \$50 pillows, and aiming paper pellets at the unexplained bullet holes which have peppered the wall since Gloria's day . . . Dorothy Lamour's dressing-room is hung with a new picture frame which contains the report of a radio audition she made in Chicago in 1932. Filed under the name of Mary

Lambour, it reads: "Description—brunette, slender, fairly good-looking; talent—auditioned as a singer; remarks—not recommended."

(MIL)LAND LEGS

Legs, legs, who owns Hollywood's most beautiful legs? That question *still* isn't answered! Dietrich, Colbert, Grable, Goddard, Rogers—all have entered their bid for the honor but it has never found a resting place. Now, a new contender steps forth—and this time it's a he! Patric Knowles blushing admits that the International Apollo Club has voted him the possessor of the town's most beautiful limbs! The colony's glamour queens aren't particularly upset by this new competition—but Mrs. Ray Milland is! She thinks Ray's stems have the form and appeal of an Earl Carroll beauty's—and try as he will, her unhappy husband can't keep her from airing her views before any friend or foe who'll lend an ear!

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE ACTRESSES

John Barrymore is just wandering around these days. He's in-between pictures and, not having much to do, spends most of his time ambling about town paying surprise visits to old friends. The other day, his roving feet took him to the set of the "Philadelphia Story" where his pal, Katharine Hepburn, was cavorting with Cary Grant and Virginia Weidler. After critically, but silently, observing several takes, John strolled up to Hepburn. "Katie," he said, "do you know who's the best actress in Hollywood?" Hepburn braced herself. "Who, John?" she asked with affected casualness. "Little Virginia Weidler, of course,"



"Cherry," June Preisser's cocker spaniel, is literally a "movie hound!" He's constantly lurking around the set trying to meet celebrities.

boomed the treacherous Profile. "She reminds me of my grandmother, Georgianna Drew, who was the best actress in the whole world!"

DOLORES' NIGHTSHIRT

Dolores Del Rio worships beauty in general—and her own in particular. Blessed with an exquisite face and a satin-skinned torso, she sacrifices practically all of her time and effort at the altar of her lusciousness, devoting at least 12 of her 15 daily waking hours to beauty treatments of one variety or another. Maybe you think that sets some sort of record, but you haven't heard the topper. We've just learned that before going off to sleep, Dolores anoints her entire body with a special skin oil, wraps herself in cotton batting, and passes the night looking like a greased mummy who would scare the ghost of Rameses II!

SHOOT THE GLAMOUR TO ME, MAW

Maria Sieber is the "mystery woman" of Hollywood's younger set. She's 15 years old, tall, extremely plain, and so shy that not one of the town's teen-agers has even met her. Yet, we'll wager that a year from today Maria Sieber will be hailed as the biggest thing that's ever hit the movie colony! Marlene Dietrich will see to that, for Maria is her daughter and Marlene has announced that when "Seven Sinners" is completed, she will devote the remainder of the year to grooming her child for a film career. If Maria learns just half of what mama can teach her, she's going to be tremendous, for



Joan Bennett (who's going to let her hair grow blonde again) is lovelier than ever as the Grand Duchess in her new costume film, "The Son of Monte Cristo,"—an exciting sequel to "The Count."

Marlene has talents no one can match. Even Helga Garnett, wife of "Seven Sinners' " Director Tay Garnett, is awed and impressed by the effect the glamour queen has on men—including her own husband. Reports Helga: "Since Tay began working with Miss Dietrich, he won't dream of leaving home in any but his best clothes. And what's more—he now shaves *every morning!*"

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

The Hollywood Reporter, popular local newspaper, has taken a warm personal interest in Jeffrey Lynn's warm personal interest in Dana Dale. The paper is watching the romance closely and, in the past two months, has noted its progress in items as follows: (a) which appeared when the pair first discovered each other—"Jeffrey Lynn is walking Dana Dale's dog," (b) which appeared several weeks later—"Jeffrey Lynn, who used to walk Dana Dale's dog, is now walking Dana Dale" and (c) which turned up most recently—"Jeffrey Lynn and Dana Dale are now walking Dana Dale's dog." We've no assurance it will happen, but we expect to pick up our Reporter any day now and find that "Dana Dale's dog is now walking Jeffrey Lynn and Dana Dale!"

DIDJA KNOW

That Cary Grant has been photographed in pajamas more than any other man in Hollywood . . . That Warner Bros. has returned Jane Bryan's name on their contract list and will exercise their option rights should Jane decide on a flicker comeback . . . That Anita

She looks like a Million

... BUT SHE HASN'T MUCH SENSE!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

SORRY YOU HAD TO BLACKJACK YOUR FRIENDS INTO DANCING WITH ME AGAIN TONIGHT, BOB

SIS, YOU'D WOW THE STAGLINE, NO FOOLING, IF ONLY--WELL, DO ME A FAVOR? SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION TO THE STAGLINE TONIGHT, SIS!

ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, BOB? AND ALL BECAUSE I'VE A BROTHER WHO MADE ME HAVE SOME SENSE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY, WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
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OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

**SHOW OFF! JUST
'CAUSE ONEIDA'S
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Means **EXTRA SILVER WHERE
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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get **BROWNATONE** today.

**BABY FEET
RUINED**
in
**OUTGROWN
SHOES**

Effect of Outgrown Shoes

Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you *must* change to new shoes often. Baby doctors all over America tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those **CORRECT** baby shoes which cost so little. Infants' Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. Schulte-United Stores
I. Silver & Bros. F. & W. Grand
G. R. Kinney Company

WEE WALKER
Shoes

FREE: Baby foot measuring scale in pamphlet on fitting. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKERS for the *wee walker*

Louise refused to remove her wedding ring for a scene in "Glamour for Sale" and that a make-up man had to cover it with adhesive tape and grease paint before the play could go on . . . That Walter Pidgeon is a vegetarian . . . That Jimmy Stewart now has sufficient hours in the air to take his examination for a transport pilot's license . . . That Nelson Eddy eats constantly . . . That Fred MacMurray is studying blueprints for a nursery to be added to his Brentwood home . . . That Penny Singleton's four-and-one-half-year-old daughter is so in love with Errol Flynn, she's completely covered her bedroom walls with pictures of Errol clipped from magazines and newspapers . . . That Larry Simms' stand-in is his own niece, five-year-old Gloria Deriver . . . That Dave Rose has gone East to write a symphony which he will dedicate to Judy Garland?

SHORT SHOTS

Carole Landis' first husband is trying to sell the story of their marriage to a pulp magazine . . . Errol Flynn will be the next movie "queen" to don a sarong. He'll wear it in "Jonas-Ma," a South Seas Island story . . . Olivia de Havilland is taking flying lessons from the man who taught Jimmy Stewart . . . Patricia Morison is paying premiums on a five-year insurance policy protecting her against a possible matrimonial venture and resultant loss of work . . . George Brent claims Ann Sheridan thinks almost like a man . . . and he said *thinks!* . . . Tony Martin cleared better than \$10,000 a week on several weeks of his p.a. tour . . . Devoted pop, John Payne, is putting every fourth salary check into a bank account for his daughter . . . Jane Withers' new bicycle has a radio on its handlebars . . . Universal says it's looking for a baby to play Baby Sandy as a baby!

WHO'S BEEN FRAMED

What does a big, bad bachelor's home look like? Is it hung with autographed portraits of his conquests and the dried-out

scalps of those who said no? A friend of ours attended a stag gathering at Cesar Romero's new house and came out with the answer. Throughout the entire place there are only two pictures of women—and both are Ann Sheridan! And interesting is the fact that one of them, a candid shot showing Annie at her beautiful best, looks out of a costly red morocco frame given to Cesar by . . . Joan Crawford!

MAN OF PROPERTY

Landlords in Hollywood are very much the same as landlords the country over. They're the gentlemen you'd like to boil in oil, who invariably turn up when you're entertaining fourteen relatives, to remind you that it is later than you think. There's one landlord in town, however, whose tenants would literally greet him with open arms—if he'd let them. He's Tyrone Power, sole owner of the Tyrone Apts. and a half dozen other apartment-hotels located in a not-too-prosperous district of the movie colony. According to Real Estate Owner Ty, his holdings yield him more satisfaction than they do revenue. Their rentals are fairly cheap, (average \$30 a month for a completely furnished apartment), and he's bought them only because, in his struggling actor days, he swore he'd some day own every hotel he was thrown out of. "I'll own half the city of Los Angeles before I'm through," he admits, and he's not exaggerating!

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



Glamour with a Southern accent—that's Virginia Dale, blonde dazzler from North Carolina. She was a song-and-dance-gal with an orchestra when a talent scout found her. Now she has a part in "Dancing on a Dime."

WHAT MAKES THE MOVIES BEHAVE?

(Continued from page 29)

garbage. But what's left will be pure, and no reformers will kick. Now, do you want me?"

They wanted him. Breen demanded that he see every script before it went to the camera and every picture after it was taken out of the camera. And he didn't waste time laying down the law. He rejected a Jean Harlow script three times in a week. He made Paramount do a Bing Crosby scenario over twenty times, because it was too risqué. He cut an M-G-M scene that showed Jeanette MacDonald being carried to a sofa, and wrote to M-G-M, "I will pass this only if Miss MacDonald keeps her feet on the floor as she is placed on the sofa."

Today, every movie in Hollywood must be okayed by Joe Breen if it is to get the Purity Seal. Breen doesn't like his okay to be called the Purity Seal. Too prissy. Prefers the term "Certificate of Approval." Should a Hollywood producer disobey Breen and try to sneak a movie through without the Purity Seal, he would be boycotted by 98% of the nation's theatres and fined \$25,000!

But none of the producers disobey. During the past year, 4,000 stories were submitted to Breen by various studios. Of these, 600 were finally produced, although only two of them were entirely banned.

Good example of a censored script would be the recent one based on the sex life of Dixie Davis, which was hot enough to fry eggs on, and which Breen rejected for use by any studio. Example

of censored scenes would be the cutting of Claudette Colbert's hotcha can-can dance from "Zaza" and the modification of the bit in "Elizabeth and Essex" where Errol Flynn slapped Bette Davis on her beam end. Example of a censored still picture would be the recent shot of Maureen O'Hara and Lucille Ball doing a dance with their thighs peeking out over black silk stockings. It was finally okayed when RKO had the girls' thighs painted black at Breen's request.

TO appreciate Hollywood censorship, to learn how movies are made to behave, you have to first take a peek into Breen's own version of Mein Kampf—a tiny, gray-covered, eight-page booklet labeled "The Production Code." This Bible of behavior à la cinema dictates what every good little movie producer must put in and leave out of his expensive epic.

Under the heading of "Crimes Against the Law," there are these Breenisms: "The technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation. Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail. Revenge in modern times shall not be justified."

Under the heading of "Sex," are numerous stern warnings. According to one paragraph, "Scenes of passion should not be introduced when not essential to the plot. Excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive postures and gestures are not to be shown." According to another paragraph, "Seduction or rape

should never be more than suggested. . . . They are never the proper subject for comedy." According to scattered paragraphs, "White slavery shall not be treated. Sex relationships between the white and black races are forbidden. Scenes of actual childbirth are never to be presented. Children's sex organs are never to be exposed!"

Under the heading of "Profanity" is one emphatic paragraph reading, "Pointed profanity—this includes the words God, Lord, Jesus, Christ (unless used reverently), Hell, S.O.B., damn or every other profane or vulgar expression however used—is forbidden."

Under the heading of "National Feelings," Joe Breen dictates in a manner that recalls his diplomatic training, to wit, "The use of the flag shall be consistently respectful. The history, institutions, prominent people and citizenry of other nations shall be represented fairly."

In order not to offend any person, nation or institution, and in order to follow the canons of "The Production Code," Breen is constantly in hot water about movie villains. For example, Mexico will protest a Mexican villain, Italy will ban a picture with an Italian villain, the medical profession will protest if the villain is a doctor and a thousand persons will sue if a movie villain happens to have the same name as themselves.

Once, grasping at a last straw, Walter Wanger, in making "Stand-In" with Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell, made his villain a movie producer. Joe Breen



ANNE DEWEY, LOVELY SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE JUNIOR, SAYS:

For that modern natural look

USE THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE
BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Naturalness! Freshness! The appealing charm of gay, young "collegiennes"! That's the way the men of today want *you* to look—and you can, if you'll use the thrilling Marvelous Face Powder, keyed by Richard Hudnut to the *color of your eyes*.

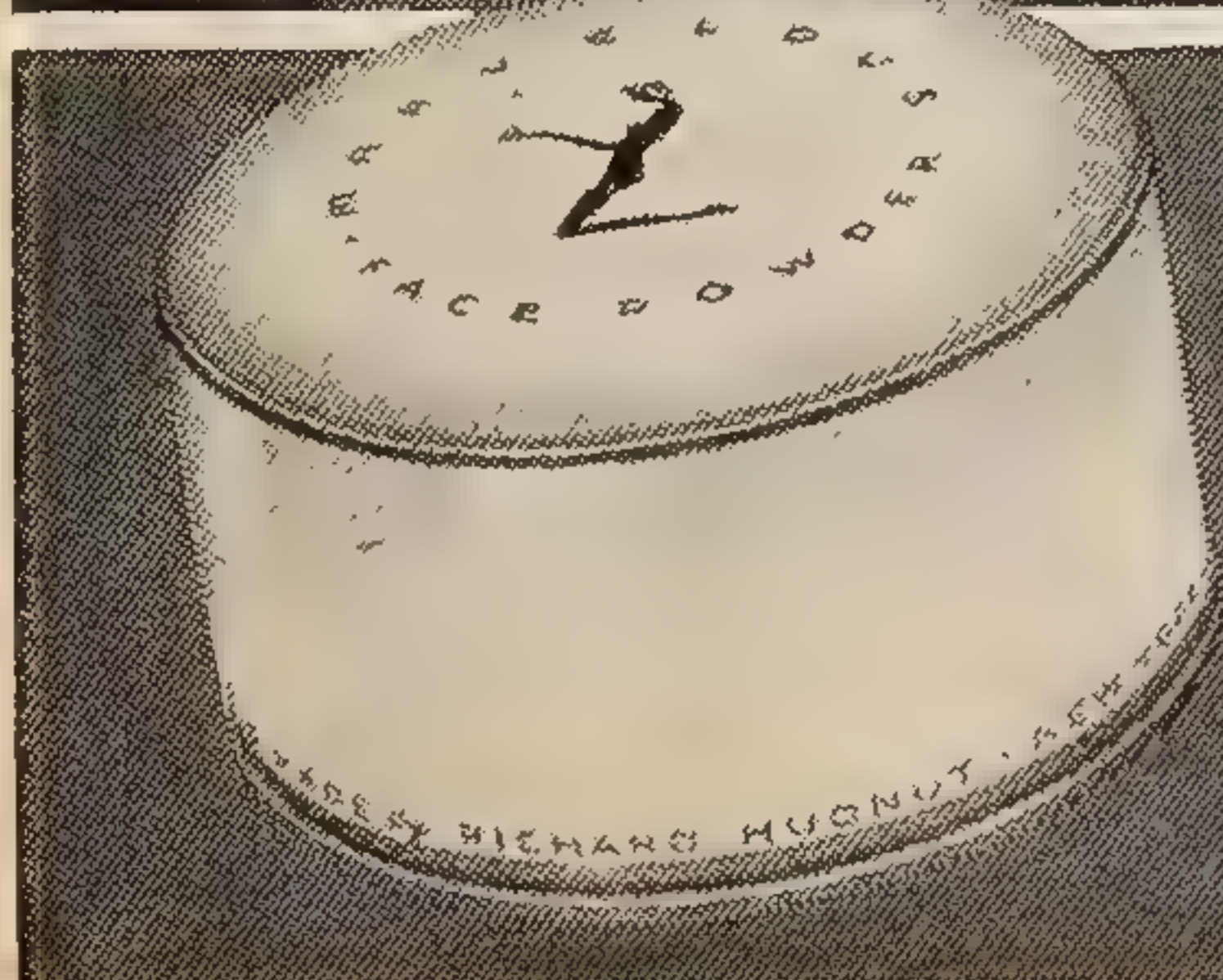
For you choose Marvelous by the *color of your eyes*! Eye color, as you know, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. *It's the simplest guide to the powder that gives*

you that *natural* appealing look.

So—whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel—it's easy to find the shade that's *right* for you in Marvelous, the powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

You'll love the way Marvelous smooths on . . . the way it clings for hours . . . agrees with the most sensitive skin! Try it today! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)



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Just a few minutes' use of Barrington right after the work is done keeps your hands soft and smooth. Barrington Hand Cream has won wide acclaim from its thousands of users and is now available in large size jars. See how much more quickly than a lotion Barrington Cream makes your hands soft, smooth and white.

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10¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

okayed this with a sly grin. Promptly, five famous movie producers phoned and croaked, "You can't make bums out of us! What will people think?"

"Our office," Breen will explain without necessary prompting, "cannot always worry about what people will think. I get about two hundred letters a day telling me what to put in or leave out of movies. The only way we can satisfy everyone and still put a villain into a film is to have him a white, native born American, without a job, and with no political, social, religious, fraternal or industrial affiliations. Which doesn't allow us much leeway to use anyone except Donald Duck!"

Once every week, flanked by members of his staff, Breen rivets his keen gaze on virginal celluloid products. In one hand he holds a notebook, and into it he makes his important notes. Take a glance at some of his typical and more historic jottings—

To: Mr. Jack Warner. Re: "Robin Hood."

"I'm afraid political censor boards throughout the world will delete the action of Errol Flynn as Robin Hood kicking the sheriff in the stomach."

To: Mr. Louis B. Mayer. Re: "Test Pilot."

"Be careful with the attire of Gable lying on the bed in Scene 376. You know, of course, that audiences find distasteful scenes of men clothed only in their underwear. The business, in Scene 484, of Myrna Loy spraying perfume behind her ears should be deleted. Please eliminate the word "floozy" in Scene 36."

On every picture he has observed for six years, Joe Breen has made these terse reports. And the producers, aware that he is their good will ambassador to the public, their money-saver with pressure groups, have behaved.

No objectionable scene ever escapes Breen's eye. No word of objectionable dialogue ever goes in one ear and out the other. In "The Old Maid," you may recall Bette Davis has an illegitimate

child. Breen and his workers didn't mind this. But they didn't want it given too much attention. "Make your point," Breen warned Warners, "and then leave it and go on with the picture!" In the first version of "Juarez," there was a shot showing the face of Maximilian, played by Brian Aherne, as he lay dead. Breen protested. Said it wasn't in the best taste. It was scissored.

In "Naughty But Nice," Ann Sheridan said to Dick Powell, "I'd love to go to college and study under you." The Purity Seal was withheld until this two-edged sentence lay on the cutting room floor. In an M-G-M auto racing show, the words "punk," "tramp" and "fast worker" were cut. In a movie with Zorina, Eddie Albert was shown using some slugs instead of nickels. Breen frowned and wrote, "This is a detail of crime which might too easily be imitated. Drop it." In a recent Selznick picture, the navels of Indians appeared on the screen. Breen insisted that they be draped.

TODAY, with Europe aflame, with the foreign market a corpse, Hollywood producers have been concentrating on movies for the South American trade.

Joe Breen, after studying Latin tastes, warned filmville big-wigs not to present Latins as killers or to place violence against South American backgrounds. Zanuck attempted this with "Four Men and a Prayer," and his picture was banned in South America.

Two years ago, Peru shelved "Tale of Two Cities" with Ronald Colman, "Black Fury" with Paul Muni, and "Beloved Enemy" with Merle Oberon because they all featured mob scenes and spy plots. South American countries don't want their hot-tempered señors to get ideas from such films. They've had enough violence—473 revolutions in the last century! For similar reasons, Panama refused to display "Armored Car." It was a gangster film. Mexico banned "Lawless Rider" because in it a Mexican character was ridiculed and kicked around.



Heading for the last clown-up! Harpo, Groucho and Chico, the mad Marx Brothers, are up to their old tricks again in "Go West." This is the funniest one they've ever made—and what's more it has lots of love interest! She's beautiful Marion Martin, erstwhile Follies girl from Philadelphia.

Breen's troubles are endless. Though a picture may have his okay, may have the okay of South American censors, sometimes it still brings down the wrath of Latin churches. Last year, after a movie showing Dorothy Lamour with too much anatomy and not enough sarong was released, placards were pasted on the doors of all churches in Argentine. They read:

"Fathers and mothers—Recognize your responsibility. One single hour passed in the obscurity of a cinema that shows a bad reel, destroys in the soul of your children the work of a year accomplished by the church, the home and the school."

To fight this, Breen has now advised Hollywood producers to grind out pictures exalting Latin heroes like Simon Bolivar and has increased his own vigilance over objectionable scripts.

HOWEVER, the thing that's converted Breen into an aspirin consumer has been the strict censorship of films outside the Americas. For, no matter how careful he is, there's always something wrong. To convince you, once and for all, that Breen has the toughest task in the colony, thumb over some of these foreign cuts:

Egypt sliced a scene showing Jane Withers escaping from an orphanage. They said, "This might set a bad example for our school girls." Dr. Ahmed Bey, their head censor, also barred "British Agent," claiming it was propaganda for Communism.

England, very touchy about dialogue, changed the line, "The fate some call worse than death" to the inane "The fate some call" in a Leslie Howard movie. And in "The Fighting 69th," they deleted the Lord's Prayer as recited by Pat O'Brien. Odd thing about England has been that, though they'll permit any amount of nudity and sex, they won't accept any cruelty to animals.

An oriental problem child for Joe Breen has long been Japan. They barred one Jack Benny comedy because "its wisecracks are too low-brow for Japanese audiences." In "Knight Without Armour," with Marlene Dietrich, they slashed all scenes that might give moviegoers the idea that war wasn't noble. In the past year Tokyo censors ripped 8,000 feet of kisses out of Hollywood's passionate celluloid!

After a long day of reading scripts, arguing with producers and actors, staring at new movies—Joe Breen is happy to reach his comfortable \$60,000 home, to relax with his wife and four children and to chat with his neighbors, Fredric March and Frank Morgan. He does, however, carry censorship into his own home—the word "taboo" being taboo!

Thus, my friends, are your movies made to behave. Joe Breen's power is limitless. He can tell off millionaires. He can even fly to foreign countries to plead with their heads on a debatable point. But there is one type of censorship he can't do a thing about. It came up not so long ago, when Breen received a cable from the little country of Estonia. It seemed they had banned something labeled "Double Wedding." Their reason for censoring the entire film was very curt. It was summed up in one pungent word, "Worthless."

INFORMATION DESK MODERN SCREEN

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Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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AND THE NEAREST DOCTOR 21 MILES AWAY"



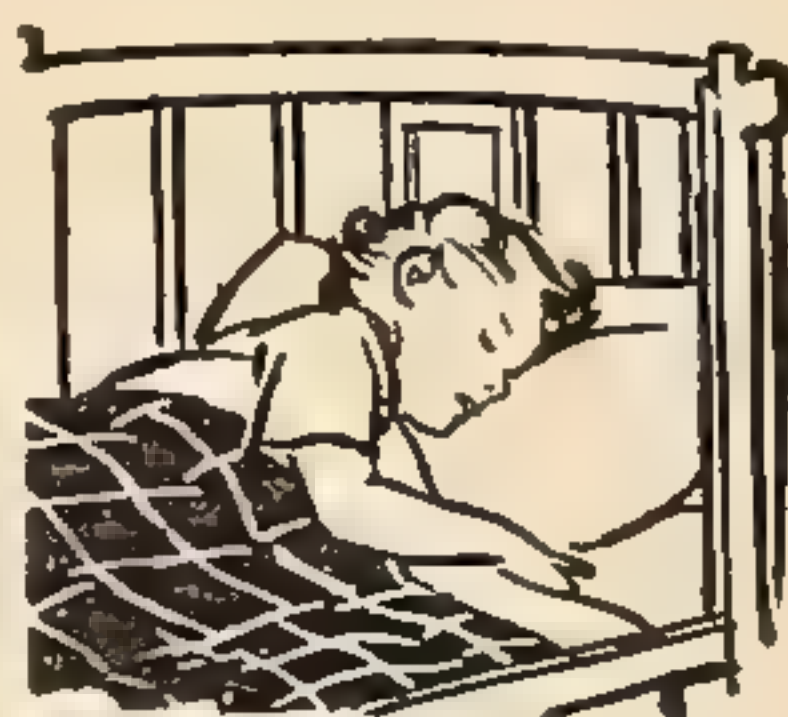
I RAN FOR HELP... I grabbed my hat and ran across fields to my nearest neighbor's. I told her what was wrong with my child.

HELP!... I needed help, I needed it quick. My only child had a mean cold. His upper air passages were clogged. He was coughing. He felt miserable.



LOOK! ASLEEP ALREADY! Thanks to her priceless advice—and the IMPROVED VapoRub treatment—Bobby soon fell off into restful sleep. By morning, most of the misery of his cold was gone.

IT'S ONE BEST WAY... She gave me some real sound advice, about how to relieve miseries of a cold, and a jar of Vicks VapoRub. She said: "Be sure to use it the improved, better way!"



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No matter where you live...no matter what you have done in the past to relieve misery of colds, chest colds, coughing colds...discover how effective the "VapoRub Massage" can be!

Perfected by Vicks staff of Doctors, the "VapoRub Massage" is an improved way to use Vicks VapoRub—and make its valuable poultice-and-vapor action more effective.

You simply spread Vicks VapoRub thick as a plaster over throat, chest and back (over the area where you can feel the ribs). Massage and rub it well into the surface skin for 3 full minutes. Then watch this "VapoRub Massage" treatment bring relief from discomfort and misery as it...

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STIMULATES—works on chest and back like a warming poultice or plaster.

To relieve misery of children's colds and adult colds, too—to loosen phlegm, ease coughing and muscular soreness, relieve localized congestion—thousands upon thousands of mothers now depend on "VapoRub Massage."

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Tonight have him put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. It's an effective way to help clear the nose when it is clogged up with transient congestion that hinders breathing, spoils sleep and often causes snoring.

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FINGER FASHIONS

(Continued from page 43)



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Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

After shaping your nails, soak your finger tips in warm, sudsy water for five or ten minutes. Apply a softener to the nail bases and sides, and push back cuticle with an orange stick. Clip any rough cuticle edges and hangnails, but do as little cutting as possible. It only encourages faster growth. There is a liquid cuticle remover that does excellent work and practically eliminates cutting. After using it, you can wipe dead cuticle away with a towel.

Now rinse your hands and whiten under the nail tips with paste or pencil. Dry thoroughly and apply your polish. Powder or paste polish buffed into your nails with a chamois-covered buffer smooths the surface for liquid polish. Or apply a clear, liquid polish foundation and let it dry thoroughly. Liquid polish should be applied quickly, with not more than three or four brush strokes (and be sure there are no loose hairs in the brush you are using). The exotic type of nails may be covered from one tip to the other with even the crescent included. If yours are the artistic type, cover the nail tips but not the crescents; if they are creative, both tips and crescents may be exposed, though, of course, to make the fingers appear longer the entire length should be covered. The small, very ladylike sort of nails may look best with both tips and crescents exposed. The same rule applies to your rounded, practical, business-like nails. A coat of protector, applied after liquid polish has dried, will make it look smoother and last much longer, too.

WE'D like to emphasize that working the cuticle back and snipping it is very often the cause of split, ragged cuticle. Soften yours with oils and creams, and push it back carefully every time you wash your hands. If you do this while the cuticle is soft and easily controlled, you'll save yourself a lot of cutting and the resultant danger of infection. Hangnails often come from abuse of the cuticle, the use of inferior brushes and the general neglect of hands that otherwise might be soft and femininely charming. Brittle nails, on the other hand, may be caused by too much exposure to water, sun or soil, as well as to neglect in using oils and lotions regularly. Your diet may also be at fault. Foods rich in calcium and minerals are essential to strong, pliable nails. They are nourished from within and you can't expect external preparation to take the place of a sensible diet.

Hands that are clean and soft and smooth are always in fashion. Colors come and go, shapes you have little control over, but a perfectly groomed, graceful feminine hand is a force to reckon with and a fashion that is never dated.

Have you tried that quick, pleasant, effective dead cuticle softener called Trimal? If you haven't, you're in for a treat and a pleasant surprise, for this remarkable new preparation will keep your cuticle well groomed and attractive sans scissors, believe it or not. All you do is wrap a piece of cotton around the end of an orange wood stick, saturate same with Trimal and apply it to the cuticle around your nails. For the best results, begin at each nail center and work forward around the sides, pushing cuticle back gently. Allow it to remain a couple of minutes, then soak your fingers

for a few seconds in warm water, and just wipe dead cuticle away with a dry towel. It's as safe and simple as all that! Trimal (pronounced Trim-all) is what you ask for at any drug, department or five and ten cent store. Try it if you want a new manicure thrill.

WE are very enthusiastic about a completely new and different family of nail beautifying products called "Pledge" that are this very minute being introduced in stores all over the country. They are really quite revolutionary, too, for they all are in cream form and come in tubes. There's the Pledge oilized cream cuticle softener, Pledge oilized nail polish remover, Pledge cream (mind you) nail enamel and Pledge oilized nail cream. All come in attractive pastel colored, self-feeding tubes. The nail enamel and cuticle softener have brushes right inside the tubes and they can't spill and won't evaporate. Pledge cream nail enamel will not thicken, streak or fade. It is fast drying—long lasting, too, and will not harm your nails. These preparations are excellent for traveling. In fact, their tube containers are handy to use anywhere. With Pledge oilized cuticle softener you need no orange stick or cotton either. Just whisk it on with the self-feeding brush tube to soothe, soften and remove ragged cuticle. It is a thorough and rapid cuticle treatment all by itself. Pledge oilized nail cream keeps nails strong and pliable and Pledge polish remover is quick, handy, and will not destroy rayon, cotton or woolen fabrics. You'll like these new, modern manicuring preparations, we're sure.

The Cutex nail polish people have just brought out two grand new red shades called Rumpus and Riot—colors that many girls will simply dote on. They're definitely shades for dates—clear, accent-making, head-in-a-whirl colors for young-up-and-comers who aren't afraid to be dramatic.

Giddy as a football date, Cutex Riot is the clear ringing red that highlights skin tones, the kind of deep, sophisticated shade that gives your hands that "going-places" look.

Cutex Rumpus nail polish is deep red in another key—the shade you switch to when your costume swings to wines and burgundies. It's electric red—that most flattering of reds with a blue-flame undertone—the shade to wear with black-berry, maroon and purple-toned browns. Cutex Rumpus polish is also smooth with pastel evening frocks, smoother yet with black.

The makers of Cutex polish have discovered a new angle on the problem of brittle nails, too. It has been definitely established that nails require moisture, even as the skin does. They give off moisture and absorb it from the air. If this natural process is interfered with, nails dry out and split. So, to safeguard nails, polishes should be porous.

It has been shown, in a series of laboratory tests, that Cutex liquid nail polish has unusually high porosity. In other words, you can be sure when you wear Cutex polish that your nails are not sealed away. This may mean the end of your nail difficulties—splitting, breaking and many of the ailments that result when the nails are cut off from all moisture. The idea is certainly worth a trial, and we know you'll be pleased.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

All in all, it's a good show, and a lot of show. Go see it. Directed by Jack Conway.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: It required 27 varied location sites and a total of 41 sets to screen this story. . . . Metro built a boom town of its own for this picture. . . . Clark Gable has been suggesting an oil story for himself for about three years; at the age of 18 he worked as a tool dresser in Bigheart, Oklahoma. . . . Spencer Tracy sets a new record for himself in screen fistcuffs, engaging in five battles; this is the second time he and Gable fight each other in films, although the last time, in "San Francisco," they wore boxing gloves. . . . Gable is two inches taller in the picture than he ever has been. Four-inch heels on his boots do the trick; Gable had more changes of outfits in the film than Miss Colbert and Miss Lamarr combined. He changed clothes 25 times; Claudette, 17; Hedy, 7; Tracy had 18 changes. . . . Hedy Lamarr plays her first siren role. She cut her hair four inches for the part. . . . Claudette celebrated her tenth year of wearing bangs during this picture. . . . On the day that Gable and Carole Lombard celebrated their real-life first wedding anniversary, Gable and Claudette celebrated their screen-life first wedding anniversary in the picture. . . . The picture marks the first reunion of Clark and Claudette since they both won Academy Awards in "It Happened One Night". . . . In the Gable-Tracy-Morgan drinking scene, they were each permitted to drink what they preferred. Clark chose cider, Tracy picked soda water, and Frank asked for unsweetened cold tea.

★★★ The Great Profile

"The Great Profile" is, of course, the film of, by and about "The Great Profile" who, in case you have forgotten, is occasionally called John Barrymore. It is a strange sort of film, well off the beaten path. It will make you laugh hilariously and again will sadden you.

Imagine an actor of Barrymore's standing and position getting out on a stage and saying "Look at me. I am a fool. Laugh at me." And—darn it—making you laugh! It's good-natured; it's swell fun; but some of us gray-bearded gents of the old school who sat at the preview couldn't help thinking that, if any other actor did to Barrymore what Barrymore does to Barrymore in this picture, we'd be mad enough to take a sock at someone. It's that cruel.

There isn't much of a story. All the authors tried to do was lead Barrymore on and leave him alone. Vaguely, it's tied around his recent escapades with his play, "My Dear Children," and his wife, Elaine Barrie. It tells, uncompromisingly but amusingly, about his battles with John Barlycorn. It shows how he made a poor play big box office by the simple method of misbehaving in public.

No, of course Barrymore does not play all the roles, but it's pretty hard for any actor or actress to make any kind of a showing in a film wherein he runs wild. Maybe that excuses Mary Beth Hughes, who looks pretty in the role of his wife. Gregory Ratoff sputters a lot and is funny for moments as Barrymore's man-

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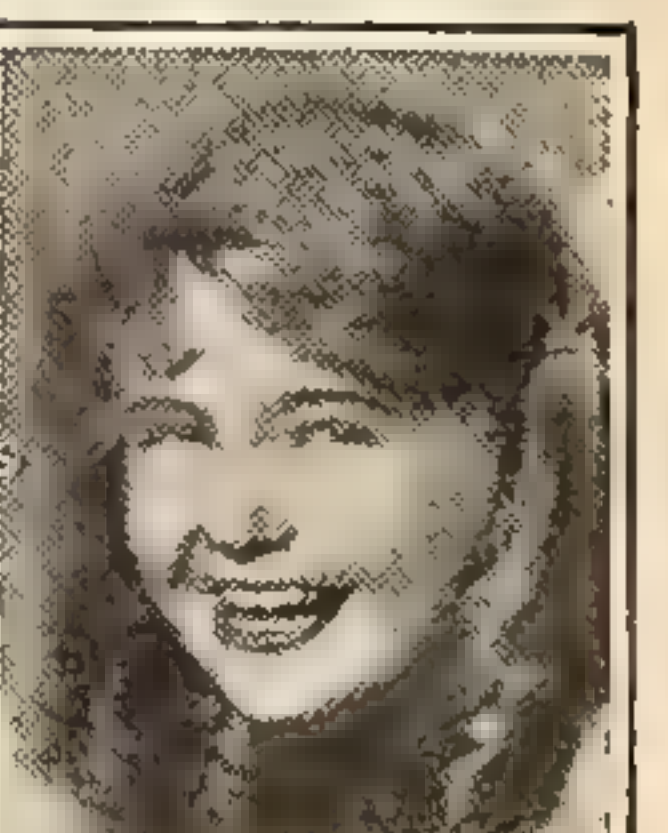
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LATEST styled 1940 ring, 15K 14K Rolled Gold Plate shant. Genuine Sterling Silver top, set with 1/2K, 50 point, Simulated Diamond and six brilliants
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CROSS MY HEART

QUEST (the Kotex deodorant powder) positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors.



ager. There's a cute little trick named Anne Baxter who looks as if she may have star dust in her hair.

Oh, and John Payne is fine as Anne's fiancée. But it's Barrymore who counts, and you won't forget it, for he keeps reminding you of it all the time. Directed by Walter Lang.—20th Century-Fox.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Barrymore has himself on the most curious diet in town these days—24 bottles of soda pop daily; says it keeps him away from stronger stuff. . . . In spite of all the stories about him (most of which he tells about himself) Barrymore is considered one of the most co-operative stars in Hollywood. Ask the props or cameramen, if you don't believe us. . . . When he arrived to take the assignment, he was housed in the just-vacated Shirley Temple bungalow. After three days, the pink elephants on the wall got him and he solemnly asked for "a transfer to the men's dormitory". . . . Barrymore never learns his lines for a movie; he prefers reading them off a blackboard. . . . This is Anne Baxter's first picture at the studio, although Twentieth discovered her on Broadway and brought her out here; she was loaned to M-G-M and made her debut in "Twenty Mule Team." She's only 17 and graduated from high school during the filming of this yarn. . . . Gregory Ratoff says this is positively his last acting job. He prefers directing, says he will never see this film because it's his "goodbye to acting."

★★★ Lucky Partners

Have you ever thought of a very good idea and carried it out the best way you knew and it was okay but, somehow, not what you thought it was going to be? That's "Lucky Partners." A grand idea, swell actors, a good deal of charm and pleasant play-acting—but all the way through you keep thinking it might have been better. Which is probably unfair, because it's pretty doggone good.

Ginger Rogers is teamed for the first time with Ronald Colman, and they make an interesting combination. They play excellently opposite one another and Ronnie is better here than he has been in a long time. The test of any acting role, of course, is to close your eyes and try to imagine some other actor in the part. Well, you can't do it with either Colman or Ginger. The roles were made for them.

It's a rather Puck-ish story idea with Ronald and Ginger going off on a trip together. They are not romantically interested in each other; they register at the hotel as brother and sister just for the convenience of it, and they mean absolutely no harm. It's all in the spirit of good, clean fun and they are both sure that they can handle it. But this nasty old world, of course, thinks differently.

Well, that's the plot, and the authors do not develop it in the fast, farcial fashion that they might have, but rather in a charming, slow-paced witty manner. You practically never burst out into long, loud laughter, but you constantly have a warm, gratified feeling. It's nice and you smile pleasantly as you leave the theatre.

There are other parts in the film besides those of Ginger and Ronald, but the two stars carry about ninety percent of the footage between them. Directed by Lewis Milestone.—RKO-Radio.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Sacha Guitry wrote the play "Good Luck," on which this film was supposed to have been

based, but only his opening kickoff was retained. . . . This is the seventh Ginger Rogers vehicle in which Jack Carson has appeared; he has his best part in this one, a new version of Ralph Bellamy. . . . Among the extras is Charlotte Henry. Remember her as the star of "Alice in Wonderland" only a few years ago? Wonderland, indeed! . . . Spring Byington spends her spare time inventing gadgets. Ask her for the use of her onion goggles, to prevent tear-ing, some day. . . . Ginger dances in this one, for the first time in four pictures. But it's only an old-fashioned polka, and for but a moment. . . . Leon Belasco has his best role thus far as a comic bartender. He used to be a high-class orchestra leader but gave it up to make his way as an actor; it's been a long haul. . . . Lewis Milestone, the director, is best known for heavy dramas he directed—"All Quiet on the Western Front," "Of Mice and Men" and "The Last Mile," but he prefers comedies.

★★½ He Stayed for Breakfast

It's pretty hard to pan a picture which has Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas as stars, especially when both of them turn in swell acting jobs, but this film just won't make most audiences happy. It is very funny in spots but a good deal of the humor is limited in its appeal; you have to know the subject that is being kidded to understand the jokes.

It seems that Melvyn Douglas is a Communist—now don't take that literally, it's just a part he plays in the picture!—and he takes a shot at Eugene Pallette, who's a rich banker. Running away from the police, Melvyn hides in a luxurious apartment which, by one of those coincidences occurring only in the movies, belongs to Pallette's wife, Loretta Young. Then there's a lot of complication, and Melvyn and Loretta fall in love. (It's established early in the film that Loretta doesn't love her rich hubby, so this part of it is okay with Papa Hays.) Eventually, Melvyn realizes the error of his ways, denounces Communism and decides to be a plain, ordinary, freedom-loving citizen.

You will like the role Douglas plays here, and he handles it deftly and charmingly. But it will remind you that he also played a similar role in "Ninotchka." One of the good things that can be said about the picture—if she'll forgive us for calling her "a good thing"—is Loretta Young. You've never seen her looking so well or dressed so beautifully. It's almost worth the price of admission just to get a peep at her gowns. And Una O'Connor gets a break in a good comedy role. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Douglas' scenes were shot first in order to make it possible for him to attend the Democratic National Convention; he's the first actor to be named a delegate to a national political convention. . . . Loretta Young wears 18 different dresses here, and all but four required different hair-do's. . . . Eugene Pallette, as Loretta's estranged husband who still carries a torch for her, handles his first romantic assignment since 1910; he was Norma Talmadge's leading man then, remember? . . . Una O'Connor drank coffee during her drunk scene; she says it always makes her slightly dizzy. . . . Director Hall managed to insert a night club sequence; strangely enough, there has been one in each of his last 16 pictures.

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LURE 10c

SIMPLIFIED STEPS TO STYLE and BEAUTY

★★ Dance, Girl, Dance

It is our sad duty to report that this one, in spite of a swell cast, just misses being good.

It has lovely Maureen O'Hara in the role of a sweet, unspoiled dancing kid, and Lucille Ball in the role of "Tiger Lily," a burlesque queen. Their performances will be remembered long after the film itself is forgotten. If it were only the story of these two kids struggling up from the chorus—one to the ballet, the other to a bankroll—it would have been great. But no. The authors and producers had to get it all mixed up with a lot of psychological stuff about Louis Hayward and his wife, Virginia Field, who are always drinking and battling just because they have too much money (or is that the reason?) and a thickish slice of whimsy, to boot.

But Maureen O'Hara is in it, and she's lovely. And that Lucille Ball dame—there is a wench you will want to see and remember. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.—RKO-Radio.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Erich Pommer, who produced the film, was one of the greatest film producers on the Continent before politics chased him to England and then to America. . . . Maureen O'Hara, whose third RKO picture this is, was discovered by Charles Laughton in England and put under personal contract by him; he turned this contract over to RKO just before she was put into the role opposite him in "Hunchback of Notre Dame." . . . Dorothy Arzner is the only woman ever to have obtained top rank as a director in America; she used to be a film cutter before Joan Crawford got her a break. . . . More than 30 days were spent in dance rehearsals before filming began. . . . Lucille Ball danced one entire day in her "Jitterbug Bite" number in a silver lame dress which weighed 26½ pounds; she took two days off to recuperate. . . . A fire prevention guard was hired to follow Maureen and Lucille around when they wore their cellophane hula-hula costumes. . . . Ralph Bellamy gave up a trip to Alaska aboard Frank Morgan's yacht to play in "Dance, Girl, Dance" largely because in this picture he actually gets the girl.

IS CARY GRANT THE PERFECT BOY FRIEND?

(Continued from page 27)

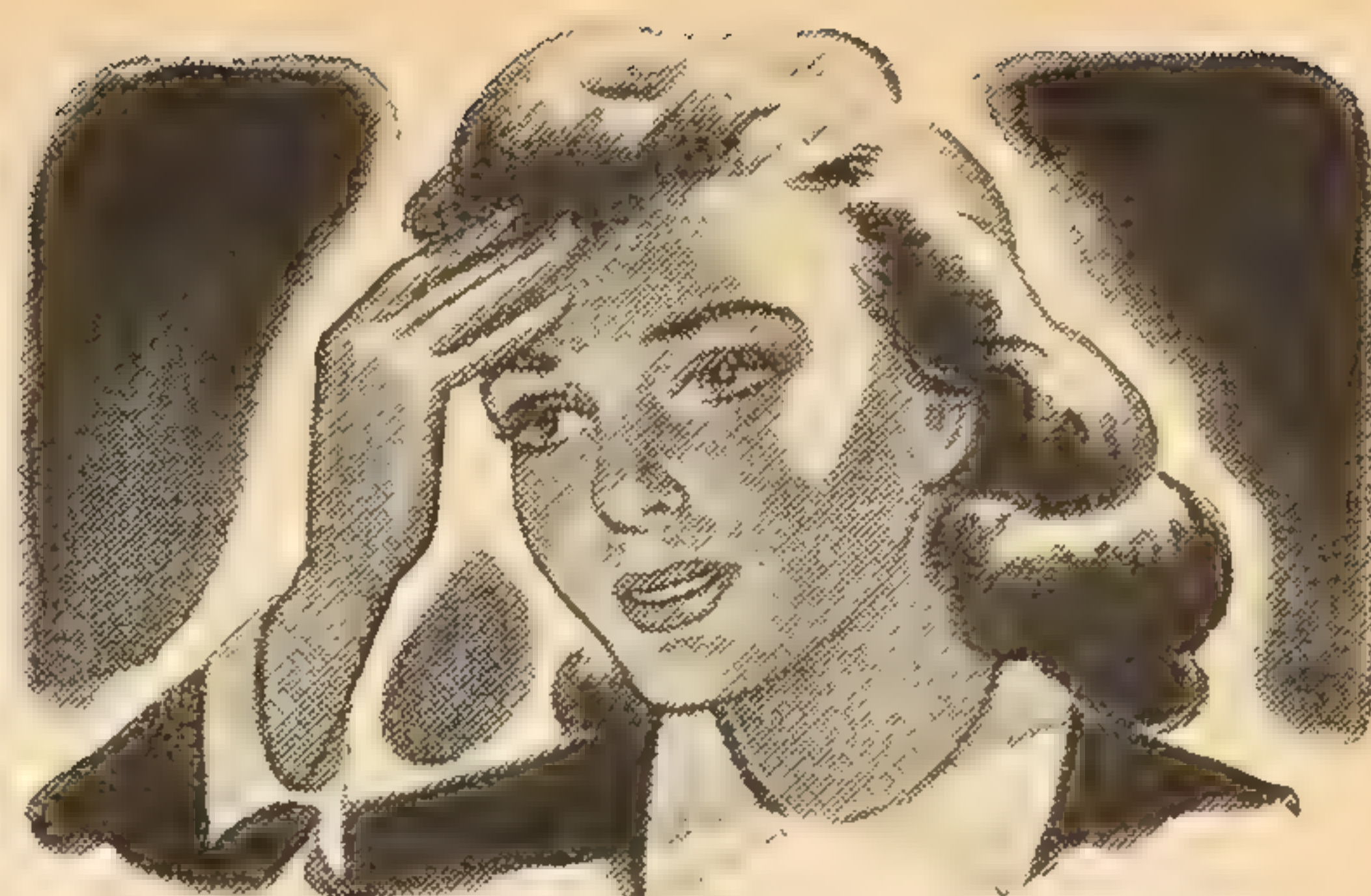
He'll keep it light. It's more amusing that way. And it's safer.

Since he's a highly-publicized movie star with a large income, there's always the possibility that a girl may not be interested in him for himself alone. And he's on guard against that possibility. He's not going to get serious until he knows it's safe. Not till he's learned that she's an honest, time-tested friend. Then he can be serious enough.

He encourages a girl to be honest with him by being honest, himself. He's no soft-spoken flatterer, no smoothie. He's politely blunt.

He also encourages a girl to feel petite, being six feet one himself, with extra-size shoulders. He's a lot of man. And he has a lot of masculine energy. He's quick-spoken, quick-motioned. A girl has to talk fast and move fast to keep up with him.

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jitters. That's why he usually takes a girl out. That, and the fact that it's harder to be serious in a crowd.

If he takes her to dinner, she can count on his ordering a sumptuous meal. (He likes to order, to prove he knows her tastes.) If he takes her dancing, she can rely on him to dance every dance—whether it's a waltz or rhumba. He's no Astaire, but he's a lot of fun. Get him on his feet and he's more apt to think of amusing things than when he's sitting down.

He's allergic to solitude. He likes to be with people. He pricks up his ears—sort of Puck-ish ears, they are—every time he hears the word "party." He likes parties so well that he gives one every week-end himself. It's always "open house" at Cary Grant's on Sunday. He's a fall guy for any kind of parlor game, and he'll play as if his life depended on it.

The future Mrs. Grant might keep in mind that he's enthusiastic about entertaining hordes of people. In fact, he's an enthusiast about everything he enjoys doing. He doesn't take anything for granted. He reacts to everything—and everybody. If he likes people, he shows it. If he doesn't like them, he shows that, too. People know when he's mad. They know when he's harassed. They know when he's happy. Everything registers on that face of his.

He could never get along with a passive woman.

Virginia Cherrill wasn't passive. That wasn't why she and Cary couldn't get along. According to insiders, Virginia thought a wife should help her husband handle the family funds, and Cary thought he was capable of handling them alone.

If the story is true, it seems safe to predict, the next time he marries, Cary will have it understood in advance that he'll handle his finances, himself.

He's a man who will ask a woman what she'd like to do, but he's a man who won't stand for her telling him what to do.

ACCORDING to an eye-witness, the first time he played with one temperamental star, she started telling him how he ought to play the role. Cary, so the story goes, simmered a while and then exploded, telling her that he thought he could do his own acting and suggesting that she pay attention to hers. He stood a chance of losing his role. But he blew up, anyway. He didn't know that his blow-up would lead to a beautiful friendship!

No woman can "do him wrong" and get away with it.

When he was still at Paramount, the Front Office suggested him to a certain star as her next leading man. At that time, appearing opposite her would have been a tremendous boost to his career. She turned him down. She wanted "a bigger name." A few years later, she had slipped and he was a big star. Another studio suggested her to Cary as his next leading lady. Playing opposite him would have given her career new life. He "wasn't interested."

Yet no one can say that he isn't generous. He gave his entire salary for "The Philadelphia Story"—\$125,000—to the Red Cross. No other star in Hollywood has made a gesture like that.

When he bought a house a few months ago, people regarded it as positive proof that he was thinking of marrying before

very long. "What could a bachelor want with a big place like that?"

They didn't know that he likes space. He likes his own idea of comfort, not some hotel manager's. And he likes ocean swimming. So, several years ago, he moved out of a bachelor apartment and into a rented house on the beach at Santa Monica. He tried to buy then, but the owner wouldn't sell. Finally, this other house went up for sale—and Cary saw his chance to have a permanent home just where he wanted to live indefinitely. After all those years of barnstorming and struggling, he appreciates the permanence of a home.

Six days a week it's a bigger house than he needs. But on Sunday, when the gang's there, it isn't too large.

When a man reaches 35—which Cary frankly admits he is—he's firmly established in his habits. A woman can't hope to do much about changing them.

So let's look into the Grant habits around the house.

Anyone who provides meals for him has to have a large supply of patience. He never can tell the cook in the morning what time to have dinner ready at night. He phones when he leaves the studio, which gives her a half-hour's warning. It isn't every cook who could bear up under such treatment. Or Cary's disconcerting habit of inviting people to dinner without warning the culinary expert.

CARY'S cook happens to like working for him because he lets her decide what he'd like for dinner. He isn't fussy about food. He'll eat anything that's put before him, if it's well-cooked. That would seem to indicate that he's a man with simple tastes.

He's fussy about neatness. He goes around tidying up footstools, emptying ash-trays, straightening magazines. What do you make of that—an orderly mind?

Yet, contradictorily, he's absent-minded. He'll step out of the shower and forget to turn off the hot water. And he has a habit of tossing his bathrobe in one place and his pajamas somewhere else. He's in an awful hurry in the mornings. He sleeps till the last possible second. He used to get up in time to take an early-morning swim. Now he figures those fifteen extra minutes of sleep will do him more good.

He goes out approximately three times a week, including Saturday night. He likes to get home, learn his lines for the next day, and get to bed by 2 A.M. He doesn't play at the expense of his work, not Cary. Evenings when he stays at home he gets to bed around midnight. On those evenings he reads and plays the piano (on which there is usually a picture of his current girl friend). People are constantly dropping in. If they're still there when he feels like going to bed, they can keep right on talking—but he retires.

He has moods. But his brooding moods don't last as long as his gay ones.

He also has one of California's most mahogany tans. He spends all day Sunday on the beach. He looks well in shorts.

All this gives you an idea of what a woman can expect from Cary. But there's one thing she can't expect, in spite of his screen experience, and that's finesse at love-making. In his own words: "I'm an awfully poor Romeo. When I go courting, it's a pretty sad performance. I'm just a muddle-tongued boob!"

**Fair Warning! You just won't be able to resist the fashions
in the December MODERN SCREEN**

MEET THE MADAME

(Continued from page 6)

back like magic, utterly fascinated. In the foyer she puffs nonchalantly at a cigarette stuck in a long holder. Now and then she'll do a solo performance right there in her seat. For instance, at the opening of the summer ballet season, during the unraveling of a picturesque sequence involving a witch and a Slavic Red Riding Hood, Madame portrayed so realistic a witch, writhing and twisting and leering, that the woman to the left of her actually shuddered!

Unbelievable but true—Ouspenskaya (in Russia it's quite Emily Post to call a lady by her last name) is also a horse-woman! But par excellence. At the first sign of a half day off from her thousand and one chores, she is chauffeured (she abominates driving an automobile; speed laws make her champ at the bit) to her ranch near Victorville. Here, without a care in the world, romps her high-spirited mare, Queenie. By the time she's in her togs, red ribbon in her hair, Queenie is saddled. With no groom to lift her into the saddle, Madame takes off. Even Gene Autry thinks she does it with mirrors.

She's weary of playing the eternal eccentric, if vivid, old lady, be she countess, maharanee or ballet mistress. Madame is furious at unimaginative producers. They can only see her in the last role. They swear that's the real Ouspenskaya. Let her tell it:

"I want to do something gay and youthful for a change—musical comedy!" she protests.

By all odds Madame has this favor coming to her. She's been playing antique women ever since she first hit the deck. Amusingly enough, as a stage-struck little maiden of 14, she made her first appearance on any stage (mostly before kinsmen, friends and muzhiks attached to her father's estate) in the role of a 60-year-old professor. Her cousin Fred, 13, played her 40-year-old spinster daughter.

That was all back in Tula, a famed Russian provincial city where Maria Ouspenskaya was born, the daughter of a brilliant lawyer. She was thirteen when her father died. He had been dead two years when financial reverses hit the house of Ouspensky (Ouspenskaya is the feminine form, of course.) Maria, fresh from the equivalent of what we know here as high school, set about making something of herself.

Endowed with a coloratura voice, "more than mediocre and less than sensational," she decided to conquer the concert stage. Thanks to a kindly uncle, she managed to get in a year at the Warsaw conservatory, but then he too lost his money, and she was forced to withdraw. It almost broke her heart. But not her spirit.

Back to Tula she went to become a lowly governess. Of herself at this time she says:

"In the wake of the set-back to my dreams, I found myself becoming more gloomy, my temperament more restrained. Suddenly I remembered the fever of youth when the stage loomed like something enchanting in my dreams. I recalled my makeshift apprenticeship in the drama. Then and there I decided to risk everything and go to Moscow. Somehow, I knew I would manage."

The gods were with her. Almost at the end of her rope, she landed a job as soloist at one of the Moscow churches. Fired with a faith in herself as an actress, she simultaneously enrolled at Adasheff's

School of Drama where she negotiated the three-year regimen with colors flying.

In her mind was one goal—membership in the celebrated Moscow Art Theatre, where Constantine Stanislavsky was exciting the world's wonder with his revolutionary dramatic ideas. Eager but humble, she determined to round out her experience by a two-year trick with stock. It was hardly exciting, or pleasant, this wandering over the Russian provinces, putting up with a thousand inconveniences. But it convinced her she was on the right track.

At last sure of herself, she applied for membership in the Art Theatre. She received an audition in due time, as did 250 other applicants that month. She was one of five selected.

She never wanted to be a leading lady. Her ambition was to become a fine character actress. How she established herself within a few seasons as one of the most distinguished performers in the Russian theatre is too well-known to need repetition here. Consequently, when Stanislavsky took his illustrious group to America in 1922, she made the trip.

She fell in love with this country from the start. She wept at leaving it. When the Art Theatre paid a return visit in 1924, she stayed.

Together with the late Richard Boleslavsky, the gifted actor, author and director, she formed the American Laboratory Theatre to teach the Stanislavsky method. When it closed in 1929, she opened the Maria Ouspenskaya School of Dramatic Art. It was a success from the start. Remembering her own struggles, she made the tuition nominal and set up so many scholarships that her business manager began warning her of bankruptcy. She would shrug and say: "Is that so important?"

From the Ouspenskaya School has emerged some of the screen's finest talent. Garfield will tell you point-blank that Madame's second to nobody. Eddie Albert brings a script around to her every time he gets a part. Together they go over the story, trying to breathe life into the character Albert, ever the perfectionist, has been assigned. Warner's soaring star, Brenda Marshall, learned the three R's of drama under Madame. Paramount's Lillian Cornell ("Rhythm on the River") is another Ouspenskaya pupil. So is Anne Baxter, who's just done a good job in "The Great Profile" with Mr. John Barrymore.

Madame turned down Joan Crawford and Katie Hepburn as private pupils. With her it's a democratic business. You learn acting en masse.

In Hollywood, Ouspenskaya would be wondrously happy were it not that the real stage is 3,000 miles away. She does her best in the film Babylon by attending every worthy play.

Does she sigh for the Russia that was?

Not at all. To quote her she's as American as a hot dog or the Charleston!

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WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles.



Complete with orangewood stick and cotton

THE GREAT DICTATOR

"We must laugh in the face of these crazy times," says Chaplin—and he's really giving us something to laugh about. His first talking picture represents two years' work and cost him, personally, the fabulous sum of \$2,400,000

The Great Dictator and his henchmen (all wearing the symbol of the Double Cross) plot some dirty work. This spectacular set is just one of fifty-five used in the picture.



Not only does Chaplin (seen here as Dictator Hynkel) play two difficult roles, but he wrote, directed and produced the film; designed the costumes and supervised the music.



Chaplin's his lovable old self as Charlie of the Ghetto. His sweetheart is Hannah the laundry girl (Paulette Goddard)—lovely in spite of glamorless togs and little make-up.

Jack Oakie is Benzino Napaloni, Dictator of Bacteria. (On the set they called him Duce.) He's devoted two years to this film and his visit to Hynkel is a sure-fire laugh riot.

Here's Chaplin as the barber, called simply "Charlie" throughout. His voice is wispy and thin, in contrast to Hynkel's, which is guttural. Reg Gardiner is Schultz, super-patriot.





BETTY GRABLE
Featured in
20th Century-Fox picture
"Down Argentine Way"



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"It's easy to have lovely, alluring eyes," says glamorous Betty Grable. "The magic secret is Maybelline eye make-up." You'll be thrilled when you see your eyelashes appear glamorously dark, long, and luxuriant. A few brush strokes of the Solid or Cream-form Maybelline Mascara create the glorious effect. Both forms are so easy to apply . . . tear-proof . . . absolutely safe.

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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, in convenient purse size, Black or Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six most flattering shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

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